THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Probably Pique—By Julian Street

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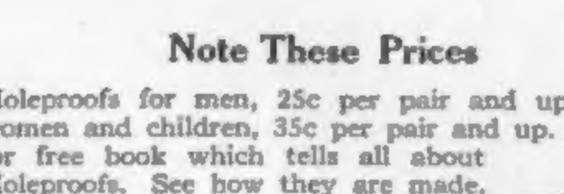

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PROBABLY PIQUE

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

An "After Thirty" Story

"Ah, Here She Comes!"

A CERTAIN symbolism may perhaps be discovered in the fact that the weather masquerading in New York under the name of winter was of unexampled fickleness that season when, after the lapse of more years than he liked to count, Shelley Wickett met again his almost-first love. Remotely the weather was responsible. From the time the Wicketts closed their house in the country and moved to their apartment in New York a capricious climate oscillated betwixt conditions almost polar and almost tropical; the children caught cold on cold, until at last it was decided that, though Shelley could not leave the active coffee market, Molly and the children must go South.

For the next few days it seemed to Wickett that his wife's head, like her bedroom, was merely a repository for a vast confusion of luggage and light clothing. Trunks were brought up from the basement storeroom and placed where people would fall over them. Then, just when the father of the family was learning to avoid them, an expressman came and took them all away; and soon thereafter Wickett found himself in the motor, driving with his flock through slushy streets to the station. Their progress through that stupendous building to the train was loose, wild, Arabian, and it was with a sense of real relief that the young paterfamilias saw them all settled at last, with their belongings, in two adjoining staterooms.

When the turmoil had in some degree subsided and he was giving the tickets and baggage checks to Molly, simultaneously receiving from her certain final information having to do with cooks and butchers, there came sudden clamor from the children in the next compartment.

"Uncle Archie! Uncle Archie!" they shrieked, hammering on the windowpanes.

It was indeed Archie Higgins and his appearance at the train, gift-laden, was thoroughly consistent, for he was Wickett's best friend and acted to the entire Wickett family the part of a kind of all-year-round Santa Claus, seizing on the least opportunity to transform an ordinary day into a festival of giving. Molly declared that he even looked as Santa would have, had he been forty years of age, shaved, and costumed with careful conventionality by a tailor on Fifth Avenue. Again, like Santa, Higgins had no immediate family, but adopted and was adopted by the families of his friends; that is to say he was a bachelor—one of those comfortable, incorrigible bachelors whose greatest fault in the eyes of their married intimates is that they persist in remaining bachelors. For years Molly had dangled girls before him as an angler dangles varied flies before a sophisticated trout. Sometimes he had the air of almost taking them, but always he turned away in time and darted back to the safe shadows of his singleness.

Like robbers the children rushed to the corridor, dragged Higgins in and despoiled him. There was a bunch of violets for big Molly, a doll for little Molly, a conjurer's outfit for little Shelley, and a breastpin of terrible magnificence for Katie, the nurse. Having plundered their adopted uncle the children were persuaded to remove again to the next room. Higgins sat down.

"I'm glad you came, Archie," Molly said. "I want you to keep an eye on Shelley while I'm gone."

"In what particular?" Higgins asked.

"The usual thing," she answered with a smile in which wisdom, resignation and motherlike appreciation of her husband's shortcomings were blended.

"And what may that be?" inquired Higgins, making a loyal effort to look blank.

"His susceptibility. I don't want him to fall in love."

"Why, Molly!" exclaimed Wickett reproachfully.

"No use looking like a mournful spaniel," she informed him, still smiling that disconcerting smile of hers. Then, to Higgins: "If there's any falling in love, you do it, Archie."

"Very well," Higgins returned with mock gravity. "If it becomes necessary in order to save Shelley, perhaps I will."

"Oh!" jeered Wickett. "I suppose you'd just sail in and cut me out, would you?"

"Without wishing to rouse professional jealousy in you," returned his friend blandly, "that is precisely what I'd do."

Being some years Higgins' junior, it was Wickett's custom, when chaffing, to attribute to the other the qualities of the lean and slippered pantaloon.

"Well!" he exclaimed in burlesque surprise. "Can there be life in the old hoss yet? I call you to witness, Molly dear, that if I get into mischief while you're gone—which I shan't, of course—it will only be because I'm led into it by this old roué you're always holding up to me as an example."

"Pay no attention to him," Molly advised Higgins, siding, wifelike, against her husband. "I'll never worry over him while he's under your wing, Archie."

"And that's where I mean to have him tonight," said Higgins.

"What's on?" asked Wickett.

"Dinner and the theater."

"Oh! I had planned"—he spoke with an exaggerated air of virtue—"to spend the evening at home being appropriately lonesome."

"Beautiful picture!" commented Higgins ironically. "Too beautiful for reality."

As Wickett was about to retort, the cry of "All aboard!" was heard; whereupon, after hurried farewells, he and Higgins issued to the platform and stood there, smiling inanely at Molly and the children through the car windows until those windows began gently to glide away.

The air of mild melancholy that settled over Wickett as he turned from the departing train hung about him until, after going home and dressing for the evening, he met Higgins at the club. There, however, his spirits rose. It seemed like old times to be dining at the club, to be seated at the corner table where he always used to sit, and to be looking across a bottle of '95 Lafitte, reposing like a sleepy baby in its wicker bassinet, at the placid, cheerful visage of old Hig. By the time they started for the theater the oppressive feeling of sedate loneliness was gone out of him, giving place to one of ebullient youth, such as he had begun to think he was never to experience again.

The first act of The Divine Dilemma was already in progress when they took their seats; but it was clear that the curtain had not long been up, because the Butler and the Maid were on the stage talking about Miss Angela's imminent return. The Butler told the Maid to be sure that Miss Angela's room was ready, as she would be tired from her journey; and the Maid replied that of course the room was ready—did she not love Miss Angela as much as any of the rest of them? Besides being so beautiful, so rich, so adored, had not Miss Angela a heart of gold? And who should know it better than she? Had not Miss Angela nursed her—a mere servant—through a long illness? Not to be outdone in praise of the approaching paragon, the Butler here reminded the Maid that Miss Angela had saved him from being discharged for drunkenness and caused him to reform completely.

They were interrupted at this point by the appearance of the blond Young Lovers—a girlish boy in white flannels and a hoydenish girl in baby blue—who, after proving their youth by chasing each other round a table, sat on it and swung their feet as they told

how much they both loved Angela because she had saved the baby-blue girl from drowning.

In the midst of a "cute" scene between these two appeared the Old Uncle, bent, benignant, bald—there was a heavy crease across his forehead where the bald head met his skin—and walking with a cane. He was followed by the sweet-faced, white-wigged Aunt. . . . "Ah, my dear, is not that your new gray silk gown?" . . . "Yes, my love; I am wearing it in honor of dear Angela's return." . . . And then the old Colonel—bluff, gruff, tried and true—frock coat and spats. He mentioned Angela's horsemanship with warm appreciation, saying, "Egad!" and calling her a "gal." Lowering their voices they spoke of young Beresford. A fine lad! He and Angela, so it appeared, had been engaged. Then abruptly it was broken off. No one knew why. They only knew that Angela departed suddenly for the Riviera as the guest of Lady Ponsonby, while young Beresford had gone in for aviation and was taking the wildest chances.

It was, in short, the beginning of the usual English comedy. For the rest, suffice it to say that when the audience was overstuffed with Angela there came from behind the scenery a burring sound, not altogether unlike that of a motor, succeeded by the Bonk-bonk! of a motor horn—for on the stage the horn is always blown as the motor stops.

At this the persons in the scene stood motionless, gazing intently at the French windows, smiling eagerly, and uttering brief variants of: "Ah, here she comes! . . . Here comes dear Angela at last!"

Naturally the audience gazed at the French windows too. Then, when they had been kept waiting exactly long enough, and were tantalized to the highest pitch of expectancy, Angela appeared. And, for a wonder—considering all that had been said of her—no one in the audience was disappointed.

She was rather tall and there was something very graceful and alluring in the way she moved about, greeting in succession each character on the scene; and there was the same grace and lure in the gesture of her arms as she raised them to remove her hat. For, besides being beautiful, the actress who played Angela was possessed in rare degree of that rich gift called magnetism; she attracted eyes and made them follow her, causing women to think: "I wish I knew her dressmaker"; and men to think: "I wish I knew her."

Higgins was instantly intrigued. He confessed it later. As for Wickett, he leaned forward on sight of her and stared intently through narrowed lids. Then, in haste, he took his program up and scanned it closely in the half light.

Jane Vaughan! There was her name on the playbill—her own name; that was like her too!—removing all shadow of doubt. It was actually Janie! He had known her instantly; even had she used a stage name he would not have been deceived; it was impossible that another person should possess so completely her figure, her style of moving, her sweet voice. And those other individual characteristics—how well he remembered them! The soft sweep of the dark hair across her forehead; the flicker at the corners of her mouth, so humorous, so mischievous; the audacious look imparted to her by the slight uptilting of her lovely nose; the good little devils laughing from her wide blue eyes; the constant play of expression over her features, like the interplay of sun and shadow on an April landscape.

How long since he had seen her? She had been sixteen when, at twenty-two, he fell in love with her. Swift computation told him she was thirty-one now; that a dozen years had passed since they had parted. Incredible! Dared he hope that the years had dealt with him as leniently as they had with her? From her they had taken nothing and to her they had given much. Without losing the qualities of youth she had gained those of maturity. She was lovelier than ever.

A warm, mild something fluttered in his veins as his thoughts ran back to the days when he had known her. For three years their "crush" had lasted. Picnics, tennis matches, football games, dances! How wonderful had been that boyish sense of possession! How long it seemed since he had seen her—since he had seen the town in which they used to live!

When in the course of intervening years he had thought of her, it was as she used to look at summer-evening dances at the country club, under the Chinese lanterns dangling so picturesquely and so slyly dripping candle grease. Always in his memory's picture she wore a frilly pink tulle evening gown; sometimes she would be dancing with somebody else, sometimes with him; or, tenderest memory of all, she would be sitting out a dance with him on that green garden bench in the shade of the syringas. Never since then had he smelled syringas without a thought of her, of the evening when he kissed her for the first time, and of other evenings afterward.

And now, as, with her before him, the recollection of those enchanted evenings of their youth came back again, he seemed to see the moonlight, hear the music, smell the flowers, and feel once more the sweet warmth of her lips on his own. Was it indeed so long ago? The years seemed suddenly to have foreshortened, as it were, moving her once more into the foreground of his life. Yes, he had loved her! She had been—he told himself—the one big love of his young manhood. Others had come and gone. There had been one or two before, perhaps—he hardly remembered. And of course there had been many since. But Janie! Their love, half childish, half mature, had been very real and very sweet. Did not this emotion he felt on seeing her again prove that? Looking at her in the flower of her womanhood, it was not hard for him to make himself believe that the memory of her had indeed been enshrined above all other memories in his heart.

If the thought of their parting—and, more especially, the reason for it—came to him at all, he did not permit himself to dwell on it. It was the romance of his finding her again that filled his mind. How like a novel—his going to the theater casually and there coming, quite by chance, on his old love, now a distinguished actress! How had she risen? What had her life been? What was it now? Had she married? If so, whom? And if not, why? Was she happy, or divorced—or both? Had she "lived" and "suffered," as the saying is? No doubt. Without analyzing his feelings he selected the latter supposition as being somehow the most appropriate; yet, as he thought of it, he felt stirring within him a mild jealousy of the vague and supposititious someones for whom he fancied she had cared.

However, what, after all, was the use in guessing? Of facts about her later life he had but two: he had heard six or eight years ago of her having gone on the stage; some time later he had come on her picture, together with some paragraphs of fluff, in a magazine. "An actress of beauty and talent," she had been called. "A popular favorite of the Pacific Slope."

"If You and Mr. Higgins Don't Mind I'd Like Some Less Fashionable Place"

As the picture had been particularly pretty he had shown it, with a casual air, to Molly, and told her of his early love affair with Janie, feeling that it counterbalanced rather handsomely her stories of that boy named Ray, the flame of her high-school days, who at last accounts worked in an insurance office in Pittsburgh. Not very romantic, the insurance business! Not much of a career. Nothing like Janie!

What was she like? he wondered. She spoke now with a broad "a". That was to be expected. But did she by any chance think with a broad "a"? The stage, he had heard, was likely to work changes in character as well as diction. Was it possible that success had altered her? He would find out. He would see her. Like an invitation it was, his rediscovering her on the very day that Molly went away and turned him loose. Molly would not mind, of course—that is, she wouldn't mind if she had once met Janie and seen how fine she was, though until that time the word "actress" might better be kept out of it perhaps. Then, when his wife returned, he'd have them meet.

"How do you like the leading woman?" he asked Higgins when the curtain had descended at the end of the first act.

"She's all I do like," returned the other. "I'd like to bite her!"

"I don't know about that," smiled Wickett; "but would you like to meet her?"

Higgins turned and looked at him.

"Mean to say you know her?"

"I used to, very well, when we were youngsters. I thought I'd ask her out for supper if you didn't mind——"

"Mind? I should say not!" returned Higgins generously.

"Then," replied Wickett, "I'll drop round to the stage door in the next intermission and see whether she can go."

II

The stage door was an inconspicuous portal in a dimly lighted side street. A wooden vestibule surrounded it; and in that vestibule, on a kitchen chair tilted back against the boards, sat a surly man of indeterminate age, wearing on one side of his head a battered derby hat. He regarded Wickett silently and with the expression of an ugly dog who perceives a tramp at the very entrance of its kennel.

"I'd like to see Miss Vaughan," said Wickett, handing the man his card.

Without rising or moving more than necessary, the man took the card, read it, turned it over, as though to see whether anything was written on the back, looked Wickett over from head to foot and demanded, as though he had not heard:

"Wha' d'ya want?"

"I want to see Miss Vaughan."

"She's dressing."

"I suppose so. Are you the doorman?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, then, will you take my card to her, please?"

The doorman's manner showed plainly that he wished to say No—and say it impolitely. That is the instinct of all doormen. He contemplated Wickett speculatively for a moment, as though wondering how far it would be safe to go.

Then, as the other's eyes returned his gaze unfalteringly and with a look that was becoming dangerous, he grunted, rose very slowly and, without a word, opened the heavy door leading to the stage, passed in and let it slam behind him, leaving Wickett to draw his own conclusions as to why he went and where, and whether or not he intended to return.

Irritated, yet amused, Wickett spent the next few moments looking at the half-tone portraits of actors, actresses and pugilists with which the doorman had, it appeared, papered his lair in idle moments when there was no one there to whom he might show incivility. Presently, when Wickett had begun to think of opening the inner door himself and looking for his dubious emissary, it was pushed outward a little and the head, with its battered covering, appeared in the aperture.

"She'll see you now," said the doorman reluctantly. With that, he drew in his head and let the door go, that the visitor might open it for himself.

Wickett did so and entered. After the bright light of the vestibule the stage seemed shadowy and mysterious. Just inside the door a mass of furniture was piled, as in a warehouse. The air felt damp and held a musty odor. Against lofty brick walls, once painted white, but now gray with accumulated dust, leaned tall, oblong pieces of scenery, waferishly thin, layer on layer, showing flimsy wooden frames and rude canvas backs.

In the center of the stage a scene was being set. Bright lights shone through gaps in the wings, beyond which he saw men rolling out a shaggy green carpet representing grass, placing the painted profile of a hedge, laying down wooden flower beds abloom with milliners' roses, and bracing up the one-sided counterfeit of a large tree-trunk, whose foliage hung on a coarse net, which, as he watched, dropped swiftly from the cavernous dark spaces of the flies in response to shouted orders.

To Wickett there was something horrible in all this cheap paint-and-canvas imitation of Nature. It seemed impossible that, from the front, such a crude collection of junk should even faintly suggest a garden. He felt himself to have entered a place of craziness—a place of crazy things and crazy people: stage hands, working seriously over nonsensical affairs; players, standing about in little groups, their faces painted red, like paper masks; their eyes ridiculously blackened. How could grown-up men and women take this folly, this delirium, gravely?

Stepping over electric cables connected with mad-looking lighting devices, and avoiding sundry slender wooden braces shooting up at an angle from the floor to support the side scenes, Wickett followed the retreating figure of the doorman by a narrow passage between the drop and the rear wall of the building and, emerging at the other side, beheld a bank of long, narrow balconies, one above the other, each giving admission to a row of dressing rooms, the doors of which were ranged at even distances, like those of prison cells.

The doorman, however, did not ascend the iron stairs leading to the upper tiers, but rapped at a tin-sheathed door opening directly from the stage.

"What is it?" came a voice from within.

"'S the gen'l'mun," announced the doorman.

"Just a minute!" said the voice.

"You c'n wait," the doorman said to Wickett, and went away.

A moment later the door was opened by a colored maid, who invited him to enter. The dressing room was of the size of a very small hall bedroom. Being the best dressing room, it was somewhat larger than the others; and, having lately been occupied during a long run by a famous woman star, who had decorated it with cretonne, it was as little like a prison cell as a dressing room may be. Instead of the usual wooden shelf and cheap mirror, it contained a pretty dressing table surmounted by a triptych looking-glass. Two large trunks, two small wicker chairs, a stationary washbowl and a cheval glass completed the principal equipment of the room, save for a vast and heterogeneous array of articles of clothing, which the colored maid now gathered up and stowed away hurriedly behind cretonne curtains, and a litter of grease paints, cold creams, rouges, eye-pencils, powders, powder-puffs, rabbits' feet, and other articles of make-up, scattered over the dressing table in such loose profusion as entirely to conceal its surface.

Janie, seated before the table, was leaning toward the glass and touching up the painted shadows on her eyelids. Her back was toward him—a finely modeled back, toned to floury whiteness by a heavy coat of powder, and handsomely framed by the wide sash and narrow shoulder straps of black which formed the bodice of her evening gown. As he entered she looked up, and the first meeting of their eyes was by reflection in the mirror.

"Shelley!" she exclaimed with a glow of cordiality as, turning quickly in her chair, she gave him both her hands. "I'm so glad to see you!"

He took the hands and shook them warmly. Then for a moment they gazed at each other frankly, kindly, yet critically, as a man and woman will when, having loved and parted, they meet again as friends after a space of years.

"You haven't changed," she told him as she dropped his hands.

"Hair's getting a little gray—just here," he said, indicating his temples.

"Let's see."

He bent toward her.

"Yes; just a touch. It's *distingué*."

"And you," he said—"why, Janie, you're lovelier than ever. At least I judge so—though I can tell better when I've seen you minus war paint. I'm out in front with a friend—chap named Higgins—he's in love with you already. Will you have supper with us afterward?"

"I shall be delighted, Shelley! Of course I'm mad for a good long talk with you."

"Higgins is like one of the family," he said. "I'm sure you won't mind him."

"We Must Think of Others!" He Declared

"Of course not," she assented. Then: "But you're married, Shelley. I remember getting your wedding cards years ago. Is your wife in front?"

"No. She's South. You must meet as soon as she comes home."

"You're happy?"

"Very."

"It must be wonderful to be like that!"

"Then," he ventured, "I take it you aren't—that you haven't ——?"

Janie broke into a laugh.

"Considering certain matrimonial peculiarities of my profession," she suggested, "you wish to inquire tactfully if I have married?" Then, in a more serious tone: "No, Shelley; I have not. Domestic life is practically impossible on the stage. If I ever marry I shall leave it; and—well, I've not yet met the man for whom I'd do that."

Wickett, hearing this avowal, was conscious of a feeling that it was somehow peculiarly appropriate. It seemed to him fitting that, meeting her again, he should find her a creature even lovelier than before, a woman obviously to be coveted by men, yet still unwed. But why had she remained so? Not from lack of opportunity; so much the merest glance at her assured. She was adorable. Why, then? Could it be that something of their love of long ago survived in her as more than a mere memory? She had cared for him deeply in the old days. He had cared for her too; but women, it is said—and he had ample reason within his own experience to believe it—are more constant by nature than men. The memory of her—he now recalled—had remained with him as something always fragrant. Was it, then, improbable, especially in view of the acknowledged greater constancy of womankind, that the girl who had wept so passionately at parting with him years before, who had remained unmarried, who had laughed when he had asked if she were married—and was there not some bitterness about that laugh?—could it be that, after all these years, this proud, fascinating woman was even still ——

The not unpleasant thoughts forming in his mind were interrupted by a rapping on the dressing-room door, and a voice said:

"Third act, Miss Vaughan."

Wickett moved toward the door.

"I'll run along now," he said. "We'll come back for you after the play."

Janie had risen. The maid was draping a soft scarf about her shoulders.

"Yes," she nodded. "Wait inside the stage door. I'll try not to keep you long."

"Good!" said Wickett, bowing in the doorway.

And while his face still showed there, Janie smiled a smile that made him think of sunshine in the spring, raised her fingers to her lips, and tossed a kiss to him.

III

STAGE hands were rapidly disposing of the scene of the final act when Wickett and Higgins entered the stage doorway after the performance. Before the scene had altogether melted away, shadowy figures began to emerge from dressing rooms along the various balconies on the opposite wall, descend the iron stairs, traverse the stage and pass out to the street. And sometimes, as a departing player passed, Wickett and Higgins would detect a curious faint resemblance, like a picture blurred and half washed out, to one or other of the characters in The Divine Dilemma.

True to her word, Janie Vaughan came out from her dressing room before they had stood there many minutes. She was habited in a becoming suit of soft wine-colored cloth, fur-trimmed. Wickett presented Higgins; then the three moved out through the stage doorway.

"Where would you like to have supper?" Wickett asked her. "Sherry's, perhaps—or the Ritz?"

"Oh, no," said Janie. "If you and Mr. Higgins don't mind I'd like some less fashionable place. I never feel quite well put together when I leave the theater, and to-night I hurried—some of the make-up's probably left on."

"Sullivan's?" suggested Higgins tentatively.

"Just the place! Upstairs, where it's quiet. You see," she explained, "Shelley and I are old sweethearts. We have a lot to talk about. I'm afraid we'll bore you."

"Don't bother about that," said Higgins.

They reached the corner and turned down Broadway; and presently they entered the eating place Higgins had named—one of the few restaurants on that shifting street which have survived from the old days when Broadway restaurants were free alike from graft and the elaborate horrors of the pseudo-French cuisine; when Broadway waiters were amiable, awkward Celts, large of body, hand and heart, instead of smirking, spidery little mercenaries.

"I know just what I want," declared Janie when they were seated at table—"Welsh rabbit and a great big glass of Pilsener."

"So would I!" said Higgins.

Whereupon Wickett, who had been consulting the menu with thoughts of champagne and chicken *à la* King, laid the card down and, protesting that neither the restaurant nor the supper suited his ideas of what an actress was entitled to, gave in and ordered likewise.

Simple though their little party was, it did not lack animation. Even Higgins, who had expected to sit silent, even bored perhaps, while Janie and Wickett talked over old times—that topic usually so dull to him who had no share in the old times—found himself drawn into the conversation. Janie saw to that; for, besides the kindness proclaimed by the wide setting of her gentle, humorous blue eyes, she was possessed of tact in such great degree that it was scarcely visible at all.

When she had made Wickett tell her much of Molly and the children, and even of the coffee business, he insisted on hearing something of her own career. It had begun, she told them, in California, half a dozen years ago, when she received a rather playful offer from the manager of a stock company. In the same spirit she took it up, appearing throughout one week in the part of a maid. Finding herself amused with the experience, she took another little part the next week and, continuing to enjoy the work, finally finished out the season. Thus, without having quite intended to, she had become an actress. For two years more she played in stock. After that came two years on the road—"leads in number-two companies"—and then the present opportunity, such an opportunity as all ambitious players yearn for: the chance to appear in a good part on Broadway. Nor did her story suffer in the telling. Like every woman gifted with a dynamic sense of comedy, she possessed, also, the mimic quality. Her descriptions of people were not mere descriptions but rather sketches drawn on the surface of her own individuality.

"So, you see," she explained, "it's a very critical time for me. I'm afraid The Dilemma"—so she abbreviated it—"is going to be a flivver—that is, failure. Most of the critics roasted it and business isn't very good. On the other

hand, I seem to have come through pretty well. My notices were favorable and the management has offered me a five years' contract, guaranteeing at least one Broadway production a year."

"Then," put in Wickett, "I should say that the critical time was past."

Janie shook her head.

"There's a lot of annoying business about it," she explained with a sigh.

"I haven't signed the contract yet. There are things in it I don't like; but—well, it seems a big chance, and they're pressing me. I don't quite know what to do. To tell the truth, Shelley, I'm not a very good business woman, and I've been wondering if you'd advise me about this contract. Or do you think I'd better see a lawyer about it?"

There was something childlike and endearing in her sweet perplexity.

"I'd be delighted to help, of course," said Wickett; "but a lawyer would be best. And, besides," he added with a smile which included both the others, "I always like to drum up trade for my friend, Mr. Higgins."

"Idiot!" said Higgins genially; but Janie brightened instantly.

"Oh, are you a lawyer, Mr. Higgins?"

"Not only a lawyer," he smiled, "but a very fine lawyer indeed!"

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," Wickett put in playfully; but Janie paid no attention to him.

Still looking at Higgins, she asked earnestly:

"Then will you advise me?"

"I'll do anything I can," he said, and immediately changed the subject; nor was it mentioned again until just as they were parting.

After escorting her back to her hotel the two men stood talking with her in the foyer by the elevators for a moment. Wickett was the first to shake her hand and say good night.

"It's been lovely, Shelley!" she said. "Thank you so much! You must come to see me very soon."

"I shall," he said in a tone which, it seemed to him, meant a great deal. Then, after a serious look into her eyes, he turned quickly and moved toward the street.

Janie spoke to Higgins as Wickett moved away.

"Can we have a business talk to-morrow?" she asked, giving him her hand. "I'd like to retain you. That's the word, isn't it?"

He smiled and nodded.

"Will you come to luncheon with me, here, at one?"

"Delighted!" he said, and their hands dropped apart.

Janie turned her head and looked after Wickett, who had already crossed the foyer.

"You might ask Shelley to come too," she added.

"Oh ——" said Higgins.

Her eyes turned back to him. There was the gleam of something humorous in them as she asked quickly:

"Don't you think so?"

"Oh, perhaps. I was just thinking we'd be wanting to talk about this contract and that ——"

He met her gaze for a moment; then, leaving the sentence unfinished, looked after his friend, who, having reached the revolving door leading to the street, had paused there and turned toward them.

"Come on, Hig!" called Wickett, beckoning with his hand.

"Just as you like, then," Janie said quickly.

"Thanks a lot!" Higgins answered hurriedly. "Good night!"

As he spoke his eyes returned to hers and gave back to her something of her own look of veiled amusement.

"Good night!" she returned.

Then giving him a little smile, as though to supplement the words and make them the more cordial, she stepped into a waiting elevator and was gone.

IV

THOUGH it was late Wickett felt wide-awake when he returned to his deserted home that night. He was thoughtful as he made ready for bed; and before putting out the lights he propped himself against the pillows and penciled a letter to his wife. After telling Molly how he missed her, how desolate the apartment seemed without her, and how vacant life would be for him while she was gone, he went on:

> I dined with Hig at the club and afterward we went to the theater. Hig had the tickets and I didn't know what we were going to see until we got there. It proved to be a new English comedy, The Divine Dilemma. The play was pretty much the same old thing; but you'll be interested to hear that Janie Vaughan, of whom you've heard me speak, has the principal part. As I knew her so well when we were youngsters, I felt I ought to look her up if only for old times' sake. And, besides, I was curious to see whether stage life had changed her much. She seems a good deal older, of course; but she's still a nice girl. Hig was so enthusiastic over her acting that I thought he'd enjoy meeting her; so all three of us went out after the performance and had a Welsh rabbit at Sullivan's. She is quiet, modest and serious about her work—nothing actressy about her. And she was enormously interested in hearing of you and the children. You must meet her as soon as you get back. I'm sure you'll like her.

Having written thus he touched again on the subject of his lonesomeness, of how desolate the apartment seemed without Molly, and how vacant life would be for him while she was gone; and with that closed his letter, put out the lights and, filled with the pious satisfaction of one who having nothing to conceal has not concealed it, went to sleep.

The next night, too, when he returned to his deserted home, he wrote to Molly. But this time he decided, after some reflection, that he would not mention in his letter the fact that he had been for the second time to see the comedy, which, by his own admission of the night before, was "pretty much the same old thing." He felt—so, at least, he put it to himself—that Molly would not understand; no, not even though he were to explain that the men with whom he had dined had asked him to suggest a

(Continued on Page 69)

The Sharp Sword of Service

With it Little Business Wins—By James H. Collins

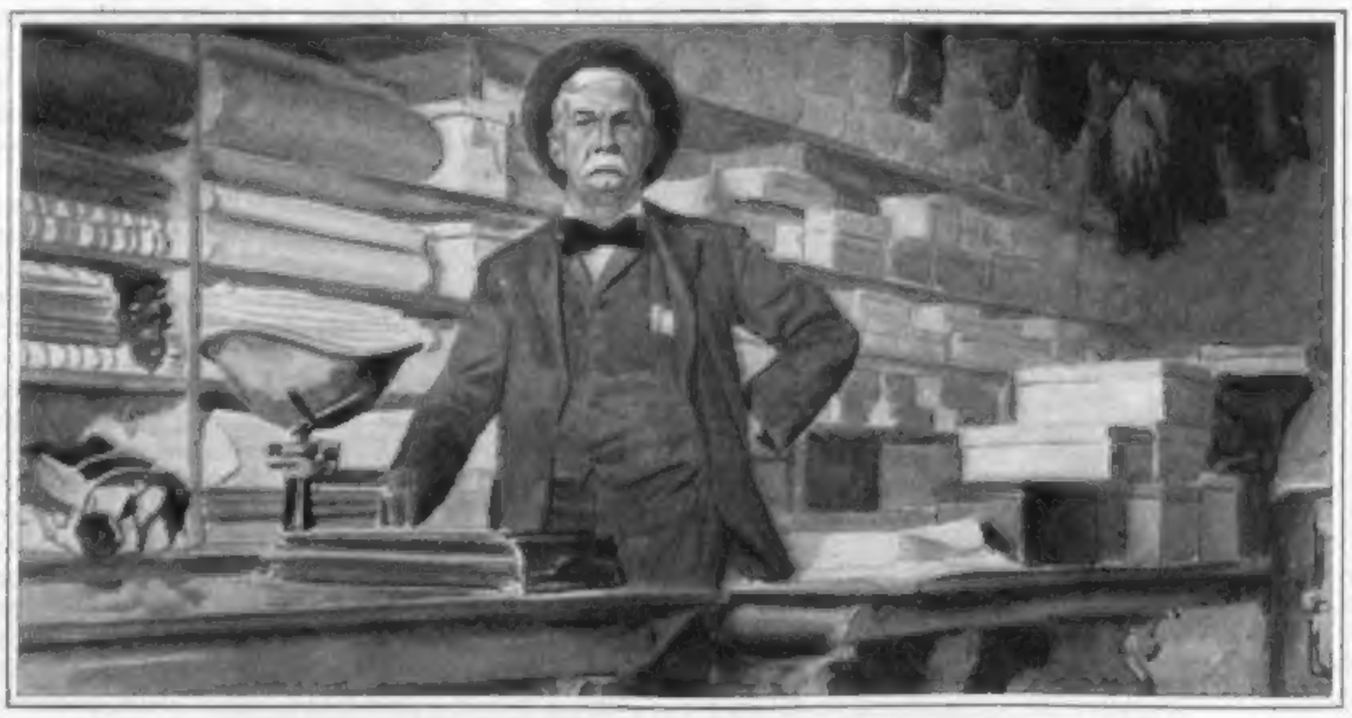
EVER since the trusts were formed people have got into the habit of taking it for granted that size alone counts in American business. They assume that Little Business—the individual with small capital, the firm of young partners, the modest corporation—has no chance to set up shop for itself in this era of great resources and vast operations; or that, even if Little Business could get started, Big Business would easily cripple it by more economical production, price cutting, monopoly of territory and outlets, and other methods of competition, foul or fair.

Yet during the period of the trusts, when Little Business was believed to be doomed to extinction, it has really been growing as never before. Our industries have been expanding wonderfully, both in size and in the variety of their products. Everywhere opportunities have been created for the small man and he has seized them. Furthermore, he has held his own squarely in competition with Big Business, while the latter has not always held its own against itself.

Little Business is still pictured as a helpless baby with a stick of candy, surrounded by greedy big boys; but actually it is more like Jack the Giant Killer, fighting unwieldy monsters with a magic sword, or like David bringing down Goliath with a smooth stone from the brook.

The giants are finding themselves at startling disadvantages nowadays, because the very size that was counted on to make them invincible is proving to be their weakness. David is soaking them in the forehead with the smooth stone of Overhead, and Jack pricks their vitals with the sharp sword of Service.

An excellent illustration is found in the world of retail trade, where many large stores have gone out of business in the past year or two, while the growth of prosperous small stores is increasing.



The Small Man Has Held His Own Squarely in Competition With Big Business

When the department store came into existence it embodied a startling new tendency in retailing. The old-time dry-goods store, with its piece goods and trimmings, had a narrow range of goods and two busy seasons—spring and fall—with costly dull periods between. The department store added new lines of merchandise that sustained business during the dull periods. It went abroad for novelties, creating a big import trade. It pushed ready-to-wear garments of all kinds, made on the typical American factory system of standardization. With so many different lines under one roof, customers found it the most convenient place to carry on the hard work of shopping for a home; and by the use of newspaper advertising it brought shoppers together on a scale never known before. Its immense turnover gave it economies in buying. It transformed the dry-goods store into a splendid mercantile palace, with comforts and attractions for shoppers; and in the days of its youth and expansion it was alive all over, especially at the top, and put the little old-fashioned merchant at a disadvantage in every way.

To-day, however, the department store is operating under disadvantages. Its cost of doing business has been steadily increasing, until it now has tremendous possibilities for waste as well as economy. No better example could be found of Overhead at work.

Years ago, in one thriving department store, the managers came together to discuss the wisdom of installing toilet facilities for shoppers. Some of them warmly favored the idea, pointing out that there was nothing of the sort for women downtown, and predicting that increased sales would amply cover the investment and expense. Others argued, however, that valuable store space must be sacrificed. The idea was finally approved, the toilet rooms installed, and from the first they more than paid their way. They paid so well that soon other conveniences were added—rest rooms, writing rooms, nurseries at which children could be left while the mothers were shopping, and then free concerts and other attractions; but now it is held that competition in providing these comforts and attractions has gone too far, and that they have become a heavy tax on the business. Certainly they are one of the chief items in Overhead.

In the same way liberal policies in the exchange of goods and refunding money were established to promote confidence in purchasing; and competition has made them costly abuses.

Customers throw on the store most of the burden involved in making up their minds what they really want, and have goods sent home, to be worn or used for a day or two, and then returned as "unsatisfactory." Delivery systems have grown to be very expensive, and the very size of the business has created all sorts of leaks.

The department store operates under a serious peak handicap. Most of the shopping is done in a few hours of

the day, especially the afternoon; but in those few hours it must have sales service, elevator service and organization generally capable of handling all the business that comes. The bigger the business, the bigger must be the organization for those few hours, and the greater the dead expense in the dull hours and on rainy days.

Difficulty has been found in training salespeople who can intelligently take care of every customer. In some big stores probably one customer out of three goes away without purchasing, because real sales service is not used in making a sale. The merchandise manager at one ably conducted big store admits frankly that the daily overflow of such unserved customers from his own departments would make a handsome business for a smaller store—it is the rich cream flowing off the top of the trade. If that is true of an establishment like his, it goes a long way to explain failures of less skillfully managed department stores during the past two years.

There have been a good many of these failures. Bankruptcy or receivership has disclosed crooked finance in some cases—the handicap of heavily watered stock added to Overhead; but most of the disasters can be traced to rising costs of doing business, inefficient management and service, and other troubles incident to Big Business grown topheavy.

Meantime Little Business thrives in various lines of retailing, because a new tendency has appeared to help the individual merchant who understands the times. This tendency has been developing quietly for about a decade. It emerged after the panic of 1907, when scarcity of money forced merchants to cut down the size of their merchandise stocks and trust to quick replenishments in giving service to customers.

To the retailer, that looked like a sad, dislocating necessity—something to be overcome as soon as money grew cheaper again and large stocks could once more be laid in. Actually he has never gone back to large stocks, for the change brought him into harmony with broad developments in manufacturing and distribution.

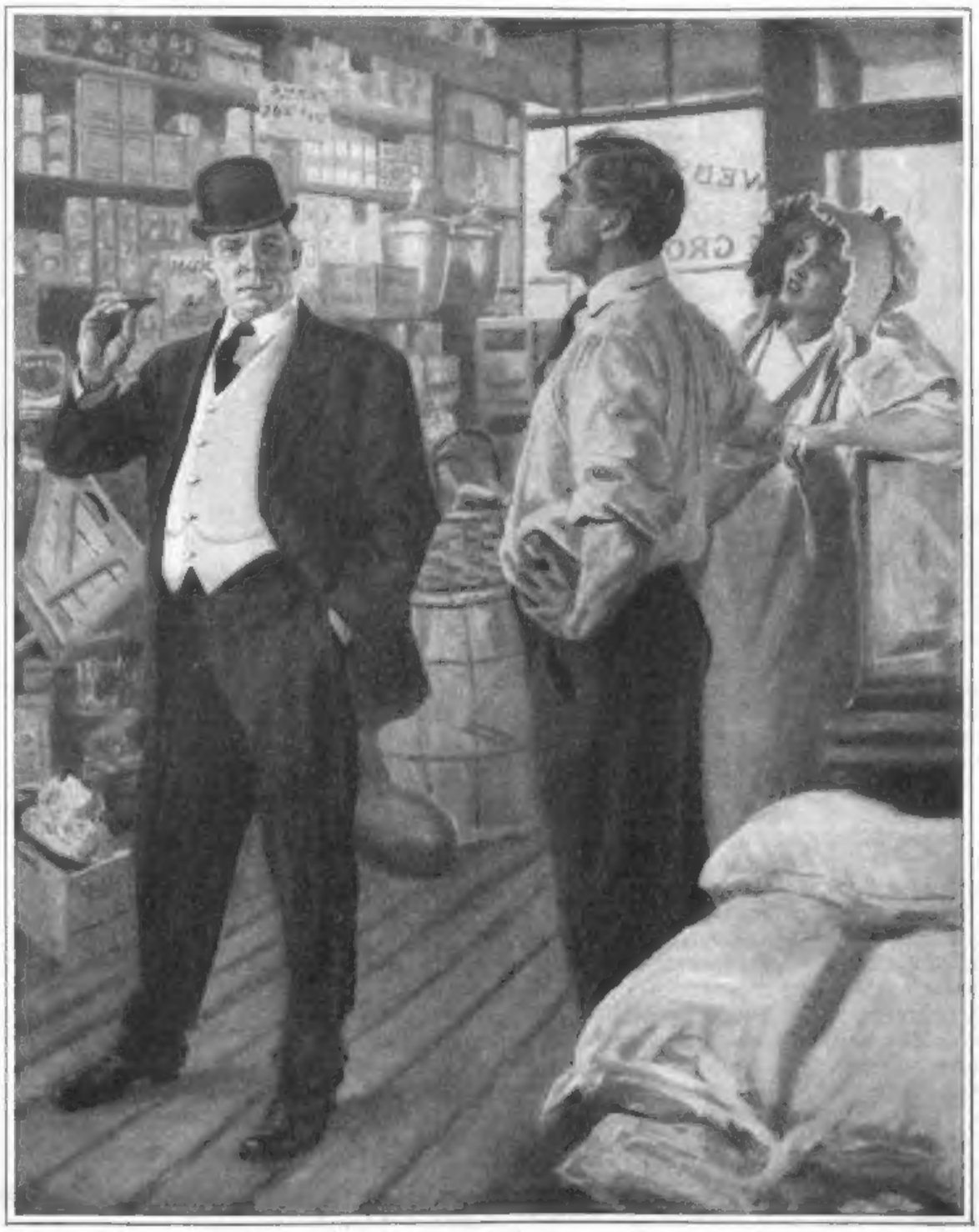
Twenty-five years ago the ideal of the retail merchant going into business for himself in a city was to have a downtown store, preferably on the main retail street, with a frontage of from thirty to fifty feet and a depth of seventy-five to one hundred. In this comfortable space he could carry what he considered was an adequate stock of goods. Probably he bought goods on the basis of at least a month's supply ahead and so had considerable capital waiting on his shelves all the time. When whim and style shifted he was often left with undesirable stuff on his hands.

To-day that same type of merchant is on the same main street downtown—usually near the department stores, so he can benefit by the millions on millions of shoppers they attract to their locality every year by advertising; but his store is a mere pocket in the wall. As little as ten feet frontage often suffices, with from thirty to fifty feet depth. For this, however, he pays a rent several times as high as that of the large store of the previous generation; and because he must keep his money working to pay rent, and also lacks space in which to carry idle goods, he keeps a life-giving stream of merchandise flowing through the place from day to day.

Small Stocks and Quick Turnovers

SUPPOSE he is in the haberdashery line. His stock can be trimmed down to just about enough shirts, underwear, shoes, hats, collars, and so on, to take care of the demand of from three days to a week. Manufacturers of these goods have been moving closer and closer to him, to supply his needs in less time. They virtually carry stock for him and furnish capital for his business by holding reserve stocks of goods handy for him to draw on. This tendency shows up strikingly in our express traffic and to some extent in the newer Parcel Post; for it is estimated that sixty per cent of all the express traffic consists of small lots of goods going from manufacturer or wholesaler to the retailer—goods ordered by telephone, telegram and letter overnight, to be sent quickly for the replenishment of stocks from day to day.

In the big shop of yesterday the small merchant did not really understand his own business. He was losing money through unsalable goods, hidden away, and losing customers through failure to give them service. Naturally the big stores hurt him badly when they came with their competition; but in his smaller shop to-day the same type of merchant understands his business and has better ideas of service. Manufacturers carry goods for him, and the moderate stock actually on hand is always moving toward the cash register and the door.



Many a Young Man Learning Good Retail Methods in a Chain Store To-day Will be Heard From Later in Business for Himself

A month's supply of collars, with its many styles and sizes, runs into a large investment; but a three days' supply can be regulated by the law of averages and kept down to the minimum investment if replenishments are carefully managed. If he adds a line like shoes he can regulate his small stock by a scientific schedule of styles and sizes, based on some manufacturer's study of the turnover of a thousand retail shoe stores for several years. Replenishment orders sent to the jobber or factory every night will enable him to do a good shoe business, with a supply that calls for the least investment and store space. Such a schedule of what will be called for by several hundred customers as they come along enables him to show a good assortment of styles for all the number-seven feet, and also to have at least one pair of shoes for the occasional customer who wears an unusually large size.

Manufacturing has expanded wonderfully through diversification of product, making opportunities for the small man. So has retailing. When the department stores cut into the quiet trade of the old-fashioned merchant they had chiefly the advantage of lower prices, due to large buying capacity; but to-day prices do not count so much as service and taste, and the small merchant who knows his business finds it possible to hold his own against large competitors, and even to take trade away from them.

Fifteen years ago there were two shops in New York where neckties retailing for a dollar, two dollars, or more, could be seen in the windows, and were often shown as one of the quiet marvels of the metropolis. The idea of paying more than fifty cents for a necktie was novel to most men. To-day, however, even the furnishing-goods dealer in a small city has good customers for ties of this grade, as well as for silk hosiery and underwear, and other luxuries of dress that have become staple and necessary as standards of life have improved. Goods of that character do not sell wholly on price. Factors like taste, novelty, exclusiveness and personal service count, and are more apt to be at work for the small merchant who understands his business than for the big, unwieldy organization.

Mr. Average Man wants some shirts and steps into the Monster Store. There is a crowd of women round a big table piled with sale shirts at ninety-eight cents. He has difficulty in getting hold of a clerk to show him regular stock. The clerk proves to be a green recruit who knows little about that department. Mr. Average Man finds a couple of shirts he fancies, and after a long wait for change and parcel departs with the determination never to buy shirts there again.

Next time he wants shirts he steps into a brisk little specialty shop in the downtown section. The proprietor is on the floor, with his clerks, or can supervise them from his office. The place has personality. Mr. Average Man is measured and fitted with shirts out of the ready-made stock, not merely as to collar size, but sleeve length and other dimensions that count in the comfort of a shirt. The clerk who waits on him gets his name. Next time they know him by name, remember his size, and suggest that for a dollar more he can have some shirts made up in their custom shop. The fabrics will be new, the fit perfect, his initials will be woven in the label, and his measurements will be kept, so he can order more shirts easily, even if out of town. He is measured, and opens an account, and then the little shop with personality holds him as a customer because he is being taken care of. Against such service the Monster Store is at a disadvantage.

Selling by Telephone

ONE of the biggest problems in large retailing to-day is to develop employees who can give such personal service. One intelligent girl, with a good memory, in the women's waist department of a large store can select goods to be sent to customers on approval. She will call them up by telephone, explain that some choice waists have just come in from the East, and say that she is sending three which she believes that customer will like. Figures from one large store show that ninety per cent of all goods sent out in this way by an employee who makes good selections for different customers are purchased; but getting and training employees to render such service is difficult, and the little personality shop does it better.

In manufacturing the same development of service is going on. Houses that make the goods are coming closer and closer to the retailer every day; for manufacturing is in a bad way if it does not build up and support retail outlets for its products.

Some years ago practically the whole trade in one kind of manufactured goods was controlled by one big concern, known as the trust. The product is one involving a wide range of styles and sizes, like hats or shoes; and, instead of selling through jobbers, the manufacturer maintains branch depots in cities all over the country, supplying retailers direct. This big concern had branch depots in cities like New York, Chicago and Kansas City. Competitors made no headway against it until they got closer to the retail trade, establishing branches in cities between, like Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Minneapolis. By getting closer they were able to give retailers quicker replenishments of stock and win a place that has been maintained.

The principal development of Big Business in retailing to-day is the chain-store system, which by large purchasing power and good management is able to effect decided economies. The danger of chain stores to the capable small merchant has undoubtedly been overestimated, however; for they are active chiefly in staple goods, like groceries, drugs, tobacco, and the like, which involve no such factors of taste and personal service as clothing, say, where styles change frequently and the stock of a given store must be skillfully chosen for the community. Many of these chains of stores have been built up by capable small merchants who, starting with one establishment, have developed sound methods of management and now have from half a dozen stores to perhaps a dozen.

Even where the chain store makes headway against the individual merchant, it does so more on good service than by low prices—a standard system for replenishing stock, making window displays, advertising, selling over the counter, getting the maximum trade out of the best locations,

(Continued on Page 45)

THE UNIQUE CITY—By Arnold Bennett

WHEN we drew near Ypres we met a civilian wagon laden with furniture of a lower middle-class house, and also with lengths of gilt picture-frame moldings. There was quite a lot of gilt in the wagon. A strong warm wind was blowing and the dust on the road and from the railway track was very unpleasant. The noise of artillery persisted. As a fact, the wagon was hurrying away with furniture and picture-frame moldings under fire. Several times we were told not to linger here and not to linger there, and the automobiles, emptied of us, received very precise instructions where to hide during our absence. We saw a place where a shell had dropped on waste ground at one side of the road and thrown up a mass of earth and stones on the roof of an asylum on the other side of the road. The building was unharmed; the well-paved surface of the road was perfect—it had received no hurt; but on the roof lay the earth and stones.

Still, we had almost no feeling of danger. The chances were a thousand to one that the picture-frame maker would get safely away with his goods; and he did. But it seemed odd; to an absurdly sensitive non-Teutonic mind it seemed somehow to lack justice that the picture framer, after having been ruined, must risk his life in order to snatch from the catastrophe the débris of his career.

Farther on, within the city itself but near the edge of it, two men were removing uninjured planks from the upper floor of a house; these planks were all there was in the house to salve. I saw no other attempt to make the best of a bad job; and after I had inspected the bad job these two attempts appeared heroic to the point of folly.

I had not been in Ypres for nearly twenty years, and when I was last there the work of restoring the historic buildings of the city was not started. These restorations, especially to the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral of St. Martin, were just about finished in time for the opening of hostilities; and they give yet another proof of the German contention that Belgium, in conspiracy with Britain, had deliberately prepared for the war and, indeed, wanted it! The Grande Place was quite recognizable. It is among the largest public squares in Europe, and one of the very few into which you could put a medium-sized Atlantic liner. There is no square in London or—I think—New York into which you could put a ten-thousand-ton boat. A fifteen-thousand-ton affair, such as even the Arabic, could be arranged diagonally in the Grande Place at Ypres.

The Ancient Glories of the City of Ypres

THIS Grande Place has seen history. In the middle of the thirteenth century, whence its chief edifices date, it was the center of one of the largest and busiest towns in Europe, and a population of two hundred thousand weavers was apt to be uproarious in it. Within three centuries a lack of comprehension of home politics and the simple brigandage of foreign politics had reduced Ypres to a population of five thousand. In the seventeenth century Ypres fell four times. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it ceased to be a bishopric. In the middle of the nineteenth century it ceased to be fortified, and in the second decade of the twentieth century it ceased to be inhabited. Possessing two hundred thousand inhabitants in the thirteenth century, five thousand inhabitants in the sixteenth century, seventeen thousand four hundred inhabitants at the end of the nineteenth century, it now possesses no inhabitants. It is uninhabited. It cannot be inhabited.

Scarcely two months before I saw it, the city—I was told—had been full of life; in the long period of calm that followed the bombardment of the railway-station quarter in November, 1914, the inhabitants had taken courage, and many of those who had fled from the first shells had sidled back again with the most absurd hope in their hearts. As late as the third week in April the Grande Place was the regular scene of commerce, and on market days it was dotted with stalls on which were offered for sale such frivolous things as postcards displaying the damage done to the railway-station quarter.

Then came the major bombardment, which is not yet over.

You may obtain a just idea of the effects of the major bombardment by adventuring into the interior of the Cathedral of St. Martin. This cathedral is chiefly thirteenth-century work. Its tower, like that of the cathedral at Malines, had never been completed—nor will it ever be now—but it is still, with the exception of the tower of the Cloth Hall, the highest thing in Ypres. The tower is a skeleton. As for the rest of the building, it may be said that some of the walls alone substantially remain. The choir—the earliest part of the cathedral—is entirely unroofed, and the south wall of it has vanished. The apse has been blown clean out. The early Gothic nave is partly unroofed. The transepts are unroofed, and of the glass of the memorable rose window of the south transept not a trace is left—so far as I can remember.

In the center of the cathedral, where the transepts meet, is a vast heap of bricks, stone and powdery dirt. This heap rises irregularly, like a range of hills, toward the choir; it overspreads most of the immense interior, occupying an area of perhaps from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand square feet. In the choir it rises to a height of six or seven yards. You climb perilously over it as you might cross the Alps. This incredible amorphous mass, made up of millions of defaced architectural fragments of all kinds, is the shattered body of about half the cathedral. I suppose the lovely carved choir stalls are imbedded somewhere within it. The grave of Jansen is certainly at the bottom of it.

The aspect of the scene, with the sky above, the jagged walls, the interrupted arches, and the dusty piled mess all round, is intolerably desolate. And it is made the more so by the bright colors of the great altar, two-thirds of which is standing, and the still brighter colors of the organ, which still clings, apparently whole, to the north wall of the choir. In the sacristy are collected gilt candelabra and other altar furniture, turned yellow by the fumes of picric acid. At a little distance the cathedral, ruin though it is, seems solid enough; but when you are in it the fear is on you that the inconstant and fragile remains of it may collapse about you in a gust of wind a little rougher than usual.

You leave the outraged fane with relief. And when you get outside you have an excellent opportunity of estimating the mechanism that brought about this admirable triumph of destruction; for there is a hole made by a seventeen-inch shell. It is, at a moderate estimate, fifty feet across, and it happened to tumble into a graveyard, so that the hole is littered with the white bones of earlier Christians.

The Cloth Hall was a more wonderful thing than the Cathedral of St. Martin, which, after all, was no better than dozens of other cathedrals. There was only one Cloth Hall of the rank of this one. It is not easy to say whether or not the Cloth Hall still exists. Its celebrated three-storied façade exists, with a huge hiatus in it to the left of the middle and, of course, minus all glass. The entire façade seemed to me to be leaning slightly forward; I could not decide whether this was an optical illusion or a fact. The enormous central tower is knocked to pieces and yet conserves some remnant of its original outlines; bits of scaffolding on the front of it stick out at a great height, like damaged matches. The slim corner towers are scarcely hurt. Everything of artistic value in the structure of the interior has disappeared in a horrible confusion of rubble.

The eastern end of the Cloth Hall used to be terminated by a small, beautiful Renaissance edifice called the Niewwerk, dating from the seventeenth century. What its use was I never knew. But the Niewwerk has vanished, and the Town Hall, next door, has also vanished; broken walls, a few bits of arched masonry and heaps of refuse alone indicate where these buildings stood in April last.

The Desolation of the Great Square

SO MUCH for the two principal buildings visible from the Grande Place. The Cloth Hall is in the Grande Place, and the cathedral adjoins it. The only other fairly large building in the Place is the Hôpital de Notre Dame at the northeast end. This white-painted edifice, with its ornamental gilt sign, had continued substantially to exist as a structural entity; it was defaced, but not seriously. Every other building in the Place was smashed up. To walk round the Place is to walk nearly half a mile; and along the entire length, with the above exceptions, there was nothing but mounds of rubbish and fragments of upstanding walls.

Here and there in your perambulation you may detect an odor with which certain trenches have already familiarized you. Obstinate inhabitants were apt to get buried in the cellars where they had taken refuge. In one place what looked like a colossal sewer had been uncovered. I thought at the time that the sewer was somewhat large for a city of the size of Ypres, and it has since occurred to me that this sewer may have been the ancient bed of the stream Yperlée, which in some past period was arched over.

"I want to make a rough sketch of all this," I said to my companions in the middle of the Grande Place, indicating the Cloth Hall and the cathedral and other grouped ruins. The spectacle was indeed majestic in the extreme, and if the British Government has not had it photographed in the finest possible manner it has failed in a very obvious duty; photographs of Ypres ought to be distributed throughout the world.

My companions left me to myself. I sat down on the edge of a small shell hole some distance in front of the hospital. I had been advised not to remain too near the building lest it might fall on me. The paved floor of the Place stretched out round me like a tremendous plain, seeming the vaster because my eyes were now so much nearer to the level of it. On a bit of façade to the left the word CYCLE stood out in large black letters on a white ground. This word and myself were the sole living things in the square.

In the distance a cloud of smoke up a street showed that a house was burning. The other streets visible from where I sat gave no sign whatever. The wind, strong enough throughout my visit to the front, was now stronger than ever. All the window frames and doors in the hospital were

straining and creaking in the wind. The loud sound of guns never ceased. A large British aëroplane hummed and buzzed at a considerable height overhead. Dust drove along. I said to myself:

"A shell might quite well fall here any moment."

I was afraid; but I was less afraid of a shell than of the intense loneliness. Rheims was inhabited; Arras was inhabited. In both cities there were postmen and newspapers, shops, and even cafés; but in Ypres there was nothing. Every street was a desert; every room in every house was empty. Not a dog roamed in search of food. The weight on my heart was sickening. To avoid complications I had promised the staff officer not to move from the place until he returned; neither of us had any desire to be hunting for each other in the sinister labyrinth of the town's thoroughfares.

I was, therefore, a prisoner in the place, condemned to solitary confinement. I ardently wanted my companions to come back. . . . Then I heard echoing sounds of voices and footsteps. Two British soldiers appeared round a corner and passed slowly along the square. In the immensity of the square they made very small figures. I had a wish to accost them, but Englishmen do not do those things, even in Ypres. They glanced casually at me; I glanced casually at them, carefully pretending that the circumstances of my situation were entirely ordinary.

In Silent Streets and Deserted Homes

I FELT safer while they were in view; but when they had gone I was afraid again. I was more than afraid: I was inexplicably uneasy. I made the sketch simply because I had said I would make it; and as soon as it was done I jumped up out of the hole and walked about, peering down streets for the reappearance of my friends. I was very depressed, very irritable; and I honestly wished that I had never accepted any invitation to visit the front. I somehow thought I might never get out of Ypres alive. When at length I caught sight of the staff officer I felt instantly relieved. My depression, however, remained for hours afterward.

Perhaps the chief street in Ypres is the wide Rue de Lille, which runs from opposite the Cloth Hall down to the Lille Gate, and over the moat water into the Lille Road, and on to the German lines. The Rue de Lille was especially famous for its fine old buildings. There was the Hospice Belle, for old female paupers of Ypres, built in the thirteenth century. There was the Museum, formerly the Hôtel Merghelynck, not a very striking edifice, but full of antiques of all kinds. There was the Hospital of St. John, interesting, but less interesting than the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. There was the Gothic Maison de Bois, right at the end of the street, with a rather wonderful frontage. And there was the famous fourteenth-century Steenen, which, since my previous visit, had been turned into the post office.

With the exception of this last building, the whole of the Rue de Lille, if my memory is right, lay in ruins. The shuttered post office was splendidly upright and in appearance entire; but, for all I know, its interior may have been destroyed by a shell through the roof. Only the acacia trees flourished, and the flies, and the weeds between the stones of the paving. The wind took up the dust from the rubbish heaps which had been houses and wreathed it against what bits of walls still maintained the perpendicular. Here, too, was the unforgettable odor, rising up through the interstices of the smashed masonry that hid subterranean chambers.

We turned into a side street of small houses—probably the homes of lacemakers. This street was too humble to be a mark for the guns of the Germans, who no doubt trained their artillery by the aid of a very large-scale municipal map, on which every building was separately indicated. It would seem impossible that a map of less than a foot to a mile could enable them to produce such wonderful results of carefully wanton destruction. And the assumption must be that the map was obtained from the local authorities by some agent masquerading as a citizen.

To return to the side street: So far as one could see, it had not received a dent, not a scratch. Even the little windows of the little red houses were by no means all broken. All the front doors stood ajar. I hesitated to walk in, for these houses seemed to be mysteriously protected by influences invisible; but in the end the vulgar yet perhaps legitimate curiosity of the sightseer, of the professional reporter, drove me within the doors.

The houses were so modest that they had no entrance halls or lobbies. One passed directly from the street into the parlor. Apparently the parlors were completely furnished. They were in amazing disorder, but the furniture was there. And the furnishings of all of them were alike, as the furnishings of all the small houses of a street in the Five Towns or in a cheap London suburb. The ambition of these homes had been to resemble one another. What one had, all must have. Under ordinary circumstances the powerful common instinct to resemble is pitiable; but here it was absolutely touching.

Everything was in these parlors. The miserable ugly ornaments, bought and cherished and admired by the simple, were on the mantelpieces. The drawers of the mahogany and oak furniture had been dragged open, but not emptied. The tiled floors were littered with clothes, with a miscellany of odd possessions, with pots and pans out of the kitchen and the scullery, with bags and boxes. The accumulations of lifetimes were displayed before me, and it was almost possible to trace the slow transforming of young girls into brides and brides into mothers of broods.

Within the darkness of the interiors I could discern the stairs; but I was held back from the stairs. I could get no farther than the parlors, though the interest of the upper floors must have been surpassing.

So, from house to house, I handled nothing. Were not the military laws against looting of the most drastic character! And at last I came to the end of the little street. There are many such streets in Ypres; in fact, the majority of the streets were like that street. I did not visit them, but I have no doubt they were in the same condition. I do not say that the inhabitants fled taking naught with them. They must obviously have taken what they could, and what was at once most precious and most portable; but they could have taken very little. They departed breathless, without vehicles, and probably most of the adults had children to carry or to lead.

At one moment the houses were homes, functioning as such. An alarm, infectious like the cholera—and at the next moment the deserted houses became spiritless, degenerated into intolerable museums for the amazement of a representative of the American and the British press! Where the scurrying families went to I never even inquired. Useless to inquire! They just lost themselves on the face of the earth and were thenceforth known to mankind by the generic name of refugees—such of them as managed to get away alive.

After this the solitude of the suburbs, with their maimed and rusting factories, their stagnant canals, their empty lots, their high, lusty weeds, their abolished railway and tram stations, was a secondary matter, leaving practically no impression on the exhausted sensibility.

A few miles on the opposite side of the town were the German artillery positions, with guns well calculated to destroy cathedrals and cloth halls. Round these guns were educated men who had spent years—indeed, most of their lives—in the scientific study of destruction. Under these men were slaves who, solely for the purposes of destruction, had ceased to be the citizens they once were. These slaves were compelled to carry out any order given to them, under pain of death. They had, indeed, been explicitly told on the highest earthly authority that if the order came to destroy their fathers and their brothers, they must destroy their fathers and their brothers; the instruction was public and historic.

The whole organism has worked, and worked well, for the destruction of all that was beautiful in Ypres, and for the break-up of an honorable tradition extending over at least eight centuries. There was no hazard about the treatment of Ypres. The shells did not come into Ypres out of nowhere. They were the climax of a deliberate effort originating in the brains of the responsible leaders. One is apt to forget all this.

"But," you say, "this is war, after all." After all, it just is!

The future of Ypres exercises the mind. Ypres is only one among many martyrs; but, as matters stand at present, it is undoubtedly the chief one. In proportion to their size scores of villages have suffered as much as Ypres, and some have suffered more; but no city of its mercantile, historical and artistic importance has, up to now, suffered in the same degree as Ypres.

The Relief of Smashing Something

YPRES is entitled to rank as the very symbol of the German achievement in Belgium. It stood on the path to Calais; but that was not its crime. Even if German guns had not left one brick on another in Ypres, the path to Calais would not thereby have been made any easier for the well-shod feet of the apostles of night, for Ypres never served as a military stronghold and could not possibly have so served; and had the Germans known how to beat the British Army in front of Ypres they could have marched through the city as easily as a hyena through a rice crop.

The crime of Ypres was that it lay handy for the extreme irritation of an army which, with three times the men and three times the guns, could not shift the trifling force opposed to it. In the end something had to give way. And the cathedral and Cloth Hall and other defenseless splendors of Ypres gave way—not the trenches. The yearners after Calais did themselves no good by exterminating fine architecture and breaking up innocent homes; but they did experience the relief of smashing something. Therein lies the psychology of the affair of Ypres and the reason why the Ypres of history has come to a sudden close.

In order to envisage the future of Ypres, it is necessary to get a clear, general conception of the damage done to it. Ypres is not destroyed. I should estimate that at least half the houses in it are standing entire and, though disfigured, are capable of being rapidly repaired. Thousands of the humble of Ypres could return to their dwellings and resume home life there with little trouble, provided the economic situation was fairly favorable—and, of course, sooner or later the economic situation is bound to be favorable, for the simple reason that it must ultimately

(Concluded on Page 44)

Where Do You Get That Noise?

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"I Didn't Know They Was Two Leagues in '96," Says Carey

THE trade was pulled wile the Phillies was here first trip. Without knockin' nobody, the two fellas we give was worth about as much as a front foot on Main Street, Belgium. And the fella we got had went better this spring than any time since he broke in. So when the news o' the deal come out I says to Dode, I says:

"What's the matter with Pat—tradin' Hawley? What's he goin' to do with them two he's gettin'—make ticket takers out of 'em? What's the idear?"

"It does look like a bad swap for us," says Dode. "Hawley's worth six like them you're givin' us, and he ain't only twenty-seven years old."

"That's what I'm tellin' you," I says. "The deal looks like you was tryin' to help us out."

"We are," says Dode. "Didn't we just get through helpin' you out o' the first division?"

"Save that for the minstrels," I says. "Give me the inside on this business: Is they somethin' the matter with him? The trade's made now already and it won't hurt you none to come clean. Didn't him and Pat get along?"

"Sure! Why not?" says Dode. "Did you ever see a guy that Pat couldn't get along with him?"

"Well then," says I, "what's the answer? Don't keep me in suspenders."

"I ain't sure myself," says Dode, "but I and Bobby was talkin' it over and we figured that Pat just plain got sick o' hearin' him talk."

"Feed that to the goldfish," I says. "If Pat couldn't stand conversation he wouldn't of never lasted this long."

"Conversation, yes," Dode says; "but it's a different thing when a bird makes an argument out of everything that's said. They wasn't a day passed but what Hawley just as good as called everybody on the club a liar. And it didn't make no difference whether you was talkin' to him or not. If I happened to be tellin' you that my sister was the champion chess player o' Peanut County, he'd horn right in and say she wasn't no such a thing; that So-and-So was the champion. And they wouldn't be no use to argue with him because you couldn't even get a draw. He'd say he was born in the county seat o' Peanut County and empired all the chess tournaments there. They wasn't no subject that he didn't know all about it better'n anybody else. They wasn't no town he wasn't born and brought up in. His mother or his old man is first cousins to everybody in the United States. He's been operated on for every disease in the hospital. And if he's did all he says he's did he'll be eight hundred and twenty-two years old next Halloween."

"They's lots o' fellas like that," I says.

"You think so?" says Dode. "You wait a wile. Next time I see you, if you don't say he's all alone in the Argue League I'll give you my bat."

"If he's that good," I says, "he'll be soup for Carey."

"He will at first, maybe," says Dode; "but Carey'll get sick of him, just like Pat and all the rest of us did."

II

I DIDN'T lose no time tellin' Carey about Dode's dope, and Carey didn't lose no time tryin' it out. It was the second day after Hawley joined us. It looked like rain, as usual, and we was stallin' in the clubhouse, thinkin' they'd maybe call it off before we had to dress.

"I see in some paper," says Carey, "where the heavy artillery fire over in Europe is what makes all this duck weather."

He didn't get no rise; so he wound up again.

"It seems like it must be somethin' that does it because they wasn't never no summer like this before," he says.

"What do you mean—no summer like this?" says Hawley.

"No summer with so much rain as they's been this summer," Carey says.

"Where do you get that stuff?" says Hawley. "This here summer's been dry, you might say."

"Yes," says Carey; "and you might say the Federals done well in Newark."

"I mean," says Hawley, "that this here summer's been dry compared to other summers."

"I s'pose," says Carey, "they wasn't never such a dry summer?"

"They's been lots of 'em," Hawley says. "They's been lots o' summers that was drier and they's been lots o' summers when they was more rain."

"Not in the last twenty years," says Carey.

"Yes, in the last twenty years too," says Hawley. "Nineteen years ago this summer made this here one look like a drought. It come up a storm the first day o' May and they wasn't a day from then till the first o' September when it didn't rain one time or another."

"You got some memory," says Carey—"goin' back nineteen years."

"I guess I ought to remember it," says Hawley. "That was the first year my old man left me go to the ball games alone, and they wasn't no games in our town from April till Labor Day. They wasn't no games nowheres because the railroads was all washed out. We lived in Cleveland and my old man was caught in New York when the first o' the floods come and couldn't get back home for three months."

"Couldn't he hire a canoe nowheres?" says Carey.

"Him and some others was thinkin' about tryin' the trip on a raft," says Hawley, "but my old lady was scared to have him try it; so she wrote and told him to stay where he was."

"She was lucky to have a carrier pigeon to take him the letter," says Carey. "Or did you swim East with it?"

"Swim!" Hawley says. "Say, you wouldn't talk about swim if you'd saw the current in them floods!"

"I'm sorry I missed it," says Carey. "I was still over in Portugal yet that year."

"It dried up in time for the world serious," says Hawley.

"The world serious between who?" ast Carey.

"The clubs that won out in the two leagues," says Hawley.

"I didn't know they was two leagues in '96," says Carey. "Who did they give the pennants to—the clubs that was ahead when it begin to sprinkle?"

"Sprinkle!" says Hawley. "Say, you'd of called it a sprinkle if you'd saw it. Sprinkle! Say, I guess that was some sprinkle!"

"I guess it must of been some sprinkle!" says Carey. "It must of made this summer look like a sucker."

"No," says Hawley; "this summer's been pretty bad."

"But nowheres near like nineteen year ago," says Carey.

"Oh, I guess they's about the same rainfall every year," Hawley says. "But, still and all, we've had some mighty wet weather since the first o' May this year, and I wouldn't be su'prised if the heavy artillery fire in Europe had somethin' to do with it."

"That's ridic'lous," says Carey.

"Ridic'lous!" says Hawley. "Where do you get that stuff? Don't you know that rain can be started with dynamite? Well, then, why wouldn't all that shootin' affect the weather? They must be some explanation."

"Did you make him?" says Carey to me afterward. "He trimmed me both ways. Some day he'll single to right field and throw himself out at first base. I seen I was in for a lickin', so I hedged to get a draw, and the minute I joined his league he jumped to the outlaws. But after this I'm goin' to stick on one side of it. He goes better when he's usin' his own stuff."

III

IN BATTIN' practice the next day Carey hit one up against them boards in right center on a line.

"Good night!" says Smitty. "I bet that's the hardest wallop that was ever made on these grounds."

"I know I didn't never hit one harder here," says Carey. "I don't never hit good in this park. I'd rather be on the road all the wile. I hit better on the Polo Grounds than anywheres else. I s'pose it's on account o' the background."

"Where do you get that stuff?" says Hawley. "Everybody hits better in New York than they do here. Do you want to know why? Because it's a clean town, without no dirt and cinders blowin' in your eyes. This town's all smoke and dirt, and it ain't no wonder a man's handicapped. The fellas that's with clubs in clean towns has got it all over us. Look at Detroit—one o' the cleanest towns in the country! And look how Cobb and Crawford hit! A man in one o' these smoke holes can't never pile up them big averages, or he can't last as long, neither."

"No," says Carey; "and that accounts for Wagner's rotten record in Pittsburgh."

Do you think that stopped him? Not him!

"Yes," he says; "and how much would Wagner of hit if he'd been playin' in New York or Detroit all the wile? He wouldn't never been below .500. And he'd of lasted just twicet as long."

"But on account of him landin' in Pittsburgh," says Carey, "the poor kid'll be all through already before he's fairly started yet. It's a crime and the grand jury should ought to take steps."

"Have you ever been to Washington?" says I.

"We Traded Nothin' to Get You and We Got Stung at That"

"Have I ever been to Washington?" says Hawley. "Say, I know Washington like a book. My old man's brother's a senator there in Congress. You must of heard o' Senator Hawley."

"Oh, yes," says Carey; "the fella that made the speech that time."

"That's the fella," says Hawley. "And a smart fella too. Him and Woodruff Wilson's just like brothers. They're always to each other's houses. That's where I met Wilson—was at Uncle Zeke's. We fanned together for a couple hours. You wouldn't never know he was the President. He don't let on like he was any better than I or you."

"He ain't as good as you; that's a pipe!" says Carey.

"Where does your cousin live?" says Smitty.

"Cousin Zeke's got the swellest apartment in Washington," says Hawley. "Right next to the Capitol, on Pennsylvania Street."

"I wisht I could live there," I says. "It's the best town in the country for my money. And it's the cleanest one too."

"No factories or smoke there," says Carey.

"I wonder how it comes," I says, "that most o' the fellas on the Washington Club, playin' in the cleanest town in the country most o' the wile, can't hardly foul a ball—let alone hit it."

"Maybe the silver dust from the mint gets in their eyes," says Carey.

"Where do you get that noise?" says Hawley. "The mint ain't nowheres near the ball orchard."

"Well then," I says, "how do you account for the club not hittin'?"

"Say," says Hawley, "it ain't no wonder they don't hit in that town. We played a exhibition game there last spring and we didn't hit, neither."

"Who pitched against you—Johnson?" I ast him.

"Yes; Johnson," says Hawley.

"But that don't explain why the Washington bunch can't hit," says Carey. "He ain't mean enough to turn round and pitch against his own club."

"They won't nobody hit in that town," says Hawley, "and I don't care if it's Johnson pitchin' or the mayor."

"What's the trouble?" I says.

"The heat gets 'em!" says Carey.

"No such a thing!" says Hawley. "That shows you don't know nothin' about it. It's the trees."

"The trees!" I says. "Do they play out in the woods or somewheres?"

"No," says Hawley. "If they did they'd be all right. Their ball park's just like any ball park; they ain't no trees in it. But they's trees all over the rest o' the town. It don't make no difference where you go, you're in the shade. And then, when you get to the ball park you're exposed to the sun all of a sudden and it blinds you."

"I should think it would affect their fieldin' too," says Carey.

"They wear goggles in the field," says Hawley.

"Do the infielders wear goggles?" ast Carey.

"No; but most o' the balls they got to handle comes on the ground. They don't have to look up for 'em," says Hawley.

"S'pose somebody hits a high fly ball that's comin' down right in the middle o' the diamond," says Carey. "Who gets it?"

"It ain't got," says Hawley. "They leave it go and it gen'ally almost always rolls foul."

"If I was Griffith," says Carey, "I'd get the Forestry Department to cut away the trees in some part o' town and then make all my ball players live there so's they'd get used to the sun."

"Or he might have a few big maples planted round the home plate some Arbor Day," I says.

"The Guy That Holds That Record is Talkin' to You"

"Yes," says Carey; "or he might trade Johnson to the Pittsburgh Federals for Oakes."

"He'd be a sucker to trade Johnson," says Hawley.

IV

WELL, we played down in Cincy one Saturday to a crowd that might of all came out in one street car without nobody ridin' in the motorman's vest pocket. We was discussin' it that night at supper.

"It's no more'n natural," I says. "The home club's been goin' bad and you can't expect the whole population to fight for a look at 'em."

"Yes," says Carey; "but it ain't only here. It's everywheres. We didn't hardly draw our breath at St. Louis and the receipts o' that last double-header at home with Pittsburgh wouldn't buy enough shavin' soap to lather a gnat.

"Do You Know Why You Ain't Hittin'? It's Because You Don't Choke Up Your Bat Enough"

All over the circuit it's the same way, and in the other leagues too. It's a off year, maybe; or maybe they's reasons for it that we ain't doped out."

"Well," I says, "the war's hurt business, for one thing, and people ain't got no money to spend on box seats. And then golf's gettin' better all the wile. A man'd naturally rather do some exercisin' himself than watch somebody else do it. Besides that, automobiles has got so cheap that pretty near everybody can buy 'em, and the people that owns 'em takes their friends out in the country instead o' comin' to the ball yard. And besides that," I says, "they's too much baseball and the people's sick of it."

Hawley come in and set down with us wile I was still talkin' yet.

"What's the argument?" he says.

"We was tryin' to figure out why we can't get a quorum out to the games no more," says Carey.

"Well," says Hawley, "you know the real reason, don't you?"

"No," says Carey; "but I bet we're goin' to hear it. I bet you'll say it's on account o' the Gulf Stream."

"Where do you get that noise?" says Hawley. "If you want to know the real reason, the war's the real reason."

"That's what I was sayin'," says I. "The war's hurt business and people ain't got no money to blow on baseball."

"That shows you don't know nothin' about it," says Hawley.

"Then I got you tied," I says, "because you just sprung the same thing yourself."

"No such a thing!" says Hawley. "You're talkin' about the war hurtin' business and I'm talkin' about the war hurtin' baseball."

"What's the difference?" I says.

"All the difference in the world," says Hawley. "If everybody was makin' twicet as much money durin' the war as they made before the war started yet, the baseball crowds wouldn't be no bigger than they have been."

"Come acrost with the answer," says Carey. "The strain's somethin' awful."

"Well, boys," says Hawley, "they ain't nobody in this country that ain't pullin' for one side or the other in this here war. Is that right or wrong?"

"Which do you say it is?" says Carey.

"I say it's right because I know it's right," says Hawley.

"Well then," says Carey, "don't ask us boobs."

"No matter what a man says about he bein' neutral," says Hawley, "you can bet that down in his heart he's either for the Dutchmen or the Alleys; I don't care if he's Woodruff Wilson or Bill Klem. We all got our favorites."

"Who's yours?" I says.

"Don't you tell!" says Carey. "It wouldn't be fair to the other side."

"I don't mind tellin'," says Hawley. "I'd be a fine stiff to pull for the Dutchmen after all King George done for my old man."

"What did he do for him?" says Carey.

"Well, it's a long story," says Hawley.

"That's all right," says Carey. "They's only one game to-morrow."

"I'll give it to you some other time," Hawley says.

"I hope you don't forget it," says Carey.

"Forget it!" says Hawley. "When your old man's honored by the royalties you ain't liable to forget it."

"No," says Carey; "but you could try."

"Here'" I says. "I'm waitin' to find out how the war cuts down the attendance."

"I'm comin' to that," says Hawley. "When you figure it out they couldn't nothin' be simpler."

"It does sound simple, now it's been explained," says Carey.

"It ain't been explained to me," I says.

"You're in too big a hurry," Hawley says. "If you wouldn't interrupt a man all the wile you might learn somethin'. You admit they ain't nobody that's neutral. Well then, you can't expect people that's for the Alleys to come out to the ball park and pull for a club that's mostly Dutchmen, and you can't expect Dutchmen to patronize a club that's got a lot o' fellas with English and French names."

"Wait a minute!" says Carey. "I s'pose they ain't no Germans here in Cincinnati, is they?"

"Sure!" says Hawley. "The place is ran over with 'em."

"Then," says Carey, "why don't they break all records for attendance at this park, with Heine Groh and Fritz Mollwitz and Count Von Kolnitz and Wagner and Schneider and Herzog on the ball club?"

"Because they's others on the team that offsets 'em," says Hawley. "We'll say they's a Dutchman comes out to the game to holler for some o' them boys you mentioned. We'll say that Groh kicks a ground ball and leaves three runs score and puts the club behind. And then we'll say that Clarke comes up in the ninth innin' and wins the game for Cincinnati with a home run. That makes the Dutchman look like a rummy, don't it? Or we'll say Schneider starts to pitch a game and gets knocked out, and then Dale comes in and they can't foul him. Your German friend wishes he had of stayed home and washed part o' the dushhound."

"Yes," says Carey; "but wouldn't he want to come to the game again the next day in hopes he'd get his chancet to holler?"

"No," says Hawley; "because, whatever happened, they'd be somethin' about it he wouldn't like. If the Reds

win the Alleys on the club'd feel just as good as the Dutchmen, and that'd make him sore. And if they lost he'd be glad on account o' the Alleys; but he'd feel sorry for the Germans."

"Then they's only one thing for Garry Herrmann to do," I says: "he should ought to trade off all his Alleys for Dutch."

"That'd help the attendance at home," says Hawley; "but when his club played in Boston who'd go out to see 'em?"

"Everybody that could borrow a brick," says Carey.

"Accordin' to your dope," I says, "they's only one kind of a club that'd draw everywheres, and that's a club that didn't have no Dutchmen or Alleys—neither one."

"That's the idear," says Hawley: "a club made up o' fellas from countries that ain't got nothin' to do with the war—Norwegians, Denmarks, Chinks, Mongrels and them fellas. A guy that had brains enough to sign up that kind of a club would make a barrel o' money."

"A guy'd have a whole lot o' trouble findin' that kind of a club," I says.

"He'd have a whole lot more trouble," says Carey, "findin' a club they could beat."

■

SMITTY used to get the paper from his home town where his folks lived at, somewheres near Lansing, Michigan. One day he seen in it where his kid brother was goin' to enter for the state golf championship.

"He'll just about cop it too," says Smitty. "And he ain't only seventeen years old. He's been playin' round that Wolverine Country Club, in Lansing, and makin' all them birds like it."

"The Wolverine Club, in Lansing?" says Hawley.

"That's the one," Smitty says.

"That's my old stampin' grounds," says Hawley. "That's where I learned the game at."

"The kid holds the record for the course," says Smitty.

"He don't no such a thing!" says Hawley.

"How do you know?" says Smitty.

"I guess I'd ought to know," Hawley says. "The guy that holds that record is talkin' to you."

"What's your record?" says Smitty.

"What'd your brother make?" says Hawley.

"Plain seventy-one," says Smitty; "and if you ever beat that you can have my share o' the serious money."

"You better make a check right now," says Hawley. "The last time I played at that club I rolled up seventy-three."

"That beats me," Smitty says.

"If you're that good," says Carey, "I'd like to take you on sometime. I can score as high as the next one."

"You might get as much as me now because I'm all out o' practice," says Hawley; "but you wouldn't of stood no show when I was right."

"What club was you best with?" ast Carey.

"A heavy one," says Hawley. "I used to play with a club that they couldn't hardly nobody else lift."

"I'm So Sick o' This Wisenheimer I Can't See"

"An iron club?" says Smitty.

"Well," says Hawley, "it felt like they was iron in it."

"Did you play all the wile with one club?" ast Carey.

"You bet I did," Hawley says. "I paid a good price and got a good club. You couldn't break it."

"Was it a brassie?" says Smitty.

"No," says Hawley. "It was made by some people right there in Lansing."

"I'd like to get a hold of a club like that," says Carey.

"You couldn't lift it," Hawley says; "and even if you could handle it I wouldn't sell it for no price—not for twicet what it cost."

"What did it cost?" Smitty ast him.

"Fifty bucks," says Hawley; "and it'd of been more'n that only for the people knowin' me so well. My old man used to do 'em a lot o' good turns."

"He must of stood in with 'em," says Carey, "or they wouldn't of never left go of a club like that for fifty."

"They must of sold it to you by the pound," I says—"about a dollar a pound."

"Could you slice a ball with it?" says Carey.

"That was the trouble—the balls wouldn't stand the gaff," Hawley says. "I used to cut 'em in two with it."

"How many holes did they have there when you was playin'?" Smitty ast.

"Oh, three or four," he says; "but they didn't feaze me."

"They got eighteen now," says Smitty.

"They must of left the course run down," Hawley says. "You can bet they kept it up good when my old man was captain."

"Has your brother ever been in a big tourney before?" I says to Smitty.

"He was in the city championship last summer," says Smitty.

"How'd he come out?" Hawley ast.

"He was second highest," says Smitty. "He'd of win, only he got stymied by a bumblebee."

"Did they cauterize it?" says Carey.

"Where do you get that noise?" says Hawley. "They ain't no danger in a bee sting if you know what to do. Just slip a piece o' raw meat on it."

"Was you ever stymied by a bee?" says Carey.

"Was I!" says Hawley. "Say, I wisht I had a base hit for every time them things got me. My old lady's dad had a regular bee farm down in Kentucky, and we'd go down there summertimes and visit and help gather the honey. I used to run round barefooted and you couldn't find a square inch on my legs that wasn't all et up."

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SURPRISING VALLEY

By WILL PAYNE

WITHIN this young century Death Valley and Imperial Valley were running neck and neck for first prize as the least habitable spots on earth. Both are in California, below sea level and hot. Both were waterless, barren and utterly uninhabited. Scattered clumps of squat greasewood brush were about the only things that grew in Imperial Valley. Some areas of hard-baked soil were too tough even for that tough growth. Where the town of Imperial now stands, for example, early adventurers found a stretch as hard and level and bare as a billiard table, covered with little white fresh-water shells.

Imperial Valley was once the head of the Gulf of California. The ancient shore line is still traceable on the surrounding mountains. The Colorado River emptied into it perhaps a hundred and fifty miles north of its present mouth. This remarkable stream was then busily engaged in carving out the Grand Cañon in Arizona and carrying the waste from that huge sculpture down to the sea. It is still so heavily impregnated with silt that it looks like a river of red mud.

On reaching the sea the earthy contents of the water was precipitated. So the river filled in the whole valley, meantime building itself a bed over to the west; but in its land-making operations the river built higher the farther south it went. The head of the valley, at Salton, is two hundred feet below sea level. From there southward the land gradually rises, until at the Mexican border it reaches sea level. In this way the natural incline of the region was reversed. Though the river flows south, the slope of the made valley that it skirts is to the north.

From time to time, down round the Mexican border or somewhat below it, the river overflowed and the flood waters ran north to the Salton Sink. In this way two northward-running watercourses, known as New River and Alamo River, were traced through the valley. They were called rivers only because there was nothing else in particular to call them; in fact they were quite dry nearly all the time, except for one or two holes in which the occasional spillage of the Colorado stood.

If I have made the situation plain it will be evident that turning the water of the Colorado into the valley involved nothing more than making a cut in its bank, and so letting a stream into the shallow courses known as New River and Alamo River.

General W. L. Marshall, a veteran engineer who is now superintending some work for the Government down there, looked over Imperial Valley forty-four years ago and conceived an enterprising notion of modifying the torrid climate of that part of California by turning the Colorado into the valley, and so converting the latter into a fresh-water sea; but along the eastern edge of the valley, between it and the river, lies a ridge of mountainous sand dunes, which extends below the Mexican border. To get round this ridge it would be necessary to tap the river down in Mexico, and the international complication killed his ambitious scheme—"very fortunately," as General Marshall observed the other day at El Centro.

Twenty years later some less romantic observers proposed to utilize the situation for the purpose of irrigating the valley. They organized the Colorado River Irrigation Company in 1892 and employed C. R. Rockwood as chief engineer. The company was not a very hardy plant and the panic of 1893 snuffed it out. When Mr. Rockwood sued it for unpaid salary the most valuable things he was able to get in satisfaction of his judgment consisted of a mass of engineering data, collected by himself, and an unshakable faith in the feasibility of converting the barren valley into fat farm lands by irrigating it from the Colorado River.

"I worked for six years to get the scheme financed," Mr. Rockwood tells me, "and then went ahead, without any financing to speak of."

Indeed, one of the biggest things about the story of Imperial is that, except for the valuable preliminary labors of the Colorado River, the valley has made itself from the beginning to this day. It owes nothing whatever to the Government or to any other outside agency, with the exception of one debt to the Southern Pacific Railroad, to be described later, which it is now prepared to discharge; in fact it may be paid in full by the time this article appears in print.

Along in the late nineties Mr. Rockwood discovered what he fondly mistook for ample financial backing. The California Development Company was then organized and it raised some actual cash, but apparently only a few thousand dollars. On account of the mountainous sand dunes and other topographical features it was necessary to bring the water in a long loop round through Mexico and back to the American side. A year or two was vainly spent in trying to get certain concessions from the Mexican Government. Then a separate Mexican corporation was formed to coöperate with the American one. Lack of money prevented the company from following the most approved engineering plan, including a head gate founded on solid rock; in fact lack of money is the outstanding feature of the early development work.

To supply that lack a colonization company was formed, its mission being to advertise the valley and attract settlers to its—as yet—perfectly arid acres. Surprising as it seems, the company succeeded in this unpromising task. What settlers found is typified by the experience of Leroy Holt, formerly a country banker in Missouri, now president of three banks in the valley, largely interested in the electric light and power system and in various other flourishing enterprises.

Mr. Holt went to the spot where Imperial now stands in 1901. The only available water was eight miles away, in a hole in New River's otherwise dry bed. There it was dipped up and hauled across the hot desert to Imperial. Sometimes at the June flood the Colorado sent down new water to freshen up the hole. In the ensuing eleven months, under a temperature that ran up to a hundred and thirty or forty degrees in the shade, with constant sand storms and a high mortality rate among the impounded

fish, the quality of the water—as Mr. Holt frankly admits—deteriorated sadly. The culinary resources of the tiny settlement were in the able hands of a Chinese landlord of a canvas hotel. The food, of course, was all canned and the landlord specialized in jams. His table bore jars labeled strawberry, raspberry, plum and apricot, from which a guest could take his choice; but the contents of all the jars consisted of stewed prunes.

I should pause here to explain the temperature of the valley. In those days, according to all accounts, it ran up in midsummer to a hundred and thirty or even a hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit; in fact this excessive heat was mostly what discouraged all the capitalists Mr. Rockwood sounded. They said that, even if the valley was irrigated, nobody would live in such an oven. There were no official weather reports in those days, but old settlers unanimously agree that bringing in water, thereby converting the valley from a brown desert to its present high state of cultivation and perpetual green, has greatly modified the climate.

Anybody can obtain circumstantial evidence in proof of that statement by simply riding through the green valley and then out on the uncultivated desert beyond. The latter certainly feels hotter.

So nowadays inhabitants of the valley regard even a hundred and fifteen degrees as quite a torrid spell. Moreover, they explain—and I agree with them—that, though there is a lot of it, it is really a superior article of heat, because it is perfectly dry. No one who knows the difference between a dry climate and a humid one will pay undue attention to thermometers. The valley is certainly hot in summer, but fifty thousand people manage to live there.

Anyone who has lived in a tent in hot weather knows that canvas augments heat. I am told that the Chinaman's little canvas hotel at Imperial was something to rob any future state of all terrors. They say the metal handles of the eating implements got so hot that a guest had to blow on his knife lest it blister his hand. Ice, of course, was not to be dreamed of; nor was there any cold water. This made butter a very perplexing question until the landlord neatly solved the problem by putting his butter into a beer bottle, with a goose quill through the cork. Then a guest helped himself to butter as one does to ketchup.

Bringing in the Water

THE nearest railroad point was thirty-five miles away, on the main line of the Southern Pacific. Periodically a stage lumbered back and forth, but the heat and the thick cloud of fine dust that enveloped the vehicle throughout the journey made it somewhat objectionable. Mr. Holt discovered that one could propel a bicycle anywhere over the flat, hard surface of the desert. With one of those machines he used to pump up to the railroad point in five hours—and then frequently sit on the hot end of a tie for five hours more to flag a late train. Traveling was not a popular pastime.

However, after all, this is only the experience of the most fortunate few among the settlers; for the great majority of them came in with almost no money.

Here is the extraordinary plan on which the valley was developed: The feeble development company had cut the bank of the river, in a rather temporary and makeshift fashion, just beyond the American line, thus letting the water into the Alamo channel, where it meandered through Mexico and up on the American side; and the company had started to build a main canal from the Alamo channel. Once the water was out of the river the engineering was comparatively simple and inexpensive. The soil throughout the valley is the loose alluvial silt brought down by the Colorado River and is easily dug. The valley looks as level as a floor, yet slopes and undulates sufficiently for irrigation. As the colonization company brought in settlers the development company gave most of them work in digging the canal. Meantime the settlers filed on land under the desert-land act—all the land, except at the head of the valley, being then owned by the Government. To file on land under this act required an initial payment of only twenty-five cents an acre.

This Was a Sunbaked Desert Only a Dozen Years Ago

In this way the settlers were both canal diggers, employed by the development company, and prospective landowners. In the latter capacity they organized themselves into a mutual water company under the California law, each man taking, as a rule, one share of stock in the water company for each acre of land he had filed on. The shares in the original company were twelve dollars each, or about that sum. Mostly the settlers had no money with which to pay for their water stock; so they gave notes payable in installments. Then the mutual water company, in effect, turned these notes over to the development company to pay the latter for constructing the irrigation system; and the development company borrowed money on the notes to carry forward the work. Meantime the stockholders of the water company were working for the development company, digging canals. The development company paid part of their wages in cash—enough to keep them going—and applied the remainder on their notes.

At All the Valley Towns One Sees Baled Cotton Standing in the Open, Weather Damage Being So Slight That No Warehouses are Provided

"We lifted ourselves," says Mr. Rockwood, "by our own bootstraps."

And the valley settlers did, indeed, pretty nearly accomplish that unusual feat. Of course the development company had some cash to begin with, but not a large amount. Some cash was raised by other means. I have not attempted above to follow the technical ramifications of the relationship between the two companies; but the outstanding fact is that these settlers, while digging canals, were prospective owners of prospectively irrigated lands, and the credit they themselves thereby created was the chief resource for completing the irrigation system.

Water was turned into the main canal in March, 1902. Mr. Rockwood calculates there may then have been a thousand people in the valley. Others came in, filing on more lands and organizing other mutual water companies, thereby providing a credit instrument by which the work was continued.

It was a feeble enough instrument, in view of the work to be done by it. Los Angeles banks, in fact, looked with decided suspicion on these notes signed by settlers in the still practically barren valley—settlers whose assets were mostly of a prospective nature. Yet the development company did manage to scrape up enough cash to keep the work going in a hand-to-mouth fashion.

Then it indulged in an expensive family row. An inside company was formed to raise money for the parent concern on such onerous terms that the latter was practically using up two dollars of assets for every dollar of cash it received. There was trouble over it and the upshot was that the inside company retired, taking with it a great part of the best assets of the development company—that is, the settlers' notes given for mutual water company stock.

This left the development company in a rather stripped and emaciated condition, when it received a body blow from Uncle Sam. A soil expert from the Department of Agriculture examined the valley and published a highly discouraging report on it. He said the soil was so heavily charged with alkali that the sort of crops settlers were mainly expecting to raise there would not grow. On some of the land, he thought, sugar beets and sorghum might be produced, the remainder being about worthless for agricultural purposes.

This report, coming from the Government, naturally raised a presumption that the valley was either a great blunder or a great bunco game. It not only stopped settlers from coming in but undermined the none too stable credit of the development company. The report was published early in 1902; and it was only after some crops, such as the expert said would not grow, had been actually raised that the development company was able to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars from a Los Angeles bank, and so stave off the dissolution that seemed imminent.

The Valley of Today is Green the Year Round

Just One Trouble After Another

NO DOUBT the expert, arguing from conditions of soil and water elsewhere, had scientific warrant for his conclusions; but he had never seen what just that kind of soil under just that kind of water would do.

About that time the development company received another jolt from Washington. The Government had started a great reclamation project over in Arizona, above and round Yuma, building a dam at Laguna to divert the waters of the Colorado. It challenged the right of the development company to take water from the Colorado at all. I believe the company had never obtained a permit from the Secretary of War, and the Department said it was interfering with navigation—at least prospectively. Naturally that did nothing to bolster up the development company's tottering credit.

Another trouble soon appeared: The valley had been surveyed many years before; but when the colonization company began bringing people in the original survey had become pretty thoroughly obliterated. So the colonization company had a new survey made, on the basis of which settlers laid out their farms. Presently there was an official survey, which disclosed the fact that the colonization survey was all wrong. The true lines were not at all where settlers supposed them to be. Everybody overlapped on his neighbor somewhere or other, and his neighbor overlapped on him. It took several years to straighten that out.

Meantime settlers could not get title to their land, which prevented them from using it as a basis of credit.

There were troubles enough to kill any project that was not founded on bedrock; but meantime the bedrock foundations of this project were disclosing themselves more and more convincingly.

By the close of 1903 probably two thousand people had come into the valley and were actually raising abundant crops. A year later the population had increased to seven thousand, and the possibilities of the soil were even more extensively demonstrated.

Government land was then obtainable under the desert-land act at a dollar and a quarter an acre.

To get water on the land cost, on an average, about twelve dollars an acre—represented by an investment in mutual water company stock, payable in installments, one share of stock, as a rule, going with one acre of land. The cost varied according to the locality, running as low, I believe, as seven dollars and a half an acre, and from that up to twenty; but in any event a man with no capital to speak of could get title to very productive land.

The development company had all along been a very precarious, hand-to-mouth sort of concern. It had never at any time had money enough to do its work at the Colorado River in the best manner. When the Government challenged its right to tap the river, wanting more water it went over to the Mexican side and cut the bank there.

The river water is heavily charged with silt and the new canal soon filled up. This caused a shortage of water in the valley. With the means at its command the company could not dredge out the canal in time; so it went four miles farther down and made another cut.

Now the Colorado River indulges in a flood every June, with the regularity of clockwork. It usually comes about the twentieth of June, seldom varying more than a week from that date. The flow of the river at Yuma runs about sixteen million acre feet a year—an acre foot being enough water to cover an acre of land to a depth of one foot; but the average flow in November is less than four hundred thousand acre feet, while in June it rises to three million acre feet.

In making the second cut the development company counted on the river's commendable regularity in the matter of floods; but in February of that year the river gave a sufficiently realistic imitation of a flood to cause trouble at the new cut, repeating the performance twice over before the end of March and promptly undoing whatever the company had been able to accomplish in the way of controlling it.

The bed of the river, of course, lies high above the valley, there being a drop of more than three hundred feet from the surface at Yuma to the bottom of Salton Sink at the valley's head. Below Yuma the river has changed its mind about its course at various times, now flowing here, now there. It now ate industriously away at the new cut, until by the regular June flood nearly its whole current was pouring through it into Imperial Valley. It spread at first in a broad flood; but there were the two shallow and usually dry watercourses known as New River and Alamo River. The former especially was then so shallow for many miles that in looking or walking across it one would scarcely notice the depression.

Mr. Harriman to the Rescue

OPPOSITE Imperial, probably at the site of the old water hole, there was a sharp drop. Coming to that the flood water made a cataract. The soil is all silt, through which the water ate like a warm iron through butter. The cataract simply marched backward, sometimes at the rate of more than a mile a day—a perambulatory Niagara—and the river thus dug a huge new channel for itself straight through the valley and into Salton Sink, converting the latter into a briskly growing fresh-water sea. The forty-mile channel—a sort of miniature Grand Cañon done in dirt instead of in rock—which the Colorado thus dug for itself through the valley still stands. It is, I should say, fifty or sixty feet deep and six or seven hundred feet wide, a bed sufficient to carry any but the very largest rivers.

This, of course, merely postponed the flooding of the valley; for it was only a question of a calculable number of months before Salton Sea—if the Colorado continued running into it—would cover the whole valley, advancing southward. On account of the big and urgent problem of stopping the break in the Colorado's bank, the development company was helpless enough. In June it borrowed two hundred thousand dollars from the Southern Pacific and handed the management of itself over to that concern.

For a time the Southern Pacific was helpless enough too. The river made light of the efforts to control it. Of course

A Realistic Imitation of a Flood Caused Trouble at the Cut

there were urgent appeals to the Government at Washington as Salton Sea pushed industriously on toward the towns and farms of the valley. The Government expressed its sympathy and regretted that it could not think of anything in particular which it could do. Then the late E. H. Harriman got quite annoyed at the situation and took it in hand himself, bending all the resources of the Southern Pacific to the job, with that imperious energy which characterized him.

Whatever the railroad had in the way of engineering talent, men, money and materials that would contribute to closing the break in the Colorado's bank he threw on the firing line. Limited passenger trains were sidetracked to make way for strings of lowly flat cars, laden with rocks. Harriman closed the break.

There are regions where he is not admired, but Imperial Valley is not one of them. He took a lively interest in this valley that made itself by sheer digging and perseverance. A man who knew him and knows the valley remarked: "If he had lived we should be to-day where we shall be ten years from to-day."

But with such different emotions do we regard a dramatic person and a freight bill—though Harriman is admired, his railroad is not.

Incidentally the Government encouraged Mr. Harriman with pleasant words in his grapple with the Colorado River, but firmly refused to pay the bill. The cost of the job to the Southern Pacific was near two million dollars. A bill to reimburse it, on the ground that it had performed a public work on behalf of the Government, was introduced, but not passed.

The earliest industry in Imperial Valley consisted of a salt works in the Salton Sink. It had been operating there with considerable success since the eighties. The Colorado flood put the salt works at the bottom of a sea, where it was neither useful nor ornamental. It sued the development company and obtained a judgment of over half a million dollars, whereat the much-enduring development company gave one feeble gasp and yielded up the ghost. A receiver has been in charge of it for several years.

Cantaloupe Raising is a Standard Industry, Yielding Well Over a Million Dollars Gross in a Fair Year

Everybody, from the Government down, has taken a wallop at the development company. From beginning to end its path was just a mess of thorns. There is no doubt that its second cut caused the flooding of the valley, and that the cut should never have been made. Nevertheless, this company was the instrument by which the valley was developed. Considering what it accomplished and the means at its disposal, it may be suffered to expire in peace.

Of course its stockholders made no money—except perhaps those who withdrew at the time of the family jar. The others lost whatever they put into it. The company was never a landowner. It expected to make its profit solely by selling water to the mutual water companies composed of settlers. If it had been properly financed and managed no doubt it would now be profitable enough.

The mutual water companies—there being thirteen of them now—still buy water from it; but the people of the valley have now organized the Imperial Irrigation District, embracing five hundred and twenty thousand acres. This is a municipal corporation with power to levy taxes and issue bonds—the organization, in fact, being much like that of a city or county. The district has voted three and a half million dollars of bonds, and is prepared to use three millions of them for the purpose of buying the development company. This would pay off the debt to the Southern Pacific for closing the break in the river, the judgment to the salt works, and other claims. The deal has not been consummated at this writing, but presumably will be soon. The remaining half million of bonds will be available to strengthen the irrigation system.

The Valley as it is To-day

THE development company still owns its original right to take water from the river and the main canals. It also owns the contracts with the mutual water companies, under which the latter get their water from it. When the deal mentioned above is closed the people of the valley, organized as an irrigation district, will simply take the place of the development company and the whole water system will be in their hands. And they will be virtually beholden to nobody.

It is true the Government appropriated a million dollars for work on the Colorado River, but its value to the valley is debated. And this year Congress appropriated a hundred thousand dollars, to be used for work on the river in connection with a like sum to be supplied by the valley. The irrigation district readily raised its quota by a loan from the Los Angeles banks.

Some valley men regret that Congress was applied to at all. They point out that the valley now has a population of fifty thousand and an annual agricultural output of fifteen million dollars or more—both of which items will certainly increase; and they argue that the credit of the irrigation district is sufficient for whatever work needs to be done. Having got thus far alone they think it would be finer to go on alone than to sit on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, hat in hand.

However, in view of Congress' habitual liberality to Mud Turtle Creek, and in other directions, a majority of the people will probably be unable to see why they should not have a helping hand now and then. Over in Arizona the Government has spent, I believe, about seven million dollars on the Yuma reclamation and irrigation project, with results quite pindling when compared with those in Imperial Valley.

If you should go there you will be duly warned that, in looking at the valley to-day, you can hardly believe it was an utterly empty and barren waste little more than a dozen years ago. Indeed, everybody will tell you that, and it is quite true. You can hardly believe it. The valley of to-day is as green the year round as Illinois or Pennsylvania is in summer. The roads for miles at a stretch are fringed with cottonwood and eucalyptus trees, the size of which, if they were beech or maple, would indicate a growth of twenty to thirty years.

Residence streets in town have shade trees. Grass and flowers on the lawns look fresh. At some farmhouses stand flourishing little groves. Herds of likely looking cattle browse in broad fields of green alfalfa, sixty thousand of them being fed there yearly. It is hard to realize that the scene of all this varied, abundant and inviting life was a bare, sunbaked desert only a dozen years ago. So extensive and complete a sceneshifting in so short a time taxes one's credulity.

(Continued on Page 53)

UNDER THE BLUE STAR FLAG

Matt Peasley Signs Articles for Life—By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPTAIN MATT PEASLEY was studying the weather chart at the Merchants' Exchange when he heard behind him a propitiatory "Ahem! Hum-m-m-m! Har-ump-h-h!"—infallible evidence that Cappy Ricks was in the immediate offing, yearning for Matt to turn round in order that he might hail the boy and thus reestablish diplomatic relations. Matt, however, elected to be perverse and pay no attention to Cappy; instead, he moved closer to the chart and affected greater interest in it.

"Hello, you big, sulky boob!" Cappy snapped presently, unable to stand the silence any longer. "Come away from that weather chart. It's blowing a fifty-mile nor'west gale off Point Reyes, and that's all any shipping man cares to know to-day. Besides, you haven't got any ships at sea!"

"No; but you have, sir," Matt replied, unable longer to simulate indifference to Cappy's presence. "The Tillicum is bucking into that gale this minute, wasting fuel oil and making about four miles an hour. I'm glad you're paying for the oil. Where are you loading her?"

"At Hinch's Mill, in Aberdeen, Grays Harbor; discharge at Honolulu and back with sugar." Cappy came close to Matt and drew the latter's great arm through his. "Say, Matt," he queried plaintively, "are you still mad over that walloping I gave you."

"Well-l, no. I think I've recovered. And I'm not willing to admit I was walloped. The best you got out of our little mix-up with the Tillicum was a lucky draw."

"I'm still out a lot of money," Cappy admitted. "You owe me eighteen thousand dollars on that charter I canceled on you, Matt, and you ought to pay it. Really, you ought."

"That being tantamount to an admission on your part you cannot go into court with clean hands and force me to pay it," Matt flashed back at him, "I'll make you a proposition: You render me an accounting of the freight you collected on the cargo you stole from me, and I'll render you an accounting for the freight on the cargo I stole from you; then we'll get an insurance adjuster in and let him figure out, by general average, how much I would owe you if I had a conscience; then I'll give you my note, due in one year, at six per cent, for whatever the amount may be."

"Why not give me the cash?" Cappy pleaded. "You've got the money in bank."

"I know; but I want to use it for a year."

"Your note's no good to me," Cappy protested. "I told you once before it wasn't hockable at any bank."

"Then I'll withdraw my proposition."

"And present a substitute?"

"No, sir."

"I guess I'll take your note," Cappy said eagerly.

"I thank you for the compliment," Matt laughed; and Cappy, no longer able to dissemble, laughed with him—and their feud was over. Consequently, post-mortems being in order, Matt went on: "I feel pretty sneaky about sticking you with all those bills on the Tillicum that Mace & Company defaulted on, just because the law enabled me to do so—but you did your best to ruin me; you wouldn't have showed me any pity or consideration."

"Not a dog-goned bit!" Cappy declared firmly. "I was out to bust you wide open for the good of your immortal soul. I would have taken your roll away from you, my son, by fair means—or—er—legal, if I could." He looked up at Matt, with such a smile as he might have applied to a lovable and well-beloved son. "I hope you've got sporting blood enough in you to realize I didn't want your little old bank roll, Matt," he said half pleadingly. "Really, I don't know just why I did it—except that I'm an old man and I know it; and I hate to be out of the running. I suppose, just because I'm old, I wanted to take a fall out of you—you're so young; and—oh, Matt, you do make a scrap so worth while!

"And, because I've lived longer in this world and fought harder for what I've got than you'll ever have to fight, I wanted to put about six feet of hot iron into your soul. You're a little bit too cocksure, Matt. I tell you it's a mistake to hold your business competitor cheap. I want you to know that the fine gentleman who plays cribbage with you at your club to-night will lift the hair off your head down here on the Street to-morrow, because that's the game; and nobody shakes hands with you before giving you the poke that puts you to sleep. There are a lot of old men out in the almshouse just because they trusted too much in human nature; and I wanted to show you how hard and cruel men can be and excuse their piracy on the plea that it is business! I tell you, Matt Peasley, when you've lived as long as I have you'll know men for the swine they are whenever they see some real money in sight."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if you got the lesson over after all," Matt replied gravely. "You certainly made me step lively to keep from getting run over. You scared me out of a year's growth."

Cappy laughed contentedly.

"And what are you going to do with all this money you admit you owe me and decline to let me see the color of for a year?"

"Do you really want to know?" Matt queried.

"I'll take you to luncheon up at the Commercial Club if you'll tell me."

Matt bent low and whispered in Cappy's ear:

"I'm going to marry your daughter. I'll have to furnish a home and ——"

"No excuse!" said Cappy fiercely. "Son, all you've got to buy is the wedding ring and the license, and some clothes. I'm stuck for the wedding expenses and you don't have to furnish a home. My house is big enough for three, isn't it?"

"But this thing of living with your wife's relations ——" Matt began mischievously, until he saw the pain and the loneliness in Cappy's kind old eyes. "Oh, well," he hastened to add, "pull it off to suit yourself; but don't waste any time."

"In-fer-nal young scoundrel!" Cappy cried happily. "We've waited too long already."

Florry was a June bride, and the proudest and happiest man present, not excepting the groom, was old Cappy Ricks. He looked fully two inches taller as he walked up the church aisle, with Florry on his arm, and handed her over to Matt Peasley, waiting at the altar. And when the ceremony was over, and Matt had entered the waiting limousine with his bride, Cappy Ricks stood on the church steps among a dozen of his young friends from the wholesale lumber and shipping trade and made an oration.

"Take a good look at him, boys," he said proudly. "You fresh young fellows will have to tangle with him one of these bright days; and when you do he'll make hell look like a summer holiday to you. See if he doesn't!"

Later, when Matt and Florry, about to leave on their honeymoon, were saying good-by, Matt put his huge arm round Cappy and gave him a filial hug. Cappy's eyes filled with tears.

"I guess we understand each other, sonny," he said haltingly. "I've wanted a son like you, Matt. Had a boy once—little chap—just seven when he died—might have been big like you. I was the runt of the Ricks tribe, you know—all the other boys over six feet—and his mother's people—same stock. I—I ——"

Matt patted his shoulder. Truly he understood.

"Matt—Skinner, My Boy—by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet!—We'll Do It"

II

THE Blue Star Navigation Company's big steam schooner Amelia Ricks, northbound to load lumber at Aberdeen in command of a skipper who revered his berth to such an extent that he thought only of pleasing Mr. Skinner by making fast time, thus failing to take into consideration a two-mile current setting shoreward, had come to grief. Her skipper had cut a corner once too often and started overland with her right across the toe of Point Gorda. Her wireless brought two tugs hastening up from San Francisco; but, before they could haul her off at high tide, the jagged reef had chewed her bottom to rags, and in a submerged condition she was towed back to port and kicked into the dry dock at Hunters Point.

Cappy Ricks, feverishly excited over the affair, was very anxious to get a report on the condition of the vessel as soon as possible. He had planned to hire a launch and proceed to Hunters Point for a personal appraisal of the damage to the Amelia Ricks, but the northwest trades were blowing half a gale that day and had kicked up just sufficient sea to warn Cappy that seasickness would be his portion if he essayed to brave it in a launch. It occurred to him, therefore, to stay in the office and send somebody in whose knowledge of ships he had profound confidence. What more natural than that in this emergency he should think of Matt Peasley? He got Matt on the phone immediately.

"Matt," he said plaintively, "I want you to do the old man a favor, if you will. You heard about our Amelia Ricks, didn't you? Well, she's in dry dock at Hunters Point now, and they'll have the dock pumped out in two hours so we can see what her bottom looks like. I know she's ripped out clear up to the garboards and probably hogged, and I can hardly wait to make sure. The marine surveyor for the Underwriters will go down this afternoon to look her over, and then he'll take a day to present his long, typewritten report—and I can't wait that long. Will you skip down to Crowley's boathouse, hire a launch and charge it to us, and go down to see the Amelia? She'll be shored up by the time you get down there. Make a good quick examination of the damage and hurry back so I can talk it over with you. I go a heap on your judgment, Matt."

"I'll start right away, sir," Matt promised, glad of any opportunity to favor Cappy.

Two hours later, on his way back to the Mission Street bulkhead, he passed, in Mission Bay, a huge, rusty red box of a steel freighter, swinging to both anchors. Under ordinary weather conditions Matt would have paid no attention to her; but, as has already been stated, the northwest trades were blowing a gale and had kicked up a sea; hence the steamer was rolling freely at her anchorage, and as the launch bobbed by to windward of her she rolled far over to leeward—and Matt saw something that challenged his immediate attention and provoked his profound disgust. The sides of the vessel below the water line were incrusted with barnacles and eelgrass fully six inches thick!

No skipper that ever set foot on a bridge could pass that scaly hulk unmoved. Matt Peasley said uncomplimentary

things about the owners of the vessel and directed the launchman to pass in under her stern, in order that he might read her name. She proved to be the Narcissus, of San Francisco.

"Built on the Clyde or the Tyne," he conjectured. "I notice she has a Plimsoll mark, though evidently registered in the customhouse at San Francisco."

He stood in the stern of the launch, staring thoughtfully after the Narcissus, and before his mind there floated that vision of the barnacles and eelgrass, infallible evidence that the years had been long since the Narcissus had been hauled out.

"Do you know how long that steamer has lain there?" he queried of the launchman.

"I been runnin' launches to and from Hunters Point for seven years an' she was there when I come on the job," the latter answered.

"It's no place for a good ship," Matt Peasley murmured musingly. "She ought to be out on the dark blue, loaded and earning good money for her owners. I must find out why she isn't doing it."

Having rendered a meticulous report to Cappy Ricks on the condition of the Amelia Ricks, Matt, his brain still filled with thoughts of that lonely big steamer swinging neglected in Mission Bay among the rotting oyster boats and old clipper ships waiting to be converted into coal hulks, proceeded to the Naval Office in the Customhouse, where he was soon in possession of the following information:

The steamer Narcissus, formerly Muckross Castle, had been built in Glasgow in 1894 by Sutherland & Sons, Limited. She was four hundred and fifty-five feet long, fifty-eight feet beam and thirty-one feet draft. She had triple-expansion engines of two thousand indicated horse power, two Scotch boilers, and was of seventy-five hundred tons' net register.

"Huh!" Matt murmured. "She'll carry forty per cent more than her registered tonnage; if I had the loading of her she'd carry fifty per cent more. I wonder why her owners have let her lie idle for eight years? I'll have to ask Jerry Dooley, up at the Merchants' Exchange. He knows everything about ships that a landsman can possibly know."

Jerry Dooley had presided over the desk at the Merchants' Exchange for so many years that there was a rumor current to the effect that he had been there in the days when the water used to come up to Montgomery Street. Before Jerry's desk the skippers of all nations came and went; to him there drifted inevitably all of the little, intimate gossip of the shipping world. If somebody built a ship and she had trouble with her oil burners on the trial trip, Jerry Dooley would know all about it before that vessel got back to her dock again. If somebody else's ship was a wet boat, Jerry knew of it, and could, moreover, give one the name of the naval architect responsible; if a vessel had been hogged on a reef, Jerry could tell you the name of the reef, the date of the wreck, the location of the hog, and all about the trouble they had keeping her cargo dry as a result. To this human encyclopedia, therefore, did Matt Peasley come in his still-hunt for information touching the steamer Narcissus.

He opened negotiations by handing Jerry Dooley a good cigar. Jerry examined it, saw that it was a good cigar, and said: "I don't smoke myself, but I have a brother that does." He fixed Matt Peasley with an alert, inquisitive eye and said: "Well, what do you know, captain?"

"Nothing much. What do you know about the steamer Narcissus?"

Jerry Dooley scratched his red head.

"Narcissus!" he murmured. "Narcissus! By George, it's a long time since I heard of her. Has she just come into port?" And he glanced apprehensively at the register of arrivals and departures, wondering if he hadn't overlooked the Narcissus.

"She's been in port eight years," Matt answered; "tucked away down in Mission Bay, with a watchman aboard."

"Oh, I remember now," Jerry replied. "She belongs to the Oriental Steamship Company. Old man Webb, of the Oriental Company, got all worked up about the possibilities of the Oriental trade right after the Spanish War. He had a lot of old bottoms running in the combined freight and passenger trade and not making expenses when the war came along, and the Government grabbed all his boats for transports to rush troops over to the Philippines. That was fine business for quite a while and the Oriental got out of the hole and made a lot of money besides. Old Webb saw a vision of huge Oriental trade for the man who would go after it, and in his excitement he purchased the Muckross Castle, changed her name to the Narcissus, and put her under American registry. She carried horses down to the Philippines, and to China during the Boxer uprising; and when that business was over, and while old Webb was waiting for the expected boom in trade to the Orient, he got a lumber charter for her from Puget Sound to Australia. But she was never built for a lumber boat, though she carried six million five hundred thousand feet; she was so big and it took so long to load and discharge her that she lost twenty-five thousand dollars on the voyage. Run her in the lumber trade and the demurrage would break a national bank.

"Well, sir, after that lumber charter, old man Webb had a fit. He tried her out on a few grain charters, but she didn't make any money to speak of; and about that time the P. & S. W., with a view to grabbing some Oriental freight for their road, got the control of the Oriental Steamship Company away from Webb. The Oriental trade boom never developed, and the regular steamers, carrying freight and passengers, were ample to cope with what business the company was offered; so they didn't need the Narcissus.

"As I remember it, she was expensive to operate. She had a punk pair of boilers or she needed another boiler or something; at any rate, she was a hog on coal, and they laid her up until such time as they could find use for her. I suppose after she was laid up a few years the thought of all the money it would cost to put her in commission again discouraged them—and she's been down in Mission Bay ever since."

"But the Canal will soon be open," Matt suggested. "One would suppose they'd put her in commission and find business for her between Pacific and Atlantic coast ports."

"You forget she's a foreign-built vessel and hence cannot run between American ports."

"She can run between North and South American ports," Matt replied doggedly. "I bet if I owned her I'd dig up enough business in Brazil and the Argentine to keep her busy. I'd be dodging backward and forward through the Canal."

"You would, of course," Jerry answered placidly; "but the Oriental Steamship Company cannot."

"Why?"

"Fifty-one per cent of their stock is owned by a railroad—and under the law no railroad-owned ship may use the Canal."

Matt's eyebrows arched.

"Ah!" he murmured. "Then that's one of the reasons why she's a white elephant on their hands."

"Got a customer for her?" Jerry queried shrewdly. "A fellow ought to be able to pick the Narcissus up rather cheap."

Matt shook his head negatively.

"Happened to pass her in a launch a couple of hours ago, and the sight of the barnacles on her bottom just naturally graveled me and roused my curiosity. Much obliged for your information." And Matt excused himself and strolled over to the counter of the Hydrographic Office to look over the recent bulletins to masters.

"Narcissus! By George, it's a Long Time Since I Heard of Her. Has She Just Come Into Port?"

The information that the whistling buoy off Duxbury Reef had gone adrift and that Blunt's Reef Lightship would be withdrawn for fifteen days for repairs and docking interested him but little, however. In his mind's eye there loomed the picture of that great red freighter, with her foul bottom, rusty funnel and unpainted, weather-beaten upper works.

"Her bridge is pretty well exposed to the weather," he murmured. "I'd build it up so the man on watch could just look over it. I noticed they'd had the good sense to house over her winches, so I dare say they're in good shape; her paint will have prevented rust below the water line, and I'll bet she's as sound as the day she was built. I think I'd paint her dead black, with red underbody and terra-cotta upper works." He pondered. "Yes, and I'd paint her funnel dead black, too, with a broad red band; and on both sides of the funnel, in the center of this red band, I'd have a white diamond with a black P in the center of it. By George, they'd know the Peasley Line as far as they could see it!"

He would have dreamed on had he not bethought himself suddenly of his modest capital—fifty thousand-odd dollars, out of which he owed Cappy Ricks a considerable sum on a promissory note due in one year. On such a meager bank balance it would not do to dream of buying a vessel worth nearly four hundred thousand dollars. Why, it would require twenty thousand dollars to put her in commission after all these years of idleness, and she had to have another boiler because she was a hog on coal; and, in addition, her operating cost would be between nine and ten thousand dollars a month.

Matt shook his head and looked round the great room as though in search of inspiration. He found it. His wandering glance finally came to rest on Jerry Dooley's alert countenance. Jerry crooked a finger at him and Matt strolled over to the desk.

"I've been watching you milling the idea round in your head," said Jerry. "I saw you reject it. You're crazy! It can be done."

"How?" Matt queried eagerly.

"Go get an option on her for the lowest price you can get—then form a syndicate and sell her to them at a higher price; or, if you don't want to do that, form your syndicate to buy her at the option price, and if you work it right you can get the job of managing owner. I want to tell you that two and one-half per cent commission on her freight earnings would make a nice income."

"I wonder whom I could get into the syndicate," Matt queried.

Jerry scratched his head.

"Well," he suggested, "you're mighty close to old Cappy Ricks. If you could hook him for a piece of her, the rest would be easy. Any shipping man on the Street will follow where Cappy Ricks leads. I'd try Pollard & Reilly; Redell, of the West Coast Trading Company; Jack Haviland, the ship chandler; Charley Beyers, the ship's grocer and butcher; A. B. Cahill & Co., the coal dealers; Pete Hansen, of the Bulkhead Hotel down on the Embarcadero—he's always got a couple of thousand dollars to put into a clean-cut shipping enterprise. Then there's Rickey, the shipbuilder, and—yes, even Alcott, the crimp, will take a piece of her. I'd look in on Louis Wiley, the chronometer man, and Cox, the coppersmith—why I'd take in every firm and individual who might hope to get business out of the ship; and, you bet, I'd sell 'em all a little block of stock in the S. S. Narcissus Company."

"It might be done," Matt answered evasively. "I'll think it over."

He did think it over very seriously the greater portion of that night. As a result, instead of going to his office next morning he went to Mission Street bulkhead and engaged a launch, and forty minutes later, in response to his hail, the aged watchman aboard the Narcissus came to the rail and asked him what he wanted.

"I want to come aboard!" Matt shouted.

"Got a permit from the office?"

"No."

"Orders are to allow nobody aboard without a permit."

"How do you like the color of this permit?" Matt called back, and waved a greenback.

The answer came in the shape of a Jacob's ladder promptly tossed overside and Matt Peasley mounted the towering hulk of the Narcissus.

"What do you want?" the watchman again demanded as he pouched the bill Matt handed him.

"I want to examine this vessel from bilge to truck," Matt answered. "I'll begin with a look at the winches."

As he had surmised, the winches had been housed over and fairly buried in grease when the ship laid up; hence they were in absolutely perfect condition. The engines, too, had received the best of care, as nearly as Matt could judge

from a cursory view. Her cargo space was littered up with a number of grain chutes, which would have to come out; and her boats, which had been stored in the empty hold aft, away from the weather, were in tiptop shape. She had a spare anchor, plenty of chain, wire cable and Manila lines, though these latter would doubtless have to be renewed in their entirety, owing to deterioration from age.

Her crew quarters were commodious and ample, and the officers' quarters all that could be desired; her galley equipment was complete, even to a small auxiliary ice plant. What she needed was cleaning, painting and scraping, and lots of it, also the riggers would be a few days on her standing rigging; but, so far as Matt could discern, that was all. From the watchman he learned that one Terence Reardon had been her chief engineer in the days when the Oriental Steamship Company first owned her.

From the Narcissus, Matt Peasley returned to the city and went at once to the office of the Marine Engineers' Association, where he made inquiry for Terence Reardon. It appeared that Terence was chief of the Arab, loading grain at Port Costa; so to Port Costa Matt Peasley went to interview him. He found Reardon on deck, enjoying a short pipe and a breath of cool air, and introduced himself.

"I understand you were the chief of the Narcissus at one time, Mr. Reardon," Matt began abruptly. "I understand, also, that under your coaxing you used to get ten miles out of her loaded."

Parenthetically, it may be stated that Matt Peasley had never heard anything of the sort; but he knew the weaknesses of chief engineers and decided to try a shot in the dark, hoping, by the grace of the devil and the luck of a sailor, to score a bull's-eye. He succeeded at least in ringing the bell.

"Coax, is it?" murmured Terence Reardon in his deep Kerry brogue. "Faith, thin, the Narcissus niver laid eye on the day she could do nine an' a half wit' the kindliest av treatment. Wirrah, but 'tis herself was the glutton for coal. Sure, whin I'd hand in me report to ould Webb, and he'd see where she'd averaged forty-two ton a day, the big tears'd come into the two eyes av him—the Lord ha' mercy on his sowl!"

"You never had any trouble with her engines," Matt suggested.

"I had throuble keepin' shteam enough in the b'ilers to run thim; but I'll say this for her ingines: Give them a chancet an' they'd run like a chronometer."

"Would you consider an offer to leave the Arab and be chief of the Narcissus?" Matt queried. "I'm thinking of buying her, and if I do I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month above the regular Association scale."

"I'll go ye," murmured Reardon, "on wan condition: Ye'll shpend some money in her ingine room, else 'tis no matther av use for ye to talk to me. I'll not be afther breakin' me poor heart for the sake av twenty-five dollars a month. Sure, 'twould be wort' that alone to see the face av ye, young man, afther wan look at the coal bill."

"What repairs would you suggest? Do you think she needs another boiler? I noticed she has two. We could move those two over and make room for another."

"Do nothing av the sort, sir. Before ould Webb got her she'd been usin' bad wather down on the East African Coast, I'm thinkin', and it raised hell wit' her. 'Tis the expinse av retubin' her condensers that always frightened ould Webb, and whin he lost conthrol the blatherskite booby av a port ingineer the new owners app'inted come down to the ship, looked her over, wit' niver a question to me that knew the very sowl av her, and reported to the owners that what she needed was another b'iler."

And Terence Reardon laughed the short, mirthless chuckle of the man who knows.

"Then," Matt continued, "the money should be spent——"

"In retubing her condensers," declared the engineer emphatically. "Do that an' do a good job on her, an' she'll have shteam enough for thim fine big ingines av hers on thirty-two ton a day, an' less. An' have a care would ye buy her until she ships a new crank shaft. She's a crack in the web av the afther crank shaft ye could shtick a knife blade into. She may run for years, but sooner or later some wan'll have a salvage claim agin ye if ye neglect it now. An', for the love av heaven, have nothin' to do wit' her big motor. 'Twas bur-rnt out by him that had her ahead av me—bad cess to him, wheriver he is! An' they did a poor, cheap job av windin' the armature agin. Ye'll be in hot wather wit' the electric-light system until ye put in a new motor.

"The rheostat on the searchlight niver was any good; and she may or may not need a new whistle—I dunno. Sure, the skipper niver blew it good an' long but the wanst; an', so help me, young man, I was lookin' at the shteam gauge whin he shtarted that prolonged blast—an' whin he finished the gauge had dhropped tin pounds! So up I go on the bridge to the ould man, an' says I to him, says I: 'Clear weather or thick fog, I'm tellin' ye to lave that whistle alone if ye expect to finish the voyage. Wan toot out av it means a ton av coal gone to hell an' a dhrop av blood out av the owner's heart!' An' from that time on the best I iver hearrd out av that whistle was a sick sort av a sob."

Matt laughed as Terence Reardon's natural propensity for romancing came to the front. He thanked the chief for the latter's invaluable information, and, with a mental resolve to have Terence Reardon presiding over the engines of the Narcissus at no distant date, he returned to the city.

The following morning Matt called upon MacCandless, the general manager of the Oriental Steamship Company. Mr. MacCandless was a cold individual of Scotch ancestry, with a scent for a dollar a trifle keener than most; and Matt Peasley, young and inexperienced in business fencing, was never more aware of his deficiencies than when he faced MacCandless across the latter's desk. Consequently he resolved to waste no words in vain parley. MacCandless was still looking curiously at Matt's card when the latter said:

"I called with reference to that big freighter of the Oriental Steamship Company—the Narcissus. Is she for sale?"

MacCandless smiled with his lips, but his eyes wore the eternal Show-me! look. He nodded.

"It's No Place for a Good Ship. She Ought to be Earning Money for Her Owners"

"Foolish of me to ask, I know," Matt continued complacently, "since it is a matter of common gossip that you would have been delighted to have sold her any time these past eight years."

Since MacCandless did not deny this Matt assumed that it was true and returned to the attack with renewed vigor.

"What do you want for her?"

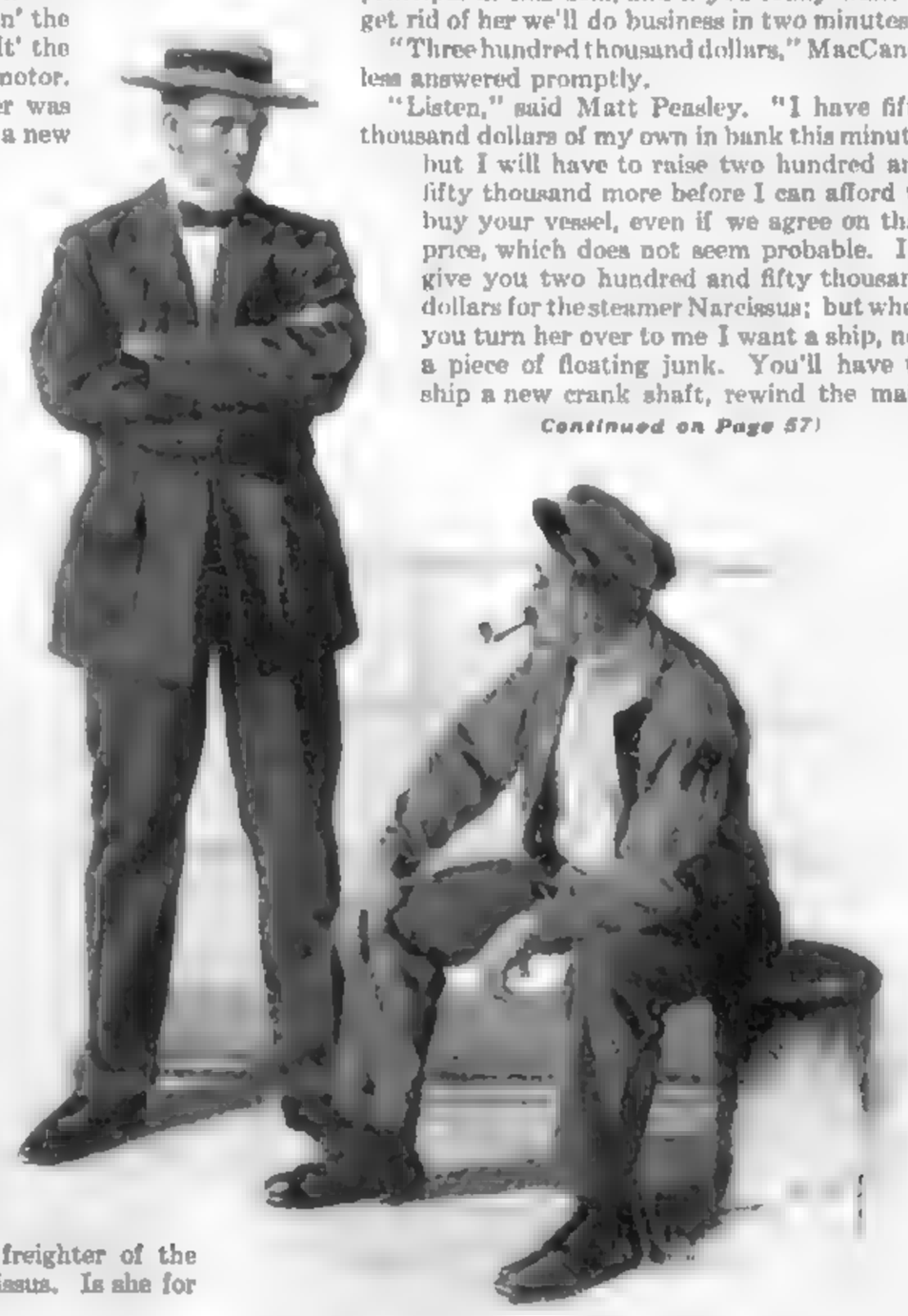
"Are you acting as a broker in this matter or do you represent principals who have asked you to interview me? In other words, before I talk business with you I want to know that you mean business. I shall waste no time discussing a possible trade unless you assure me that you have a customer in sight. I am weary of brokers. I've had forty of them after that vessel from time to time, but no business ever resulted."

"Which is not at all surprising, considering the circumstances," Matt retorted. "If you cannot use her yourself you mustn't expect other people to be overenthusiastic about owning her. However, I think I can find business for her, and I've come to buy her myself. You seem to think a lot of your time, so I'll conserve it for you. I'm the principal in this deal, and if you really want to get rid of her we'll do business in two minutes."

"Three hundred thousand dollars," MacCandless answered promptly.

"Listen," said Matt Peasley. "I have fifty thousand dollars of my own in bank this minute, but I will have to raise two hundred and fifty thousand more before I can afford to buy your vessel, even if we agree on that price, which does not seem probable. I'll give you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the steamer Narcissus; but when you turn her over to me I want a ship, not a piece of floating junk. You'll have to ship a new crank shaft, rewind the main

(Continued on Page 57)



"I'll Not be Afther Breakin' Me Poor Heart for the Sake av Twenty-five Dollars a Month"

THE BUSINESS OF BUYING

By Forrest Crissey

SALESMANSHIP has held the center of the commercial stage so long and has so completely absorbed the rays from the spotlight of publicity that there is almost a touch of novelty in the obvious statement that behind every sale there must be a buyer.

Not long since a mechanical engineer of good position made this sharp protest:

"You writing men seem wholly to overlook the fact that there is a class of men whose business it is to buy what the salesman sells, and that buying is just as important a job as selling. Why, there isn't even a single trim and usable word that can serve as a running mate for Salesmanship and stand for the art of buying. There are schools of salesmanship, world without end! You can hardly pick up a magazine or a newspaper that does not drip salesmanship, and several of the newer writers of fiction have made their reputations on the romance that surrounds the great game of salesmanship.

"On the stage it's the same story—the salesman ever to the front, a high favorite of the footlights. And if the traveling salesman were cut out of the moving-picture films there would be the greatest sacrifice of celluloid thus far known to the world of photo plays.

"Salesmen have powerful state and national associations, and are constantly holding conventions and meetings that add immensely to the gayety of nations; but when companies of manufacturers or merchants come together the real reason for the emphasis of the salesman is disclosed. The merchant or manufacturer himself has come to think that the salesman is the only figure on the commercial sky line. He pitches the key that the press, the theater and the whole public play to; he is the man who has hung the laurel on the brow of the salesman until we have all come to consider him as the real works of commerce and about the only bee in the hive that brings home any honey."

Time to Shift the Spotlight

"ISN'T it about time to give the buyer an inning—or at least to recognize his existence and inquire whether he is anything more than a mere foil for the salesman, a background for the busy figure of the dashing business getter? Seriously I feel that the time has come to raise the question as to whether we are not overplaying the salesmanship rôle a little—looking at the situation from a really judicial viewpoint. As a cold economic proposition, isn't this overemphasis of salesmanship imposing an unnecessarily heavy burden on industry?

"Or perhaps it will offend less to put the question the other way about: Would it not be a distinct service to industry and commerce to shift the spotlight for a little while to the man at the silent end of the bargain—just long enough, for example, to let him feel the warming, encouraging influence of a little kindly attention? Would it not pay to try doing something to increase the buyer's respect for his job and his knowledge of how to handle it in a less negative and perfunctory way? Personally I am convinced that Buymanship is just as important as Salesmanship—though not half so picturesque—and that it is going to be elevated to the dignity of a real business art in the not-distant future.

"Take a candid look into this subject and you will see that there is something besides jealousy and prejudice in my view of the situation. The permanent interests of salesmanship cannot be served by saddling on industry a useless cost for selling or by forcing commerce to maintain an unnecessary and uneconomic burden of this sort. It is in the interest of sound and permanent salesmanship to develop the art of buying to something like normal stature and efficiency, for here is the natural check against unsound and overfed salesmanship. The health of industry in general demands that these two lines of business activity should be equally sound, strong and active. Scientific salesmanship is as familiar a term to the general public to-day as any it uses; but who hears of scientific buying without wondering what it's all about?

"However, we are soon going to see the time when scientific buying will be a common practice among the larger business concerns. In many lines, at least, ambitious young men will see quite as attractive careers in mastering the art of buying on a true economic basis as in learning how to persuade a man into a purchase regardless of whether or not it will prove a good thing for him. Salesmanship should not be permitted to monopolize development, nor buying be neglected and allowed to remain a negative occupation in which guesswork is the main active element. If the press will open up the problem of better buying it will find something interesting and help salesmanship as well as business in general."

Even a casual reconnaissance of the field which this engineer challenged investigators to enter is enough to compel respect for the burden of his contention. The results of such research can scarcely fail to interest the merchant, the manufacturer, and the business man in general; but they are sure to prove most absorbing to the salesman.

Naturally the man who buys constantly measures himself against the salesmen he meets. This is inevitable from the nature of the contact; but it seems to give a sense of antagonism where no hostility actually exists. Because the man who issued the challenge happened to be an engineer, members of this profession were first consulted as to the soundness of the position taken by this advocate of the new science, which for lack of a better one-word term—and in contrast with salesmanship—he styles Buymanship. Another reason for following this investigation along engineering lines is that those industries the equipment and materials of which must be most largely considered from an engineering viewpoint naturally furnish the most promising field for scientific buying and the one that should show the highest development.

The very man who made this declaration that the art of commercial buying should be given an inning is himself one of the best examples of how much a man may accomplish by a little careful study along this line. He is the engineering head of a big engineering concern—or at least of that branch of it operating in his section of the country. His company handles the interests of several big corporations in a very active way. This means that he is an executive as well as a consulting engineer who is called on to design special equipment and to draw up elaborate working plans. In a word, he can give only a part of his time to this problem of scientific buying; but he has certainly made some interesting findings in this field. For example, here is one thing he did in the way of establishing a precedent for a new line of buying:

Clearly the only justification his firm would have—beyond the knowledge as to which was the best machine to buy—for buying certain machines for clients, and charging a fee for that service, was the ability to secure them at a substantial saving. There were half a dozen machines on the market for doing the required work, but this engineer had a strong preference for the most expensive of the six. The elements that made it most desirable also enabled its makers to maintain its price with great firmness. He had already bought several of these machines without the intervention or assistance of a salesman, getting all his information from engineering sources and from personal examination. Already he had secured the quantity discount and yet he was not in a position to say to himself: "My skill as a buyer in this individual case has earned the fee I must charge our clients."

He then cleared the decks and did a little of the same kind of thinking he was in the habit of doing in the case of a mechanical problem. He took the thing apart to see what made it go—and then he called on the president and vice president of the company making the big machines. They had a very pleasant chat, and those officials were highly pleased to have so distinguished an authority point out features of excellence in their machine that were not down in the book from which their salesforce drew its inspiration.

In the course of the visit the talk was turned by the caller into the general channel of costs; and before his hosts were hardly aware of it they had confided to him the percentage they were obliged to charge against selling. By a few adroit questions he also drew from them a very fair knowledge of how they distributed their costs. Finally, after the agreeable conference had continued for some time he indicated that he was inclined to buy several more of their machines but that he felt he was entitled to a lower price.

Working for an Unheard-of Discount

"WELL," remarked the president, "of course we're open to conviction. If you can really show us that you are entitled to a special concession after we have given you every kind of discount we ever gave to anybody, we will naturally give your argument most serious consideration." Then he smiled as he added: "But we feel entirely safe in putting it that way."

Here was where the engineer came into action and did a bit of scientific buying as clever as any of the brilliant salesmanship turns that started John W. Gates on his career.

"As I have already used half a million dollars' worth of your machines," he said, "it may be admitted that I know something about them. So long as their present quality is maintained, and somebody else does not bring out something that distinctly outclasses them for economy of operation and ability to stand up under hard service, I shall continue to prefer them to other machines. If you will refer to your present sales manager, who was the assistant when I bought the first machine from you, I am sure he will tell you that, though he took my order, he did not sell me the machine in the sense that his knowledge of it or his ability to negotiate a sale had anything whatever to do with my purchase. When I talked with him I knew as much about the machine as he did—possibly more.

"Since that time, in the purchase of nearly half a million dollars' worth of other machines, no salesmanship has been involved. I have taken no time and no entertainment on the part of your selling force. In a word, gentlemen, there has been no selling cost in my case, so far as you are concerned. There will be none in the future. I object to paying for the entertainment and the persuasion of your other customers. If you will permit me to deduct from the net price of your machines the percentage that you admit belongs to selling cost, you may be sure of our business in your line—under the limitations I have named—and you need never send a salesman inside of our doors; the business will be yours just the same."

After considerable argument the president agreed to the terms demanded and admitted:

"Of course, when we distribute our selling costs at the end of the year, we are going to deduct your business before we start. That will put the expense of selling on the shoulders

"Our Business Under This Plan Has Amounted to More Than One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars"

"Are You Willing to Deduct From the Price the Percentage by Which the Machines Fall Short of the Standard?"

of those customers who have to be sold. When a customer eliminates all salesmanship by selling to himself I believe he is entitled to the selling cost he has saved."

In commenting on this experience the engineer who established this interesting precedent remarked:

"And this happened about ten years ago. Figures made from memory show me that this solution of the problem has actually saved our customers not less than sixty thousand dollars in that time—which also represents the amount available for other purposes when the yearly saving is capitalized at ten per cent.

"That, however, by no means covers the gain which came out of the arrangement. The mutual confidence inspired by this sort of relationship has bred other substantial economies. For example, in this business and that of our clients time is distinctly of the essence of the contract; and anything that saves time in the filling of an order saves money—bonus money offered under stress of emergency in order to stimulate early delivery. I have placed a sixty-thousand-dollar order with this concern by telephone—specifications and proposals to follow by mail. Then, on account of an official's being called away from the city the formal confirmation of the order was delayed for ten days; but meantime the shop had started on the work just the same, as though all the red tape had been properly tied.

"It takes decided confidence to have a thing of this kind happen; and when buying has been established on the basis that begets this sort of reliance it is worth something. More than one client of ours, buying machines from this company through us, would have had to pay from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars in early-delivery bonus money had it not been for the time saved as a result of the peculiar relationship growing out of the session at which a new basis of buying was established."

When the Buyer Fixed the Price

"NO SALESMAN from that machinery house ever visits our offices. On the other hand, the amount of our annual business with them would make a decidedly fat showing on the order book of their best salesman."

Naturally this experience had a strong tendency to sharpen the appetite of the engineer for more conquests in the line of scientific buying. From another company with a strong and efficient organization he bought much in the line of both product and service. He felt that the cost to his clients was somewhat excessive. Could not the same line of logic be applied to reveal some element of service or of cost that was either unnecessary or actually not rendered? He suggested this to the president of the company and the chief engineer was called into conference. As a result, certain elements of cost were agreed on as fairly subject to elimination from the charges.

This, however, did not bring the cost down to what the engineer believed to be a proper basis, considering the extent and desirability of the business he was in a position to place for his clients. Repeated and unsuccessful conferences were held with the final result that the president of the service company said to the engineer:

"Well, you go ahead and draw up a plan that will work out the matter of compensation in the way you want it. I'm curious to see what it would look like and how much you would ask for with the bars all down. You certainly are some wizard when it comes to laying out the lines for plain and fancy buying. Now go ahead and let me see you do your worst."

The engineer followed directions and submitted a scheme that was based on the cost-plus-percentage method—only the engineer's company was to determine all factors governing the work, the kind of apparatus and material to be used, and the number and grade of men to be allotted to the jobs. Just to have the situation well covered the engineer also specified that all invoices were to be subject to his approval or changed without question according to his recommendations; and, finally, that he should be the judge of the percentage which should be added. Somewhat to his surprise this drastic program was accepted. The president, in yielding his assent, remarked that he was so eager to see how such a peculiar arrangement would work out in actual practice that he couldn't quite resist the temptation to adopt it.

"Our business," says the engineer, "under this plan has already amounted to more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and we have never had one word of disagreement. The work has been the most economical of its kind we have ever had done; and—judging from the eagerness of that company to continue the plan—the profits it has yielded must have been satisfactory. No member of their organization has been in our offices—with the exception of an invoice accountant—more frequently than once a year."

The chief engineer for a certain large engineering concern would not make a hit at a salesmen's convention. He says with brutal bluntness that the poor quality and the high cost of the salesmanship which seeks business in his offices make it certain that a radical revision in selling tactics will be the order of the day as soon as the business public really begins to wake up to the possibilities of more scientific buying.

"I can speak only of that brand of salesmanship of which I have personal and first-hand knowledge," says he, "and those not in that line may consider themselves out of range and exempt from my criticism. A salesman comes here constantly as a representative of a material-supply house. He is tied as tight to his catalogue as though he were doing his first day's work. His stock of information regarding his goods is amazingly limited. Time and again I have tried him out by asking some simple question about one of the articles on his list. Almost invariably his method of answering has been to open his loose-leaf book and read the text printed under the head of the article in question. A sixteen-year-old schoolboy could do that! In presenting selling arguments he is wholly unconvincing. In short, he doesn't know his goods—and yet he draws seventy-five hundred dollars a year!

"My assistant, with whom this salesman talks when he comes to our offices, does not pretend to have more than a superficial knowledge of this man's line; and yet he is far better informed on this score than the salesman himself. This young man is paid all he is worth, which is thirty-six hundred dollars a year. In spite of the fact that he is far better posted concerning this seventy-five-hundred-dollar salesman's line than the man himself, he knows several other lines quite as well as he does this one. When I say he is better informed I mean that he knows more about the fundamental metallic composition of the articles, of the merits of the form into which those materials have been fabricated and of the general utility and working value of the articles than that salesman who is accredited to our concern and to at least four others, where he does not really influence a sale from one year's end to another!

"I take this man as an example because he is not a cheap salesman so far as his pay check is concerned. From my own observations I am forced to say that he is typical of a very considerable number of salesmen who try to sell us goods but who are not sufficiently equipped with a knowledge of their goods and the uses to which those goods are put to contribute anything to a sale; in fact, I can name cases where the goods sell themselves in spite of the salesmen.

"Now the whole point of this apparently unkind criticism of the salesmen I meet is this: Buyers are paying for a salesmanship service they do not get and in most cases do not need. There is bound to be a readjustment. Buyers in our line are going to refuse to pay the heavy costs of salesmanship when those costs are not actually involved in the transaction at all. Of course there are undoubtedly many lines in which this readjustment will be very slow, and many others that will not be touched at all by it; but in all lines where the buyer—through technical experts in his own organization—fully satisfies himself of the merits and desirability of the article in question, independently of the intervention of any salesman, the whole program is practically sure to be changed to meet modern conditions of keen competition."

A New Name for an Old Job

"THERE is going to be a firm insistence that the high costs of salesmanship shall be assessed on those that require salesmanship in the buying of their goods. Look at the matter from this angle: The business concern that employs engineering talent in order to determine in an accurate, scientific way the merits of anything it proposes to buy, either for itself or for a client, is in a certain sense paying the cost of salesmanship in the item of that engineering expense. In other words, instead of paying, in the price of the goods, for the salesmanship talent required to persuade the buyer that the goods in question are the best buy for the purpose and at the price, it prefers to pay the cost of this determination and arrive at the result by scientific rather than vocal means—by engineering investigation instead of argument and persuasion."

A new title is creeping into the world of professional buying that affords more than a hint of the trend of the current. Ordinarily a name may mean little; but the title of purchasing engineer is a term that suggests decidedly progressive tendencies in the matter of buying. It is a safe guess that any company using this title for the individual at the head of its purchasing department is at least trying to do its buying on a different basis from the concern that still sticks to the old familiar term, purchasing agent. The salesman who is introduced to a purchasing engineer will do well to take a second look at that individual, for there are only a few in captivity at the present moment who have been officially identified and designated. The species, however, is bound to see a decided increase in the near future, according to the men who direct the affairs of large corporations and manufacturing concerns. Admittedly, too, there is a considerable number of sure-enough purchasing engineers who are still disguised as buyers or purchasing agents.

A purchasing engineer who is true to type, and up to his title in all respects, is a man whose technical knowledge of his line is not only comprehensive and practical but scientific as well; and he is a man of broad experience as an executive. For example, a certain purchasing engineer in the employ of a large corporation engaged, among other things, in constructing, reconstructing and operating public-utility plants, is a highly trained engineer and has had charge, from time to time, of every line of work undertaken by his concern. He has built new plants, remodeled old ones and operated every sort of enterprise the company has ever handled. Both as an engineer and a business executive he has been thoroughly tried out.

His company is a very large one, and its purchases of materials and supplies for itself and its clients always

amount to several million dollars a year, and sometimes to many millions. Realizing that the right man on the buying job would probably be able to exert as much influence on the dividends, surplus and undivided profits of the company as any man on the pay roll, it was decided to put regular engineering and executive talent in this position and give the holder of the place power in proportion to the broadest interpretation of the title. Consequently this man has an authority that elevates him several degrees above the average purchasing agent. In the matter of specifications this purchasing engineer has the last word and he may overrule the requirements specified by the other engineers of the organization. Many important specifications originate with him. This is authority far beyond that ordinarily vested in a purchasing agent of even the stronger type.

This purchasing engineer has decided views with regard to his job and to the principles underlying intelligent buying. He says:

"My hardest work has been to educate salesmen to cut out selling arguments and confine themselves to giving actual information about what they have to sell. It is surprising and rather discouraging to see how often they are unable to do this. Repeatedly I have taken a blue print of the proposition under discussion and asked a really simple question about some feature of it. Generally the answer has been: 'We'll have to find out about that from the factory.' There is not a buyer who does not know the run of salesmanship talks by heart; they are right out of the book to him and have no influence on him whatever. I regret to say so, but the facts compel me to confess that the salesman who really understands what he is selling and knows it clear down to the ground is a jewel—and generally he is also an engineer!

"One point in buying on which I have been forced to place great emphasis is that of accuracy of statement. When I find out that a salesman has misrepresented either his goods or the ability of his firm to deliver them according to agreement, his house is struck from the list of those to whom we may give business. This is one of the most important buying rules that has been developed from our experience. There is nothing subtle about it; but it works."

Getting Deliveries on Time

"OUR business happens to be one in which time is emphatically the essence of the contract. Some, if not most, of our plants furnish gas, water or electricity for twenty-four hours in the day. As these are public-service plants they are subject to inspection and supervision by various public bodies—the municipality, the county, the state and the Federal Government. This means serious trouble for us if for any reason there is a failure on our part to deliver service in full measure and quality every hour of every day. The firm that fails to deliver the machinery or the materials strictly according to agreement is very likely to force us into a failure to deliver our service. This is so serious a possibility that we can take no chances.

"Our position in this particular is not unlike that of many other companies, particularly those of a public-service character. Our only path of safety lies in never failing to deliver; we simply must not fall down. Consequently stern measures are necessary to insure ourselves against being forced into failure to deliver our product by the failure of others to deliver theirs. One clearly established misrepresentation on the part of a salesman cuts his house off from our patronage wholly and permanently. Of course we see to it that this policy is well understood by all the concerns making goods or furnishing materials of the sort we use. Though some of them do not seem to accept this policy at its face value—or else do not control their salesmen with a firm hand—as a general thing the result of this stand has been notable in several particulars: It has apparently moved the chief executives of the concerns that look to us for business to insist that their salesmen shall know more about the goods they sell and about the ability of the plant to deliver the goods within the required time, and that they shall always make their representations on the conservative side.

"There is one corporation, for instance, from which we have bought supplies almost constantly for seven years, and in that time it has not failed us once; its goods have always stood the test and have been delivered according to contract. In that time this concern has had serious strikes and all the other production troubles that any big industry is up against—but it has never failed to keep an agreement or to make good in the quality of its product.

"The salesmen for this concern may not be accredited engineers but they have a keen technical knowledge of their goods and of the conditions under which they are produced, and they present them conservatively.

"The difference between the two kinds of salesmanship of which I have been talking was sharply illustrated in my office one day. One salesman—call him Smith for convenience—was in my private office while another was waiting his turn in the general office, just beyond the open door but within easy earshot. They were both after the same contract—quite a large one—in which the element of quick delivery was bound to be an important consideration. Smith talked at length and rather glowingly of their plant, their equipment and organization, and their ability to turn out the goods and make quick delivery. He didn't subdue his voice and the man outside the open door could not help hearing what he said. As he rose and was about to go, the other man stepped forward and said:

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith—but if you don't mind I'd like to ask you a leading question.'

"'Sure!' returned Smith. 'Go as far as you like.'

"'Very well,' said the waiting salesman. 'Did you ever visit in person the factory you have been talking about?'

"'No,' replied Smith. 'I never did; but ——'

"'But when you do,' was the crisp interruption, 'you'll find it is not your factory at all, but ours. In other words, your firm has all of its goods in this particular line made in our factory. Of course you didn't know this; but I stand ready to prove it or to let you do so yourself.'

"There was nothing more to be said. Smith did not know this; he supposed the representations he had been making must be true. The argument was a good one and so he made it; but, of course, he suffered keen humiliation, and not only lost his chances for the contract but his standing with the buyer.

"We recognize that certain delays are beyond the control of the manufacturer. Allowing for these, however, I insist that manufacturers and their salesmen are much given to the poor business policy of evasion in their relations with the buyer. For example, I have repeatedly had this experience: Within a reasonable time after placing a big order with a concern I have written to ask how the work was coming on. Back came a letter saying that good progress was being made. Something made me a bit incredulous and I sent an inspector to the plant for detailed information. He found that the drawings had not even been started. This has happened to me not once but half a dozen times, and not with small concerns but with some of the largest in the country. The buyer is constantly up against the fact that too many manufacturing concerns lose their enthusiasm as soon as a contract has been taken—which is really the time when it should begin."

Lack of coöperation between the salesmen and the shop is undeniably too common. Large buyers of the purchasing-engineer type declare that a steady campaign of education has been necessary to bring the chief executives of many manufacturing concerns to realize that there must be close, constant and complete coöperation between the selling force and the production end of any business in order to meet the demands of modern buying, which is done on something approaching a scientific basis.

"We Will Give You the Contract, But We Shall See to It That the Plates are in Full Up to the Dimensions Shown"

"You would naturally think," comments one able buyer, "that all the purchaser would need to do, in order to protect himself against this lack of constructive teamwork between the selling and the producing branches of a business, would be to require direct from the factory a confirmation of the delivery representations made by the salesman. So it would if all concerns did business on a basis of absolute honesty; but unfortunately they do not. I know of a case, typical of experiences altogether too common, where a clever salesman secured a contract that called for about fifty per cent of the output of his plant for a period of six weeks, the stuff to be shipped in seven weeks. The factory was located in the East and the head of the plant promptly confirmed the contract. On the very day he affixed his signature to this confirmation his entire shop force struck. He had known for two weeks that unless he met demands for increased wages his whole force would go out. Yet he deliberately signed this confirmation, knowing that a strike was practically inevitable.

"Of course the contract was promptly canceled by the buyer the moment he received information of the strike. Collusion of this nature between the salesman and the management of the plant is not uncommon. The salesman secures it on the ground that it is necessary in order to get the business, and that it is a support which the man who goes out and captures a contract has coming to him from the factory, without regard to the truth. If this cheap collusion could be supplanted by intelligent, constructive coöperation between salesmen and shop executives it would be unnecessary for the buyer to get his contract confirmed by the shop; the salesman would be so well posted on production conditions and so eager to see that the customer is not disappointed that he would never take a chance of falling down on delivery."

What the Sales Managers Say

"OF COURSE the highest types of salesmen in this field are thoroughly posted on what their factories are in position to perform. These are the men whose word is good with the buyer. If he calls on their factories to confirm an order it is merely a matter of form. These salesmen are just as keen to protect the interests of their customers as those of their principals. They recognize that this is the height of good salesmanship.

"The number of salesmen of this type is steadily on the increase. They give information instead of argument and they protect their customers instead of exploiting them. That their tribe may increase is the wish of every buyer. Essentially they are sales engineers. When they come into contact with buyers who are purchasing engineers in fact, if not in title, you get a combination that will do big business on a clean-cut basis.

"This is just what we are coming to—sales engineers on the one hand and purchasing engineers on the other; men who know their product and the conditions of its production and its use right down to the ground in a definite, technical way, and who coöperate to the advantage of the industries represented by both sides of the bargain."

In repeated conferences with buyers representing large interests I have not found one who took issue with this view of the tendency of the times toward a salesmanship and a buymanship both based on technical knowledge of the product involved and the processes and conditions of its production. The only point of difference developed is whether salesmen and buyers have already made the greatest advancement toward that altitude of development which justifies them in adopting the word "engineer" as a part of their title.

One sales manager, in the presence of one of the foremost purchasing engineers of the country, contended hotly that the men on his selling staff were practically all engineers in the strictest sense of the word while only a small percentage of the buyers with whom they did business had any just claim to that title. As he sees the situation the salesmen are educating the buyers in the necessity of technical knowledge.

He declares that it is a little discouraging to build up a sales staff of men who have graduated from technical institutions, and who know every process in the manufacture of the product they sell—only to send them out to talk with buyers who "do not speak their language"; men without any technical training, or at least with very little of it, who are up in all the stock tricks of hammering down prices but who are lost if required to read an engineer's blue print that is in the least complex. Though this sales manager admits that his highly trained men are doing remarkably good missionary work, and that they are steadily raising the standard of talent devoted to the business of buying, he declares that as a general rule buyers have no right to consider themselves as more highly developed in their calling than the general run of salesmen are in theirs; and that, in fact, the shoe is on the other foot.

He insists that there is a high percentage of buyers who are willing to meet the persuasive and genial salesmen more

(Continued on Page 34)

THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

LXVIII

BY THIS time the Vigilante organization had pretty well succeeded in eliminating the few Law and Order sympathizers who had been bold enough to attempt the rôle of spy by signing the rolls. These had not been many, and their warning had been sufficient. But Morrell had in a measure escaped distrust even if he had not gained confidence. He had had the sense not to join the organization, and his attitude of the slightly supercilious, veiledly contemptuous Britisher, scanning all things about him, was sufficient guarantee of his neutrality. This breed was then very common.

He left his conference with Jimmy Ware thoroughly instructed, quite acquiescent, but revolving matters in his own mind to see if somehow he could not turn them to his advantage. For Morrell was, as always, in need of money. In addition he had a personal score to settle with Keith; for although he had apparently forgotten their last interview regarding loans, the memory rankled. And Morrell had not forgotten that before all this Vigilante business broke he had been made a good offer by Cora's counsel to get Keith out of the way. Cora was now very dead, to be sure; but on sounding Jimmy Ware, Morrell learned that Keith's removal would still be pleasant to the powers that pay. If he could work these things all in together

Cogitating absorbedly he glanced up to see Ben Sansome sauntering down the street, his malacca cane at the proper angle, his cylindrical hat resting lightly on his sleek locks, his whole person spick with the indescribably complete appointment of the dandy. Sansome was mixed up with the Keiths. Perhaps he could be used. On impulse Morrell hailed him genially and invited him to take a drink. The exquisite brightened and perceptibly hastened his step. Morrell's rather ultra-Anglicism always fascinated him. They turned in at the El Dorado, and there seated themselves at the most remote of the small tables.

"Well," said Morrell cheerfully, after preliminary small talk had been disposed of, "how goes the fair Nancy?"

Sansome's effeminately handsome face darkened. Things had in reality gone very badly with the fair Nancy. Her revulsion against Sansome at the time of the capture of the jail had been complete; and, as is the case with real revulsions, she had not attempted to conceal it. Sansome's careful structure, which had gained so lofty an elevation, had collapsed like the proverbial house of cards.

His vanity had been cruelly rasped. And what had been more or less merely a dilettante's attraction had been thereby changed into a thwarted passion.

"Damn the fair Nancy!" he cried in answer to Morrell's question.

Morrell's eyes narrowed, and he motioned quietly to the waiting black to replenish the glasses. "With all my heart!" said he. "I agree with you; she's a snippy, cold little piece, not my style at all. Not worth the serious attention of a man like yourself. Who is it now, you sly dog?"

Sansome sipped at his drink and sighed sentimentally.

"Cold—yes—but if the right man could awaken her ——" he murmured.

Morrell glanced at him amusedly. Then, his idea developing, he said: "Look here, Sansome, do you want that woman?"

Sansome looked at his companion haughtily, his eye fell, he drew circles with the bottom of his glass.

"By gad, yes!" he cried with a sudden queer burst of fire.

He turned slowly red, then tried to conceal his embarrassment under cover of his cigar.

"H'm!" observed Morrell speculatively, without looking across at Sansome. "Tell me, Ben, does she still care for her husband?"

"No, that I'll swear!" replied Sansome eagerly.

"Tell me about it," urged Morrell, settling back and again motioning for fresh drinks.

Sansome, whose raw soul was ripe for sympathy, needed little more urging. He poured out his tale, sometimes rushingly and passionately; again, as his submerged but still conventional self-consciousness struggled to the surface, with shamefaced bravado. "By gad!" he finished: "you know I feel like a raw schoolboy, talkin' like this!"

Morrell leaned forward, his reserve of manner laid aside, his whole being radiating sympathetic charm.

With a Cry Nan Sprang to Her Feet. Her Face Had Gone White

"My dear chap, don't!" he begged, laying his hand on Sansome's forearm. "A genuine passion is the most glorious thing on earth, even in callow youth. But when we old men of the world ——" The pause was eloquent. "She's a headstrong filly," he went on in a more matter-of-fact tone after a moment; "takes a bit of handling. You'll pardon me, old chap, if I suggest that you've gone about things a bit wrong."

"How is that?" asked Sansome. Under the influence of drinks, confession and sympathy he was in a glow of fellow-feeling.

"Believe me, I know women and horses! You've ridden this one too much on the snaffle. Try the curb. That high-spirited sort take a bit of handling. They like to feel themselves dominated. You've been too gentle, too refined. She's gentle and refined for two. What she wants is the brute—Rape of the Sabines principle. Savage her a bit and she'll come to heel like a dog. Not at once, perhaps; give her a week."

"That's all very well," objected Sansome, whose eyes were shining; "but how about that week? She'll run to her husband with her story ——"

"And be sorry for it afterward ——"

"Too late."

Morrell appeared to think.

"There's something in that. But suppose we arranged to get the husband out of the way, where she couldn't run to him at once?" he suggested.

They had more drinks. At first Morrell was only sardonically amused; but as his imagination got to working and the creative power awoke, his interest became more genuine. It was all too wildly improbable for words—and yet was anything improbable in this impossible place? At least it was amusing, the whole thing was amusing—this superrefined exquisite awakened to an emotion so genuine that what judgment he had was obscured by the eagerness of his passion; the situation apparently so easily malleable; the beautiful safety of it all for himself. And it did not really matter if the whole fantastic plot failed.

"I tell you, no," he broke in on his thoughts to reply to some ill-considered suggestion. "The good old simple methods are the best—they're all laid out for us by the Drury Lane melodramas. You leave it to me to get rid of him. Then we'll send the usual message to her that he is lying wounded somewhere—say at Jake's roadhouse."

"Won't that get her to thinking too much of him?" interrupted Sansome anxiously.

Morrell, momentarily taken aback, gained time for a reply by pouring Sansome another drink. "He has more sense left than I thought," he said to himself. Aloud he answered: "All you want is to get her out to Jake's. She'll go simply as a matter of wifely duty and all that. Don't worry; once she's there it's your affair; and unless I mistake my man, you'll know how to manage the situation." He winked slyly. "She's really mad about you, but like most women she's hemmed in by convention. Boldly break through the convention, and she'll come round."

Sansome was plainly fascinated by the idea, but in a trepidation of doubt nevertheless.

"But suppose she doesn't come round!" he objected vaguely.

Morrell threw aside his cigarette and arose with an air of decision.

"I thought you were so crazy mad about her," he said in tones that cut. "What are you wasting my time for?"

"No, no; hold on!" cried Sansome, at once all fire again. "I'll do it; hold on!"

"As a matter of fact," observed Morrell, reseating himself and speaking as though there had been no interruption, "I imagine you have little to fear from that."

He went into the street a little later, his vision somewhat blurred but his mind clear. Sansome, by now very pot-valiant, swaggered alongside.

"By the way, Ben," said Morrell suddenly, "I hope you go armed; these are bad times."

"I have always carried a derringer—and I can use it too!" boasted Sansome, swinging his cane.

Morrell, left alone, stood on the corner for some time, diligently engaged in getting control of himself. He laughed a little.

"Regular bally melodrama, conspiracy and all, right off the blood-and-thunder stage," said he. "Wonder if it works in real life. We'll see."

After his head had cleared he set to work methodically to find Keith; but when he finally met that individual it was most casually. Morrell was apparently in a hurry; but as he saw Keith he appeared to hesitate, then, making up his mind, he approached the young lawyer.

"Look here, Keith, a word with you," he said. "I have stumbled on some information which may be important. I was on my way to the Committee with it, but I'm in a hurry. The governor is shipping arms into the city to-morrow night from Benicia by a small sloop."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Keith.

"Certain."

"Where did you get the information?"

"That I cannot tell you."

Keith still hesitated; he did not like or trust Morrell. The latter turned on his heel.

"Well, I've told you; you can do as you please. But you'd better let the Committee decide whether to take the tip or not."

He walked away without once looking back, certain that Keith would end by reporting the information.

"Chances are he'll go with the capturing party," ran the trend of his thoughts, "and so he'll be out of reach of this little abduction. But I don't care much. If he follows them out to Jake's by any chance Sansome will shoot him—or he'll shoot Sansome. Doesn't matter which. Shootin's none too healthy these days for either side! Most amusin'!"

"You'll Pardon Me, Old Chap, If I Suggest That You've Gone About Things a Bit Wrong"

He thought a while, then turned up the hill toward his own house. A new refinement of the plot had occurred to the artist's soul too much drink had released in him.

Mrs. Morrell was vastly surprised to see him. She reclined on a sofa, clad in a formless pink-silk wrapper, and was settling down to relaxation of mind and body by means of French novels and cigarettes.

"Well, what are you doing here at this time of day?" was her greeting.

"Came to bask in the light of your smiles, my dear," he replied with elephantine irony.

"Nonsense!" she rejoined sharply. "You've been drinking again!"

"To be sure, but not enough to hurt." His manner suddenly became businesslike. "Look here," he asked her, "are you game to make a tidy bit of money?"

"Always!" she replied promptly.

He explained in detail. She listened in silence, but at first with a slight smile of contempt on her lips. As he progressed, however, the smile faded.

"Where do I come in?" she asked finally.

"You must be there when the message comes to her. She might not go out to Jake's alone—probably wouldn't. I don't know her well enough to judge. Hurry her into it."

"I see." She laughed suddenly. "Lord, she'll be surprised when I call on her! Take some doing that!" She thought a few moments. "My appearance will connect us with it. That won't do."

"If the thing goes through we won't be here," he pointed out. "If it doesn't go through all right we'll arrange a little comedy. Have you bound and gagged before her eyes, or something like that."

"Thanks," she replied to this.

Morrell was not entirely frank with his wife. He did not tell her that, money or no money, plot or no plot, he had resolved to flee the city, at least for a time. Investigations were getting too close to some of his past activities. He did not offer in words what he nevertheless knew to be the most potent of his arguments—namely, the implacable hate Mrs. Morrell bore Keith. Morrell's knowledge of this hate was accurate, though his analysis of its cause was faulty. Nor did he mention the possibility which, however, Mrs. Morrell now voiced:

"Suppose Keith follows them out to Jake's?"

"One of them will be killed, and the Stranglers will hang the other," he said briefly.

She looked up.

"I don't care for that!"

"In that event you will not be present. Your job will be to duck out." He paused, then went on slowly: "Would you grieve at the demise of either—or all three?" Her face hardened. "But," he went on slowly, "the chances of it are very remote. If there is any killing it will come later. Keith will be kept out of the way."

"And afterward?"

"You hint at an assignation. I will arrange for witnesses."

"Where does the money come in?" she demanded.

Morrell floundered for a moment. He had lost sight of the money.

"It comes from certain parties who want Keith put out of the way," he said.

"And suppose Keith is not put out of the way," she began, her facile mind pouncing on the weakness of this statement. "Never mind," she interrupted herself; "I'll do it." Her face had hardened again. "Can you depend on Sansome to go through with it?"

"Only if he's fairly drunk."

"Yes?"

"I'll attend to that; that is my job. You may not see me to-morrow; but go in the evening to call on her"

"It looks absolutely preposterous," she said at last, "but it may work. And if any part of it works, that'll be enough."

"Yes," said he.

They had both forgotten the money.

LXIX

AS MORRELL had surmised, Keith decided to pass on the news for what it was worth. The Committee believed it, and were filled with consternation at the incredible folly of the projected show of armed force.

"This is not peace, but war," said Coleman, "which we are trying to avert!"

The Executive Committee went into immediate session. It was now evident that the disbanding would have to be indefinitely postponed. An extraordinary program to meet the emergency was discussed piecemeal. One of its details had to do with the shipment of arms from Benicia. The Committee here fell neatly into the trap prepared for it. In all probability no one clearly realized the legal status of the muskets, but all supposed them already to belong to the state that was threatening to use them. Charles Doane, instructed to take the steps necessary for their capture, called to him the chief of the harbor police.

"Have you a small vessel ready for immediate service?" he asked this man.

"Yes, a sloop at the foot of this street."

"Be ready to sail in half an hour."

Doane then turned the job over to a trustworthy, quick-witted man named John Durkee. The latter selected twelve men to assist him, among whom was Keith, at the latter's especial request. Morrell, loitering near, saw this band depart for the water front, and followed them far enough to watch them embark, to see the sloop's sails hoisted, and to see the craft heel to the evening breeze and slip away round the Point. All things were going well. The Committee suspected nothing of the plot to fasten the crime of piracy on them; Keith was out of the way. He turned on his heel and walked rapidly to his rendezvous with Sansome.

Durkee and his sloop beat for some hours against both wind and tide; but finally so strong were both against him that he was forced to anchor in San Pablo Bay until conditions had somewhat modified. Finally they were able to get under way again. A number of craft were sailing about, and one by one these were overhauled, commanded to lay to and boarded in true piratical style. It was fun for everybody. The breeze blew in strongly from the Golden Gate, the waves chopped and danced merrily, the little sloop dipped her rail and flew along at a speed that justified her reputation as a racer, gulls following curiously. But there were no practical results. Every sailing craft they overhauled proved innocent, and either indignant or sarcastic.

The sun dipped, and the short twilight of this latitude was almost immediately succeeded by a brilliant night. Slowly the breeze died, until the little sloop was just crawling along. It grew chilly and there was no food aboard. A less persistent man than John Durkee would have felt justified in giving up and heading for home; but John had been instructed to cruise until he captured the arms, and he profanely announced his intention of doing so.

In this he was more faithful to his superiors than the notorious Rube Maloney to his employers. It was to the interests of the Law and Order Party that Rube and his precious crew should be promptly and easily captured. They had been instructed to carry boldly and flagrantly, in full daylight, down the middle of the bay. But Terry's permission to lay in refreshments at the expense of the conspirators had been liberally interpreted.

By six o'clock Rube had just sense enough left to drop anchor off Pueblo Point. There the three jolly mariners proceeded to celebrate; and there they would probably have lain undiscovered had less of a bulldog than Durkee been sent after them.

As it was, midnight had passed before Durkee's keen eyes caught the loom of some object in the black mist close under the Point. Quietly he eased off the sheet and bore down on it. As soon as he ascertained definitely that the object was indeed a boat, he ran alongside. The twelve men boarded with a rush. They found themselves in possession of an empty deck. From the hatch came the reek of alcohol and the sound of hearty snoring. The capture was made.

In half an hour the transfer of the muskets and the three prisoners was accomplished. The latter offered no resistance, but seemed cross at being awakened. Leaving the vessel anchored off the Point, the little sloop stood away again for San Francisco, reaching the California Street wharf shortly after daylight. Here she was moored, and one of the crew was dispatched to the Committee for further instructions—and grub. He returned after an hour, but was preceded somewhat by the grub.

"They say to deliver the muskets at headquarters," he reported, "but to turn the prisoners loose."

"Turn them loose!" cried Durkee, astonished.

"That's what they said," repeated the messenger. "Here's written orders." And he displayed a paper signed by the well-known "33, Secretary," and bearing the Vigilante seal of the open eye.

"All right," acquiesced Durkee. "Now, you mangy hounds, you've got just about twenty-eight seconds to make yourself as scarce as your virtues. Scat!"

Rube and his two companions had several of the twenty-eight seconds to spare; but once they had lost sight of their captors they moderated their pace. They had been much depressed, but now they cheered up and swaggered. A few drinks restored them to normal; and they were able to put a good face on the report they now made to their employers, all of whom, including Terry, had gathered to receive them. After all, things had gone well. They had been actually captured, which was the essential thing, and it did not seem necessary to go into extraneous details.

"Good!" cried Terry, who had come down from Sacramento personally to superintend the working out of this latest ruse. He was illegally absent from his court, meddling illegally with matters not in his jurisdiction. "Now we must get a warrant for piracy into the hands of the U. S. marshal. Send him alone, with no deputies. When he makes his deposition of resistance then we shall see!"

The marshal found Durkee still at the wharf, seated on an upturned cask. "I have this warrant for your arrest!" he proclaimed in a voice purposely loud.

"Yes? Let's see it," rejoined Durkee, lazily reaching out his hand.

He read the document through leisurely. His features betrayed no hint of his thoughts, but, nevertheless, his brain was very active. He read that he was accused of piracy against the might and majesty of the United States Government; and as his eyes slowly followed the involved and redundant legal phraseology he reviewed the situation. The nature of the trap became to him partly evident. There was no doubt that technically he was a pirate, if these arms—as it seemed—belonged to the Government and not to the state. The punishment for piracy was death. Without appreciation of the fact the Committee had made him liable to the death penalty. And he had no doubt that the Federal courts of California, as then constituted, would visit that penalty on him. He raised his head and looked about him. Within call were lounging a dozen resolute men belonging to the Committee of Vigilance. He had but to raise his voice to bring them to his assistance. Once inside Fort Gunnybags, he knew that the Committee would stand behind him to the last man.

Durkee Read That He Was Accused of Piracy Against the Might and Majesty of the United States Government

But John Durkee had imagination as well as bulldog persistency. His mind flashed ahead into the future, envisaging the remoter consequences. He saw the majesty of the law's forces invoked to back this warrant, which the tremendous power of the disciplined Vigilantes would repulse; he saw

reënforcements invoked. What reënforcements? A smile flitted across his lips, and he glanced up at the warship John Adams, riding at anchor outside, her guns, their tampions in place, staring blackly at the city. He saw the whole plot.

"That's all right," he told the waiting marshal, folding the warrant and returning it to him. "Put your paper in your pocket. I'll go with you."

By this quietly courageous and intelligent deed John Durkee completely frustrated the fourth and most dangerous effort of the Law and Order Party. There was no legal excuse for calling on Federal forces to take one man whopeaceablysurrendered!

Undoubtedly, had not matters taken the decided and critical turn soon to be detailed, Durkee would have been immediately brought to trial and perhaps executed. As it was, even the most rabid of the Law and Order Party agreed it was inexpedient to press matters. The case was postponed again and again, and did not come to trial for several months, by which time the Vigilantes had practically finished their work. The law finally saved its face by charging the jury that "if they believed the prisoners took the arms with the intention of appropriating them to their own use and permanently depriving the owner of them, then they were guilty. But if they took them only for the purpose of preventing their being used against themselves and their associates, then they were not guilty." Under which hair-splitting and convenient interpretation the "pirates" went free, and everybody was satisfied.

LXX

AFTER leaving the office where they had made their report to their employers, Rube Maloney and his two friends visited all the saloons. There they found sympathetic and admiring audiences. They reviled the Committee collectively and singly; bragged that they would shoot Coleman, Truett, Durkee, and some others, at sight; flourished weapons; and otherwise became so publicly and noisily obstreperous that the Committee decided they needed a lesson. Accordingly they instructed Sterling Hopkins, with four others, to rearrest the lot and bring them in. Hopkins was a bulldog, pertinacious, rough, a faithful creature.

News of this order ran ahead of its performance. Rube and his satellites dropped everything and fled to their masters like threatened dogs. Their masters, who included Terry, Bowie, Major Miles and a few others, happened to be discussing the situation in the office of Richard Ashe, a Texan, and an active member of "the chivalry." The three redoubtables burst in on this gathering, wild-eyed, scared, with the statement that a thousand Stranglers were at their heels.

"Better hide 'em," suggested Bowie.

But hot-headed Terry, seconded by equally hot-headed Ashe, would have none of this.

"By gad, let them try it!" cried the judge. "I've been aching for this chance!"

Therefore, when Hopkins, having left his small posse at the foot of the stairs, knocked and entered, he was faced by the muzzles of half a dozen pistols, and profanely told to get out of there. He was no fool, so he obeyed. If Terry had possessed the sense of a rooster, or a single quality of leadership, he would have seen that this was not the moment to precipitate a crisis. The forces of his own party were neither armed nor ready. But here, as in all other important actions of his career, he was governed by the haughty and headstrong passions of the moment—as when later he justified himself in attempting to shoot down an old and unarmed man.

Hopkins left his men at the foot of the stairs, borrowed a horse from Dr. Beverly Cole, who was passing, and galloped to headquarters. There he was instructed to return, to keep watch, that reënforcements would follow. He arrived at the building in which Ashe's office was located just in time to see Maloney, Terry, Ashe, McNabb, Bowie and Rowe, all armed with shotguns, just turning the far corner. He dismounted and called on his men to follow. The little posse dogged the judge's party for some distance. For some time no attention was paid to them, but as they pressed closer Terry, Ashe and Maloney whirled and presented their shotguns. The movement was probably intended only as a threat; but Hopkins, always bold to the point of rashness, made a sudden rush at Maloney. Judge Terry thrust his gun at the Vigilante officer, who seized it by the barrel. At the same instant Ashe pressed the muzzle of his weapon against one Bovee's breast, but hesitated to pull the trigger. It was getting to be unhealthy to shoot men in the open street.

Suddenly Terry Whipped Out a Knife and Plunged it Into Hopkins' Neck

"Are you a friend?" he faltered.

"Yes," replied Bovee, and by a rapid motion struck the barrel aside.

Another of the Vigilantes, named Barry, covered Rowe with a pistol. Rowe's "chivalry" oozed. He dropped his gun and fled toward the armory. The others struggled for possession of weapons, but nobody fired. Suddenly Terry whipped out a knife and plunged it into Hopkins' neck. Hopkins relaxed his hold on Terry's shotgun and staggered back. "I am stabbed! Take them, Vigilantes!"

He sank to the pavement. Terry and his friends dropped everything and ran toward the armory. Of the Vigilante posse only Bovee and Barry remained, but these two pursued the fleeing Law-and-Order men to the very doors of the armory itself. When the door was slammed in their faces they took up their stand outside, they two holding within several hundred men! At the end of ten minutes a pompous, portly man came up under full sail, cast a detached and haughty glance at the two quiet men lounging unwarrantedly in his path, and attempted to pass inside.

"You cannot enter here," said Bovee grimly as they barred his way.

The pompous man turned purple.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded

"I don't give a damn who you are," replied Bovee, still quietly.

"I am Major General Volney E. Howard!"

"You cannot enter here," repeated Bovee; and this time he said it in a tone of voice that sent the indignant major general scurrying away.

After a short interval another man dashed up, very much in a hurry. Mistaking Bovee and Barry for sentinels, he cried as he ran up:

"I am a lieutenant in Calhoun Bennett's company, and I have been sent here to ——"

"I am a member of the Committee of Vigilance," interrupted Barry, "and you cannot enter."

"What!" cried the officer in astonishment. "Have the Vigilance Committee possession of this building?"

"They have," was the reply of the dauntless two.

The lieutenant rolled up his eyes and darted away faster than he had come. A few moments later, doubtless to the vast relief of the outside garrison of the armory, within which five or six hundred men were held close by this magnificent bluff, the great Vigilante bell boomed out: One! Two! Three! rest; then One! Two! Three! rest; and repeat.

Immediately the streets were alive with men. Merchants left their customers, clerks their books, mechanics their tools. Draymen stripped their horses of harness, abandoned their wagons where they stood and rode away to their cavalry Clancey Dempster's office was only four blocks from headquarters. At the first stroke of the bell he leaped from his desk, ran down the stairs, jumped into his buggy. Yet he could drive only three of the four blocks, so dense already was the crowd. He abandoned his rig in the middle of the street and forced his way through afoot. Two days later he recovered his rig. In the building he found the companies, silently, without confusion, falling into line.

"All right!" he called encouragingly. "Keep cool. Take your time about it!"

"Ah, Mr. Dempster," they replied; "we've waited long! This is the clean sweep!"

James Olney was lying in bed with a badly sprained ankle when the alarm bell began to toll. He commandeered one boot from a fellow boarder with extremely large feet, and hobbled to the street. There he seized by force of arms the passing delivery wagon of a kerosene dealer, climbed to the seat and lashed the astonished horse to a run. San Francisco streets ran to chuck holes and ruts in those days, and the vehicle lurched and banged with a grand rattle and scatteration of tins and measures. The terrified driver at last mustered courage to protest.

"You are spilling my kerosene!" he wailed.

"Damn your kerosene, sir!" bellowed the general; then relenting: "I will pay you for your kerosene!"

Up to headquarters he sailed full tilt, and how he got through the crowd without committing manslaughter no one tells. There he was greeted by wild cheering, and was at once lifted bodily to the back of a white horse, the conspicuous color of which made it an excellent rallying point.

Within an incredibly brief space of time they were off for the armory, the military companies marching like veterans, the artillery rumbling over the rude pavements, the cavalry jogging along to cover the rear. A huge,

(Continued on Page 49)

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A Matter of Business

THE Allies had placed war orders in this country to the amount, probably, of a billion dollars before the subject of a loan was broached. Those war goods they had formally obligated themselves to take and pay for in the ensuing year and a half or so, without regard to a loan. There was little reason to doubt that they would take and pay for the goods, whether they got a loan or not. Without a loan, however, the payments would certainly so demoralize exchange that the Allies would buy nothing else here if they could avoid it. What a loan really involved, then, was whether our general exports to the Allies—our only possible big customers in Europe under present conditions—should continue freely or be heavily handicapped.

To anybody who took a merely pro-American view of the situation, therefore, the question was not whether we should make a loan, but how it should be secured. It was exactly the question that confronts a merchant whose capital is adequate for the transaction when he has a chance to sell a big bill of goods at satisfactory prices on time. If he feels secure he makes the sale, as a matter of course.

Those who threatened to boycott banks that participated in the loan were not neutral and not American. They were putting the interests of a foreign nation above the interests of the United States. It was a question of American finance and commerce. A bank which decides questions of that kind from the point of view of what is agreeable to Germany would be a queer institution to bid for American patronage.

The case illustrates again that in citizenship the hyphen is a sign that divides, not one that unites. A bank or any other business institution that shaped its policy in conformity with the prejudices of its militant pro-German patrons would certainly alienate not only its pro-Ally patrons, but those who were merely pro-American. The lovely result would be an entirely separate set of business institutions for militant pro-German citizens.

Would Conscription Pay?

OPPOSITION to conscription in England is by no means confined to labor unions. For example, The Economist and The Statist, leading financial journals, oppose it. They must reflect a large section of City opinion. One argument is: Why adopt Prussian militarism for the purpose of beating Prussian militarism? The volunteer system has furnished three million men, and evidently that is rather more than the War Office has been able to officer, drill and equip.

Though conscription may furnish the raw material for an army, it cannot furnish the trained officers and the equipment, which make the finished product. It is urged, too, that conscription completely eliminates the moral equation. There is virtue in a voluntary sacrifice but none in one made under compulsion. If a man has to fight for his country whether he wishes to or not, what merit is there in fighting?

The main argument, however, is that conscription, instead of unifying the country, would split it. It might get men to Flanders somewhat faster, but at the price of deep discord at home. Coercion still goes against the English grain. To be told that he has to fight, whether he wants to or not, sits rather sourly on the Briton's stomach. The sharp contrast to that thoroughly drilled, molded and regimented state which Prussia typifies is found in England.

One labor union coolly tying up the coal mines, on which the navy and all munition factories depend, until working conditions are adjusted to suit it, and other unions threatening a general strike if conscription is adopted, reveal a social condition quite at the other pole from the Prussian ideal. Whether this contrast will outlast the war is one of the big questions of the day.

Our Part of the Bill

THE second year of war, it seems, will cost about twice as much as the first. Every official statement that has been made since this war began shows higher daily cost than its predecessor; and this applies to all the belligerents. Figures for which a considerable degree of authority may be claimed show that direct money cost can hardly be less than seventy-five million dollars daily—or, say, roughly, at the rate of thirty billions a year. As yet, no belligerent gives any sign of exhaustion. Apparently they can keep it up for another year, or even two. Short of peace, nothing except diminution in the size of the armies by excess of casualties over recruiting seems likely to stop the uptrend of cost.

War figures have all been meaningless, in that nobody can resolve them into terms of ordinary experience. To say the belligerents are spending thirty billion dollars a year makes much the same sort of impression as to say they are spending fifteen, for both sums sound fabulous. There is nothing in previous experience with which either can be compared. Yet these long rows of numerals connote actual dollars. It is real, veritable wealth that is being expended, and it is inconceivable that the United States can finally avoid paying some share of the bill.

That we can continue a high pitch of prosperity in a world that is growing poorer at such a rate is not credible. Stocks may boom and the banks overflow with money now, but it is unlikely that any part of the world is getting permanently richer.

Government Ships

NOBODY, so far as we are aware, seriously denies that the United States gets much less navy for its money than other Powers. In fighting force our navy ranks fourth, or even fifth. In cost it ranks second. There are various explanations, such as higher pay to the labor employed, pork-barreled navy yards, and so on; but the large fact that we cannot compete on an even footing with other important nations in the matter of maintaining ships of war stands out undisputed.

We wonder, then, what show the United States would stand with a fleet of Government-owned merchant ships that were in competition all along the line with merchant ships of other Powers. If we can get only two-thirds as much warship for a dollar as other nations get, comparatively, how much merchant ship could we get for a dollar?

The question is quite pertinent, for the Government-ship proposal will probably bob up again this winter.

The High Cost of Preparedness

WE ARE told constantly about the potential cost of unpreparedness for war; but, in fact, the appalling cost of any really extensive preparedness for war will probably be a conclusive argument against it. Already our little army and deficient navy cost three hundred million dollars a year. That we can get a substantially greater fighting power, except at a proportionately greater outlay, is improbable. The plans of the most modest militarists would very likely increase Government expenditures anywhere from fifty to a hundred per cent. That any party in power will assume political responsibility for such an addition to Federal taxation, unless war actually threatens, is unlikely.

To be sure, by rigid economy and by such efficiency in spending that every dollar counted for all it was worth, we might have a larger army and stronger navy at hardly any greater cost; and our militarist friends tell us that is the way it will happen. But, after a century's experience of American government, who really believes the leopard is going to change his spots overnight?

The wastefulness with which Government money is spent makes extensive preparedness for war an almost unattainable luxury for the richest country in the world.

Political Styles

IF MARK HANNA were alive and vigorous we should rather expect him to be a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination—so considerably has the fashion in political thought changed during the last half dozen years. For a good while Mr. Hanna's name has served a useful rhetorical purpose by connoting politics that was more or less directly and consciously in the interest of Big Business. For some time we have enjoyed politics of a quite opposite kind, and apparently the distinguished Ohioan's brand does not look quite so bad as it used to.

We often hear it remarked, for example, that the chief objection to Elihu Root as a presidential candidate is his age. In view of other and supposedly more momentous objections hardly anybody would have thought of that one a few years ago. That business can influence politics harmfully is taken for granted. That politics can influence business harmfully is pretty well demonstrated too. The state of mind of the body of men who have the initiative in business is certainly a factor of some importance. One extreme is to consider their wanting a thing as a sufficient reason for granting it. Another extreme is to consider their wanting a thing as a sufficient reason for refusing it.

Having swung rather far in each direction the nation seems to be sort of hankering for a golden mean—hankering for it being a lot easier than getting it. The prevailing political style is tolerably conservative.

Superficial Education

HERE is a standard recipe for a joke: Take a body of high-school graduates and get them to write answers to twenty simple questions that are supposed to be matters of common knowledge. It has been tried numberless times, and never fails to yield ludicrous results. It is tolerably sure to work, also, with any fairly numerous body of college students. The argument that public-school education is superficial may be supported by plenty of evidence obtainable at will in any high school.

Yet it is education, and very important education too. The graduate may be excessively hazy about who surrendered at Yorktown, or where the Civil War began and ended, or whether John Paul Jones was a senator or an electrician, or what the capital of the District of Columbia is, or how to spell "sheep" or multiply two and a half by five and a quarter; but he has a better understanding of the world in which he lives and a better equipment to get further understanding than if he had gone into a shop at fourteen years of age.

A great many things have touched his mind, leaving some traces and imparting some stimulation. He has a better knowledge of where and how knowledge is to be had. His school life itself has been a social education far superior to any he could normally get in an office or factory.

To look only at the superficialities is practically to miss the whole case.

Realizing Poverty

IT IS an excellent thing now and then to look yourself in the eye and ask where you might have been if the scene had been set for you somewhat differently. You began, say, in a comfortable home, where you were properly nourished and protected. You went to school, where, though you did not learn a great deal, you at least had free and pleasant space in which to grow and play. You associated with a comfortably placed, uplooking sort of people; and when you struck out for yourself very likely some of them said a pleasant word for you that helped. You now drop a bank note in the charity box—or hear of somebody else doing it—with the thought that its recipients, though quite deserving, are chiefly unlucky in that they were not born with your capacity to get on in the world.

That, however, does not follow unless your capacity is extraordinary. For a man of ordinary capacity circumstances over which he had no control make a great difference. Start him in poverty and pinch him hard in youth and it will be odd if he flowers into a prospective donor. The beginning of real charity is the thought: "But for good luck, there go I."

The Police in Art

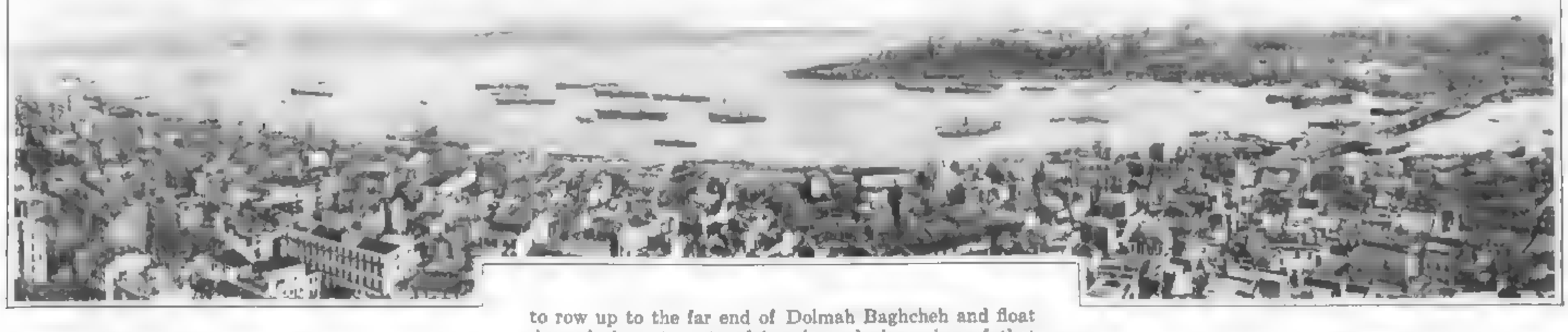
YOU are, of course, acquainted with the crook play and the crook story, for the type is well established in popular favor. Its criminals are rather nice chaps. Their ideas on the subject of private property may be somewhat wabbly and confused, but their hearts are right. The police are the villains—always brutal, and generally dishonest into the bargain.

The public's reaction to crook literature is really surprising. Tell any representative American audience that its burglars and pickpockets are less reprehensible persons and far less dangerous members of society than the officials who are paid to suppress burglary, and the audience will accept the statement quite as a matter of course, for it does not seem improbable in the light of what the audience knows about city police departments.

This is a rather amazing situation. To get something like a parallel to it, imagine telling a man that his doctor is poisoning him and the man's replying: "Oh, no doubt; he's always doing that. I wonder whether it's going to rain to-day."

War Notes on the Golden Horn

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN



MY GERMAN friend was born in Chicago and looked every inch the upstanding young American until he began to wear his hair in a stiff, bristly pompadour. He was a student at the University of Berlin when the war began and, as he says, has "been in the big game from the first bugle call." I have known him from the days of his gangling boyhood and, in common with everybody else who knows him, have always predicted for him a splendid future. He did not know what a hyphenated American was until I told him; but for all that, he is the finest specimen of them all, and, being just a studious scientist really, is a valuable asset to either country.

No boats are allowed to move on any of the waters round Constantinople after eight o'clock in the evening, because there are supposed to be British submarines almost anywhere. They are Constantinople's bugaboo. They have come up through the Dardanelles, have done all the damage possible in the Sea of Marmora, have even been seen in the Golden Horn, and are supposed to be trying to get into the Bosporus, where their real prey lies hidden. So, if a stray chip is seen floating anywhere on the surface of the guarded waters, one of the very numerous shore guns is pretty sure to blaze away at it; and so many sea gulls have been taken for periscopes in the half light of early evening that there are hardly any sea gulls left. Night before last, sometime between eight and nine o'clock, one of the guns up near Dolmah Baghcheh Palace took a shot at a moving speck out in the swift current of the Bosporus and wrecked a little hotel away over in Scutari.

German Sailors in Red Fezzes

YESTERDAY evening, about seven o'clock, my German friend and I were crossing the selfsame spot when, bang!—I nearly upset our narrow little caïque and the caïqueman dropped one of his oars overboard. And—bless my soul!—if there was not a shore gun trained on us to a hair's point and with smoke rolling away from its big, ugly muzzle! I was too startled to do anything but gaze at it, when again a flash of fire—boom!—and crackling reverberations from all the surrounding hills.

"What in the name of common sense are they firing at?" I exclaimed.

"If they were firing at anything," said Fritz, "you wouldn't be here to ask the question. They would have had you with the first shot. They are celebrating something in connection with Ramadan; and I don't mind saying that they had better be saving their powder."

It was all right; I was not in any danger, but I had all the sensations for a moment of being under fire. I wanted to row up to the far end of Dolmah Baghcheh and float down inshore to get a leisurely and close view of that mysterious and extraordinary harem palace of the Sultans, but the caïqueman, having recovered his oar and a small fraction of his natural calm, turned deliberately and began to row for dear life down toward Galata Bridge. The gun reminded him that he had just time to make his landing before a patrol boat could pick him up and take his little caïque away from him. He, too, had been about to run from the enemy.

"How would you like to go up the Golden Horn and take a look at the Turkish Navy?" said Fritz this afternoon.

"How would I like to make myself shellproof and go anywhere my fancy might suggest?" I replied.

"You forget my German uniform."

"I try to, my American friend," said I; but I can't get any quarrel out of him about that—he has developed a sort of forceful German suavity, a superior attitude, against which my sarcasm dashes itself in vain.

His German uniform, however, did let us through the private and guarded entrance to the landing above Galata Bridge, where the big merchantman, General Hamburg, lies—the General Hamburg being a sort of Home, Sweet Home—a club ship for the German sailors. She serves some serious purpose too; but what it is seems to be one of the thousand mysteries.

We made careful selection of a brilliant green caïque, with red decorations and yellow plush upholstery; then waved the caïqueman a general direction up through the ship-packed Golden Horn toward the Sweet Waters of Europe.

"Every fighting ship you see," said Fritz, "is what the Turks call 'very sick.' When they got the Barbarossa the other day they got the last of the Turkish Navy."

"And the Goeben and the Breslau?" I asked. "How about the Goeben and the Breslau?"

He laughed as a perfectly good German should.

"Oh, but the Goeben and the Breslau are very sick, too, you know."

"How do the German sailors like their red fezzes?" I asked. "I just can't get used to Germans in red fezzes."

"Neither can they," said he; "but they don't mind the fezzes so much as they do the Turkish flag flying over their ships. You can bet your dear life they'll never go down under it. If they ever get into action they'll wait until it begins to 'get thick,' as they say of the very last gasp; then they'll run up their own colors and go down under them."

The Golden Horn is full of interned merchant ships, while the broken remnants of the Turkish fleet lie up along the shore of Cassim Pasha, the one-time busy suburb where the docks and slips, the shipbuilding sheds and workshops are. These used to be in the hands of British engineers and mechanics, but when they went away they did not leave very much for their successors to work with; so all seems to be smokeless and still. Behind the grime and the grayness, stretched along the crest of the hill, are the fine, dignified, white-and-yellow buildings of the big Naval Hospital.

It is a curious sight one sees when passing in a little rowboat along the hulls of those great angular fighting ships. They all look so very sick! One lists over to starboard, another lists to port; there are big holes here and there, covered with awkward, temporary patches; there are twisted deck rails and battered funnels; and over all there is a silence grim beyond description.

Visiting Wounded Warships

LYING out in the stream opposite the dockyard there is the high gray hull of a Turkish transport or provision ship of some sort. Not even my German friend would tell me what she was carrying when she met the enemy; but there is not much doubt that she carried a frightful cargo when she limped to her present moorings. Above water she is literally torn to pieces, while down along her water line are a thousand small holes, stopped up with rags and pitch, with big wooden corks and all manner of curious patches. Her funnel is a sieve and her bridge a tangled mass of iron rails and kindling wood. She looks as though she had been battered by rifle fire at close range; but straight through her hull amidships there is one gigantic hole, with the ragged edges bent in on one side and out on the other, that could have been made by nothing but the biggest kind of shell.

Alongside this interesting wreck lies the large white yacht of the Khedive of Egypt. One wonders why it has not been put into commission as a hospital ship or transport; but there it lies, gathering barnacles and serving no useful purpose, so far as one can see, unless, perhaps, it be as a rendezvous for those who would whisper beyond the hearing of million-eared Constantinople. When the British chased the Goeben and the Breslau into the Dardanelles, thereby closing that channel to the world, the Khedive was on one of his cruises in these interesting waters and could not get his big yacht out.

The Sultan's yacht, much smaller than the Khedive's, but of more graceful and delicate lines, is tied up among the battered battleships on the Cassim Pasha shore. She does not look very sick, but she does look very lonesome

(Continued on Page 65.)

THE LADDER GAL

By Bozeman Bulger

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

YEABOUGH and Knott, Purveyors of Light Songs and Patter, finished their first encore at nine-fifty and walked through the exit to a faint sprinkling of applause—painfully faint.. There being scarcely enough noise for a bow, a second encore was impossible; in fact, they had forced the first one by tricking the curtain—running it up and down four or five times in rapid succession while the orchestra rattled off a few bars of Dixie. The next act was scheduled for nine-fifty-three; but, there being no possible way of using up the remaining three minutes, the bill had to go short. Yeabough and Knott retired, defeated. Audiences that had laughed at their stuff for six years were beginning to tire.

"Nothin' to it!" announced John Yeabough, plumping himself down on a trunk when they reached the dressing room. "Plain case of flop. We're dead and don't know it. Got to get new stuff—and get it quick."

This tall, handsome fellow, the "feeder" of the team, was distressed to the point of being peevish.

"Of course it never got into that thing you call your head that you might be to blame," remarked the red-haired, pudgy-faced partner—the comedian of the pair. It was just as easy for Preston Knott to be sarcastic as comical. He always gave the answers to the jokes and the absence of laughs had made him bitter. "The old stuff'd get by if you'd only feed it right," he added. "You're crabbing the act by not paying attention. You twirled that cane right in the middle of my best laugh and ruined it. You've been in the show business long enough to know better'n that."

"Cane?" sniffed the tall, serious-faced Yeabough. "Why, they would not have laughed at that old gag if I'd stood petrified when you pulled it! So that's your alibi, is it? Let me tell you something: When a guy's laughed at one gag for six years he's got enough. Spend some dough on new material and don't blame me. That's my notion."

"And you think you fed me that stuff all right, do you?"

"Been feeding it that way for six years. If you can't make 'em laugh with the answers, what do you expect me to do with the questions?"

"I knew it!" snorted Knott, pointing a finger to his head and whirling it round. "You're gone—that's all. You know as well as I do that the funniest man in the world couldn't get a big laugh out of a line unless it was fed to him right, or planted."

Theresa Tosca Was Such a Perfect Blonde That Nobody Believed It

"All right, then!" replied Yeabough, showing spirit. "Why not let me have some of the answers? I might make 'em laugh. Anyhow I couldn't fall no flatter'n you're falling."

"I thought that was coming. You pull the answers, eh? If you'd quit running round after that Ladder Gal you'd have more sense. What you need is for that gal to get off the bill, and then have a rehearsal."

"You mean to say," asked Yeabough indignantly, "that my being nice to Miss Tosca is interfering with our act? Is that your alibi for falling down?"

"It ain't no alibi; but that's exactly what I mean. Theresa Tosca, ladder equilibrist"—he gave the full title with a sarcastic drawl—"with that doll face, has got you going; and you are a plumb nut—that's all. You haven't got a brain in your head."

Yeabough stopped in the act of stripping off a pair of quick-change trousers and glared at his partner.

"I've a great mind to punch you in the jaw," he said. "Just because I picked her up that night when she fell, and sent for a doctor, you think I'm foolish in the head, eh? What'd you've done if you'd got there first?"

"I wouldn't have kept hanging round her for the four weeks we've been on the bill together, anyhow. Just 'cause you pick a gal up when she's hurt ain't no reason why you should be out buying her supper every night. And I suppose she's been telling you that you are the real meal ticket in this act and that I'm a bum. Oh, I know 'em!"

The discussion, growing more and more acrimonious, was happily interrupted by the announcement of a caller.

Carl Peebles, the booking agent, who had kept the team at work almost continuously for six years, had dropped in to talk over plans for the season just beginning. They sensed his disappointment before he spoke.

"Boys," said Carl, adjusting his glasses in a way that always meant he was about to say something serious, "the act as it stands won't do. You've got to get some new stuff. The gags are passé."

Yeabough looked at his squatty partner triumphantly.

"Who the devil can we get to write it?" Knott demanded to know. "In the last two months I've thrown away a trunkful of scripts sent in by guys who think they're funny, and there ain't a smile in the lot."

"Remember, just the same," nagged Yeabough, "I told you we needed it."

"Well, you've got three more days here," said Peebles, fingering some contracts he had taken from an inside pocket, "and I guess you can finish out the week on your reputation; but my advice is for you to cancel the next two weeks and fix up something new.

"If we don't cancel now, and do it voluntarily, some of these house managers are liable to beat us to it."

"That's my notion," agreed Yeabough.

He also knew that Theresa Tosca had no time booked for the following week and would be laying off in New York; in fact, she was then preparing to do the same thing with her ladder act that Peebles had suggested for Yeabough and Knott, Purveyors of Light Songs and Patter.

Miss Tosca, at one of their midnight suppers, had also suggested to Yeabough that he insist on taking some of the laughs and let Knott do a little of the feeding.

"You'd be a great comedian if you only had the chance," she had told him; and Yeabough believed it. "Can you imagine," she laughed airily, "what would become of Preston Knott if you didn't plant his laughs for him?"

Yeabough was thinking of this now. He stopped Peebles, who was about to leave.

"Say, Carl, what do you think of me taking a few of the laughs and let Knott do some of the feeding—just for variety?" he asked.

"Yes; and suppose you tell him something about that Ladder Gal," suggested Knott, anxious to resume the family quarrel.

"Anything," said Carl, purposely ignoring Knott's remark, "anything for a change. I'm not going to tell you how to run your act, though. Now listen," he added, his hand on the doorknob. "You boys get together and decide what you are going to do and then come round to my office Monday. We'll cancel next week."

The truth of it was, the act had already been canceled in the main booking office, but to have given that information to Yeabough and Knott would only have added to their humiliation. Carl Peebles was a successful vaudeville agent because he was a diplomat.

For the next two days John Yeabough and Preston Knott rarely spoke to each other offstage. They dressed in silence after each performance, Yeabough hurrying away at night to join Miss Tosca. Her act had an early position on the bill and she was always ready by the time he got dressed. Knott knew of these suppers, but said nothing. He had heard the gossip going the rounds of the dressing rooms that Yeabough and Tosca were too much in each other's company not to mean it. Pamphelia Ebbetts, who played grandmother parts and who also grandmothered most of the domestic gossip of the stage, had even decided

Presently Yeabough Appeared at the Window

that they were engaged; and that was enough to make it positive.

Theresa Tosca—her real name being Mollie Flynn—was a tiny woman of perfect figure and a baby face. She had big blue eyes and golden hair—no, it wasn't golden; more like flax. At any rate she was such a perfect blonde that nobody believed it. Yeabough had many heated arguments trying to convince his friends that her hair was real, which only added to their belief in the seriousness of his love affair.

Tosca did a very novel turn known as The Ladder Act. Since childhood she had been on the stage and for many years worked with a family of acrobats and equilibrists. With a ladder this young woman could do things seemingly impossible. Her concluding feat was to move the ladder—a plain, straight one—to the center of the stage, so as to convince the audience that it was unsupported, and then, after balancing it in an upright position, climb to the top rung and back again. It was a daring trick, but the girl had almost perfect control of her muscles and had never slipped but once. That was the night that John Yeabough had picked her up, the night of the beginning of his troubles with Preston Knott and the gradual decline of their act.

At the age of sixteen Theresa Tosca had discovered herself to be the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, and that ended her stay with the troupe of acrobats. Showmanship being born in her, Theresa was quick to see the chance of a stage novelty. She would do her balancing act alone; and, to lend novelty, she would sing as she climbed. Her climax was a soprano solo as she stood on the top rung of the balanced ladder, swaying dangerously.

Notwithstanding her dainty beauty, which she thoroughly appreciated, Tosca's life had been a rather lonesome one. She had been taught to fear admirers, and this training had stuck to her until the athletic-looking John Yeabough picked her up and cared for her tenderly that night when she fell.

After that, as old Mrs. Ebbetts, the character woman, said: "All you had to do was to look in her eyes and know that she was crazy about that big comedian."

The treasurer of the old Aldine Theater came round Sunday night, handed the pay envelope to Preston Knott, gave the team a perfunctory "Good night!" and hurried along the line of dressing rooms. It was the first time a house man had done this without a comment of some kind as to the merits or demerits of the act; but Yeabough and Knott understood.

Slowly counting out the money, Knott arranged the bills in two piles and handed one to Yeabough. Not a word had been spoken. Absent-mindedly the feeder

spread the money out in his hands, fanlike, as if to count it; and he did it again and again. Plainly his mind was elsewhere.

Knott, busily engaged in removing his make-up, watched his partner in the mirror. Their eyes finally met and the look was not a friendly one.

"Well," said Knott, poising a lump of cold cream on his finger tips, "what's the answer? Do you stick with me or the skirt?"

The feeder's face flushed. The shot had taken him by surprise.

"You think you can get along just as well without me, eh?" he retorted.

"I got along before I saw you and I ain't going to starve, I reckon."

"Yes; and I guess I can get a comedian as well as you can get a feeder," suggested Yeabough. "Without new stuff I'd be a bum anyhow; but you, of course," he added sarcastically—"of course you could make a hit as a single and don't need a partner!"

"Never mind about me!" said Knott, his voice rising. "What I asked you was: Are you going to shake that Ladder Gal or are you going to stick with the team? It's one or the other. Come on; let's have it."

"Well, if it's that way, you big ham," snapped Yeabough, at last worked up to the fighting point, "you can take the old act and go to the devil! I'm with the girl. And listen: If ever I hear you calling her 'That skirt' or 'That Ladder Gal' again I'll punch you in the nose. Do you get that? Hereafter she is to be known to you as Miss Tosca—or—or, maybe, Mrs. John Yeabough!"

Monday morning found Carl Peebles with a good comedy team marked off his list. The news spread quickly through the booking offices that Yeabough and Knott had split. Later rumors had it that Knott was going to do a single. They all shook their heads sorrowfully at the prospects of Yeabough.

Knowing the advantage of having Carl Peebles for an agent, Knott had gone to him immediately and within a day or two was getting his material ready for a single song and monologue act.

Yeabough did not come in until the end of the week. When he did see Peebles, however, his enthusiasm was bubbling. Very wisely the agent did not tell the former feeder that he was also handling the affairs of Preston Knott.

"Sounds all right," Peebles said to Yeabough as the feeder outlined his plans; "but the only question in my mind is whether you and the girl can make as much money working together as you could doing separate turns."

"Get us a tryout over in Jersey somewhere," Yeabough requested, "and we'll show you something. That's the smartest girl I ever saw! She'll think up something. You can count on us, Carl."

Peebles smiled at the younger man's assurance. He had seen much of this enthusiasm in his time.

"Go to it, John," he said. "I'll see that you get a chance to make good. I presume we are to hear of a stage wedding soon, eh?"

Yeabough looked round the office cautiously and whispered something to the agent.

"A little rapid," said Peebles, shaking the younger man by the hand; "but don't fear. I'll keep the secret. At that, I think you are right in letting the public think you are still single—and in love—rather than go on as Mr. and Mrs."

That night Mr. and Mrs. Yeabough, or rather, John Yeabough, comedian, and Mademoiselle Theresa Tosca, equilibrist, occupied box seats at the Metropolitan Opera House. Moreover, they occupied seats that were paid for—a bridal present from the groom. Both were fond of good music and John Yeabough could think of no more princely way of entertaining the former Miss Tosca. She regarded it in exactly the same way.

The opera was Il Trovatore, the favorite of both. It was during the prison-tower scene that Yeabough noticed his bride grow unusually interested. As the tenor, in the prison, and the soprano, outside, began the famous duet of "Ah, I have sighed to rest me!" John observed Tosca gazing at the ceiling, as if in profound thought.

"I've got it! I've got it!" she exclaimed as Yeabough was about to join in the applause at the finish of the duet.

"Now we can make that Preston Knott look sick! You haven't got a brain in your head, eh? Just wait!"

The former feeder looked at the little woman amazed.

"I've got it, John. And it'll be a knock-out!"

"Got what?" he finally had sense enough to ask.

"The idea for our act. I've also got the music. We can start rehearsing to-morrow. As soon as we leave here to-night you go and find out whether you can get Lyric Hall for two or three hours. One of the back rooms will do; but be sure there is a piano."

"Wait a minute!" demanded Yeabough. "I'm a little new at this married business, but would you mind telling me what you are talking about? I don't get you."

"All right, Mister Husband. Listen! You and I are going to put on a novelty act and it's going to be called The Tower and the Ladder. And it's going to be a hit. Do you understand that?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Well, now listen some more. We'll have a setting like this prison scene in Il Trovatore. First, we'll come out and pull a little patter. You can give the answers too."

"Where'll we get the material?"

"Use some of the stuff that you've been using with Knott. You've got just as much right to it as he has."

"That's right too," he said, looking at her with admiration and surprised that he had not thought of it before. "It's a cinch he'll try to use some of it and we can beat him to it."

"Exactly," agreed Theresa. "By the way, I know you are a tenor; but did you every try any serious singing—highbrow stuff?"

"Not much," he admitted; "but I can put over that tenor song that we've just heard. Not as good as Caruso there, but ——"

"No; not exactly," she interrupted with mock seriousness.

For a moment he couldn't tell whether she meant it or not. They both laughed and Yeabough showed genuine surprise at Tosca having a sense of humor.

"But," he added, smiling sheepishly, "I can do it good enough for vaudeville—at least good enough to go with your soprano."

"All right!" said Theresa. "Leave the rest to me."

Yeabough left the opera house that night ready to carry out all Tosca's orders and with the surprising discovery that there could be pleasure in being bossed.

Preston Knott was far from having his monologue and song act whipped into shape when it began to be whispered round the booking offices, and among the idle actors on the curb out front, that John Yeabough and Theresa Tosca were about to put on a novelty. They had been rehearsing for a week, he learned by cautious inquiries, and would have a tryout at Union Hill the following Monday afternoon.

"Maybe," the comedian thought, "there really is a brain somewhere in that couple!" Still, it was impossible for him to believe that the Ladder Gal, as he always referred to her, had any sense; and if John Yeabough had an idea it would be interesting to know where he got it. Just the same, Preston Knott had a feeling that the couple had "put one over on him." He would not be ready for another week.

"I am using some of the laughs we had in the old act," Knott confided to a friend, "and I don't think Yeabough will have sense enough to know that he has the same right."

Nevertheless, Preston Knott made up his mind to witness that tryout performance and be sure. His dislike for Yeabough had grown to such a stage that he was telling stage people about all the little underhand things his former partner had done—things that he had kept secret all these years. Theresa Tosca he regarded as an out-and-out enemy.

Tryouts are usually held in some out-of-the-way theater—far from the prying eyes of Broadway—for several reasons. It offers an opportunity to polish off and fix up an act, and at the same time prevent news of it getting into the papers in case of failure. That is why Tosca and Yeabough, through the manipulation of Carl Peebles, got an opening over in Union Hill, New Jersey.

It did not escape Preston Knott, however, and he was on hand before the overture, with a ticket calling for a seat in the back of the house. In addition to a desire for secrecy Knott had enough of inborn stage courtesy, despite his enmity, not to sit where his presence would upset the performers, who would know that he was not there to wish them well.

The names of Tosca and Yeabough did not appear on the billing or the program. The turn was advertised merely as The Tower and the Ladder. Later, to make it more artistic, Tosca had it billed: La Tour et l'Echelle. In vaudeville that title was regarded as having considerable class.

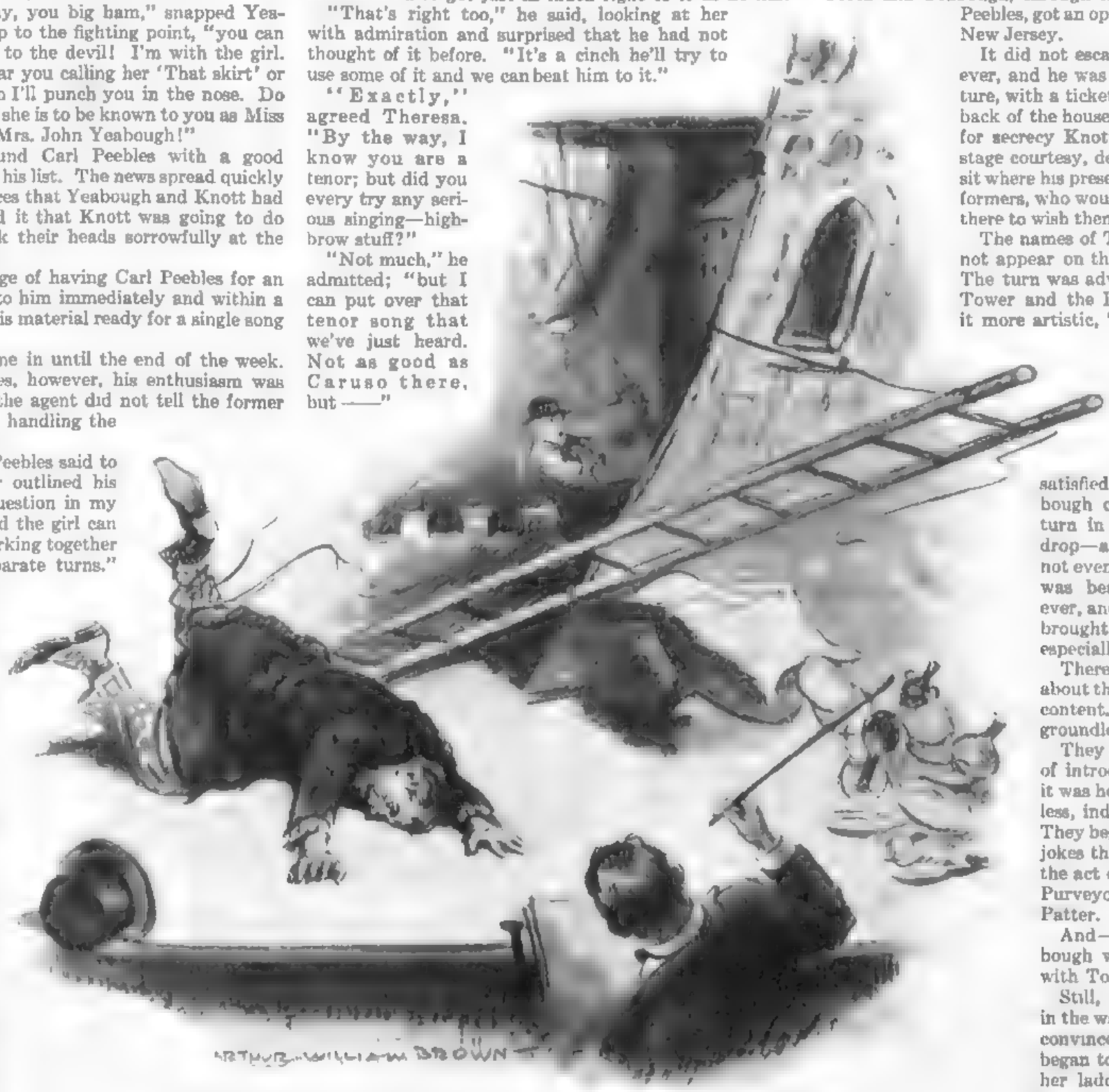
After intermission the curtain slowly rose and Knott was rather satisfied to see Tosca and Yeabough come on and start their turn in front of a plain house drop—a street scene. Theresa did not even have her ladder. Tosca was beautifully gowned, however, and her natural comeliness brought a murmur of delight—especially from the women.

There was nothing new or novel about this and Knott leaned back content. His fears had been groundless.

They sang a little song by way of introduction and then—well, it was here that Knott grew restless, indignant, and then angry. They began using some of the old jokes that had been favorites in the act of Yeabough and Knott, Purveyors of Light Songs and Patter.

And—the worst of it—Yeabough was giving the answers, with Tosca acting as feeder!

Still, there was nothing here in the way of a knock-out, Knott convinced himself. But why, he began to worry, didn't Tosca do her ladder trick? What could they mean by the title of The Tower and the Ladder?



The Whole Thing Came Down With a Crash, the Audience Howling With Delight

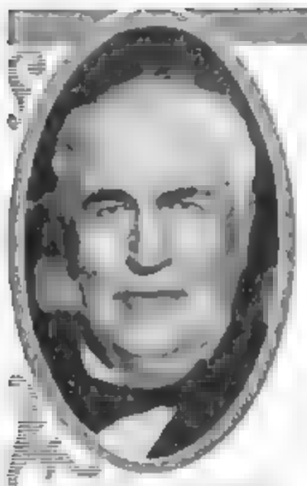
Presently he knew. Yeabough gave a cue line about how to do a balancing trick and Knott pricked up his ears. Stage experience had taught him that a cue like that meant something.

"I'll show you," cried Tosca as they danced through the exit. Suddenly the stage was darkened.

There was a quick shift and as the drop curtain rose the audience gazed on a beautiful setting of the prison-tower scene from Il Trovatore. As the lights gradually brightened Tosca tripped on, dragging her famous ladder. She went through her entire repertoire as an equilibrist to the delight of the audience, which had been surprised by the sudden shift.

But where was Yeabough?

Preston Knott had noticed an unusually large window near the top of the old tower, fully fifteen feet from the stage level. To his theatrical mind this meant something; and, forgetting his enmity, he gradually grew interested in seeing what would happen. The intended suspense was



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By his wonderful genius, Thos. A. Edison brought to the world of men the aid of ELECTRICITY—the greatest wonder-worker of our age.

Edw. L. Frantz carried forward the work into the *woman's* world by perfecting those marvelous household devices that make of electricity a *staff of servants*—removing all the needless labor from house-cleaning and clothes-washing.

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The device that has relieved them from drudgery, added to their hours of leisure, and *kept them young.*

Now, Edw. L. Frantz announces the Frantz Portable Electric Washer, which attaches instantly to *any* tub—stationary or movable. Like his wonderful cleaner, it will be sold at a price that will put it within the reach of every household.

More than this—it will save the clothes, for it takes out all the dirt without any wear on the fabric—will save labor—will give better results every way, while positively *paying for itself* in the money it will actually save.

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unconsciously gripping him as well as the more unsophisticated laymen.

As Tosca reached the climax of her act, where she balanced the ladder in an upright position and climbed it, a rung at a time, Knott was all attention. Instead of beginning her song when she reached the top Tosca did the unusually daring stunt of making the ladder walk beneath her. By swaying backward and forward she would make one leg of the ladder lift from the floor. In this way she gradually worked it toward the tower, the audience watching with breathless interest. A few of the more nervous women covered their eyes, as they always do during balancing acts, for fear she would fall.

When within ten feet of the tower the orchestra began the impressive notes of the Miserere. Having timed it perfectly, Tosca was within reaching distance of the upper tower window, still balanced perilously on top of the ladder, just as the cue note sounded. Then from the tower there came the familiar tenor of Yeabough.

In response Tosca pealed the soprano part of the duet, the imprisoned tenor's voice blending into hers beautifully. The effect was wonderful! Even Preston Knott had to admit that.

Presently Yeabough appeared at the window; and then, to improve for vaudeville purposes on Verdi's famous scene, Tosca slowly descended the ladder, balancing it all the time, as Yeabough, from the tower window, stepped on the top rung. He was plainly nervous over attempting such a feat and occasionally his voice faltered; but Tosca did not slip. Nearing the bottom, she threw her whole weight outward, so as to brace the swaying ladder, and Yeabough came down, trembling but exultant: He leaped to the floor at the finish, embracing Tosca as they sang the concluding notes.

In vaudeville language, the act was no less than a riot! As Preston Knott admitted to some friends that night, they could have taken a dozen encores without having to work the curtain once.

Word of the success quickly sped to the booking offices and at the next performance every big variety house in the East was represented by agents, with authority to arrange booking. Tosca and Yeabough could get all the "time" they wanted.

Carl Peebles began securing work for his two acts. Preston Knott had been given a tryout; and, though his act was not a riot, it was good enough to get by. A booking agent, with hundreds of attractions to look after, is a busy man at times, and it should not be considered extraordinary that Carl's office booked Tosca and Yeabough in La Tour et l'Echelle at a big New York theater, with Preston Knott, in a monologue and singing specialty, on the same bill.

It was, just the same, dismaying news to Preston Knott. It was certain, he realized, that an act like that of Tosca and Yeabough would go on ahead of his monologue, and that meant they would use all the jokes he had figured on. In other words, he would not have a chance. Neither would he have a legitimate protest, because Yeabough had the same right to the stuff that he had.

The problem that now confronted Knott kept him awake at nights. In the midst of his dreams he would see that ladder—that wonderful balancing and singing stunt. He would wake to realize how futile would be his own effort to get laughter or applause after Tosca and Yeabough had taken the edge off his jokes—time-honored ones that had always been dependable.

Then he saw the light. It came to the comedian early one morning and Knott could not wait for Peebles to get to his office. He called the agent up at his home.

"I've got it, Carl," he announced to the sleepy Peebles over the phone. "All I ask is that you be sure and see the house manager for me. Make it certain that I follow the Ladder Gal and Yeabough. Get me?"

"Sure, I do—if you are not crazy!" Peebles replied.

"Don't you worry about me!" phoned Knott. "I'm going to do a burlesque. I'll get as much stuff out of that ladder business as they do. Watch me!"

Preston Knott possessed an unusually keen sense of the ridiculous and this had served him well. He had decided to throw away his whole monologue act and make up a new one for the opening week. It was a plain case of gamble. He would be a tremendous hit and get even with his former partner, or he would fall flat; there could be no halfway ground. Preston Knott would do a ladder trick—a burlesque. He would have a trick ladder—one attached to small wires overhead. These wires would hold the ladder in any position he placed it, and he would imitate Tosca by climbing the rungs and singing his comic songs—a take-off on the tower scene. According to his plans, he would slip from the ladder occasionally; and the audience, seeing it remain stationary, would appreciate the burlesque. The ridiculous part of his stunt would be lost, the comedian figured, unless the audience knew that his ladder was a fake one.

Carl Peebles, to the surprise of Knott, took to the new idea with enthusiasm.

"I'll show 'em two new acts this time," he confided to his stenographer; "and they'll not be after me for new stuff for several months. Something tells me this is going to be good."

There was something mysterious in the agent's chuckle that the stenographer couldn't quite make out; but the whole office was expectant.

"I don't know what I'll do for a second week if that Ladder Gal is switched to another bill," Knott observed to the property man who had helped him construct the trick ladder; "but I'll have one whale of a time next Monday at the Paladin! . . . It's funny, too, that I didn't think to speak to Peebles about that second week."

The Monday crowd at the Paladin is always a large one. It is also a wise one. Booking agents, representing houses in all parts of the country, are there to see what new stuff is offered and to arrange their future bills accordingly. Actors, laying off, crowd the back of the house and seats are laid aside for every critic in town. Old jokes, stage-worn songs and trite situations in sketches are usually fatal to those who dare to use them. Every trick of the stage is known by its middle name to this blasé audience; and if the first act comes off and reports "a hard crowd out there," a small panic of anxiety spreads through the dressing rooms.

The standing of Carl Peebles among the house managers had made it possible for him to get Preston placed on the bill immediately following Tosca and Yeabough in La Tour et l'Echelle. This was no guaranty, however, that it would remain there for the rest of the week. Both acts had to make good in their respective positions.

Tosca and Yeabough felt reasonably sure of their turn, but curiosity as to what Knott would do had made them apprehensive. Jealousy had forced them to a point where the showing of the former partner was of more immediate importance than their own financial success. Not an inkling could they get as to the nature of his act, for the simple reason that no one else on the bill knew. Under strict orders from the house manager the property man had concealed Knott's trick ladder from prying eyes backstage. If one performer knew, all would know. The manager had not been in the vaudeville business twenty years for nothing.

La Tour et l'Echelle was scheduled to go on at four o'clock, one act after intermission. By that time the house was packed. The Broadway jury was ready.

An approving nod greeted Tosca's dazzling gown, but she needed more than that to be convincing. The song-and-patter opening was far from a riot, but the sophisticated audience, anticipating something more novel, waited patiently. The darkening of the house was a cue for the general dropping of programs. From that moment the act went with a rush. The scene from Il Trovatore, beautifully set, got a big hand. Tosca and her preliminary ladder-work got more. The tower duet with its surprising and perilous finish, was a decided hit, the old-timers marveling at Yeabough's nerve in taking a chance on the swaying ladder.

The jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendant. There could be no question as to the success of La Tour et l'Echelle. Carl Peebles moved round among the booking representatives, beaming.

The card announcing Preston Knott was hung out, following the last bow of the happy team. They had taken eleven. With the rest of the performers, Yeabough and Tosca waited in the wings to "catch" the Knott act.

Instead of the usual song and knockabout dance, Preston Knott began his turn with a mock-serious oration decrying the fall of art. He explained that it had become necessary for every actor to be an acrobat

or lose standing in his profession. Still, he admitted, it required great nerve. Then, to prove that he had not lost his voice, the comedian rattled off a foolish song, which he called the Ladder of Success

"This way, my man!" he called to a stage hand; and the boy, dressed in the livery of an animal-act attendant, came forth with the trick ladder. The end with the wires attached he kept concealed behind the overhead border.

Knowing Knott's natural clumsiness and picturing his chubby form, topped by a thatch of red hair, swaying on a ladder, the wise ones smiled in anticipation. A good laugh was in prospect for everybody but Tosca and Yeabough. Actors, even, flinch at ridicule. Already they knew what was coming

"Now," explained Mr. Knott, "I will demonstrate, to the perfect satisfaction of you, Mister and Missus Audience, just what a man can learn in a week if he will only keep his mind on his work."

Ordering the attendant away, the comedian grasped the ladder firmly, after rolling up his sleeves to show that nothing was concealed there, perfectly imitating a sleight-of-hand performer who had appeared earlier.

Having everything set, Knott in a single bound reached the second rung of the ladder, which swayed violently—so much so that the audience saw through the fake. During the chuckle that followed Knott began a parody on the Tower Song, gradually ascending the ladder with extravagant caution. At the halfway point something happened. The frightened expression on Knott's face was too perfect to be assumed. One of the wires had snapped, and the other, under the whole weight now, parted with a sharp twang. Down came the ladder, Knott and all, the trailing wires swishing about his fat legs. He hit the center of the stage with a thump; but the audience, thinking it part of the act, enjoyed a hearty laugh at what was thought to be buffoonery.

Knott attempted to rise, but in doing so his shoulders caught between the rungs and again he fell. One of the trailing wires twisted round his ankle and the ladder swung round as though on a pivot. The end struck a table littered with prop dishes, vases and a decanter. The whole thing came down with a crash, the audience howling with delight.

By this time Knott's stage mind had sensed the comedy that he was doing unconsciously, and, despite his bruises, he was quick to take advantage of it. Again he made a lunge with the ladder. The forward end, this time, struck the tower that had been used in the Tosca and Yeabough act and toppled it over, the bracing having been removed by sceneshifters who had begun to "strike" the set. The toppling of the scenery exposed the work going on behind, which was always good for a laugh. The force of the rebound set Knott down with a jolt; and the other end of the ladder, taking a backward sweep, sideswiped the orchestra leader, knocking him out of the pit and temporarily disabling the violin he had been holding aloft.

The audience were in a riot of laughter. Not one of them had sensed the fact that it was all accidental and had no part in the performance. Even when Knott rose, his nose bleeding profusely, they did not believe it anything other than a stage trick.

Finally, after sweeping everything off the stage with his wild lunges, now intentional, Knott and his ladder fell to the floor in a heap. With a wild cry for help and an aside order through the wings, two stage hands came out and dragged him off.

No act ever got a bigger reception at the Paladin. Tosca and Yeabough were too dazed to offer comment. They looked at each other, speechless.

Again and again the audience pleaded for an encore, but in vain. They would have to wait for the next performance. In taking his last bow Knott caught a murderous look in the eye of the German orchestra leader, and this troubled him not a little. Could there be a second performance? The comedian had grave doubts.

The dramatic columns next morning gave two-thirds of the space to the week's bill and the sensational opening at the Paladin. The other acts got but brief mention.

Knott and Yeabough and Tosca had enough press stuff to last an ordinary act a month; but what could they do with it? The problem was made apparent in the first paper secured. It proved to be the tone adopted in all the others. The headline ran:

YEABOUGH AND KNOTT SPRING BIG SURPRISE!

WITH THE AID OF THERESA TOSCA, EQUILIBRIST, FAMOUS COMEDY FAIR PULL BIG SURPRISE

FOOL PUBLIC BY PRETENDING TO HAVE HAD FALLING OUT

Nothing could make the critics believe that Yeabough and Knott had not deliberately planned the two acts so as to give the stage a much-needed novelty.

Early in the morning Carl Peebles had sent out peremptory orders for Knott, Yeabough and Tosca to report at his office on a matter of grave importance. None of them knew the others had been sent for.

Yeabough and Tosca were first to arrive and were quickly escorted into the private office, where Peebles bade them wait. Presently Knott came in, still nursing his bruises but radiant with success.

"Mr. Peebles wants to see you immediately in his office," the stenographer informed the comedian, and he pushed open the swinging door—only to stop in his tracks and glare! Facing him were Tosca and Yeabough, equally surprised. Carl Peebles sat at his desk, smiling. The clippings lay before him.

"Folks," he began, and then, turning to Knott "sit down, Preston. Folks," he resumed, "I've got to hand it to you. I didn't know you were so clever. How did you figure ——"

"It was not figured at all. Why, we ——" Tosca started to interrupt, but was herself interrupted.

"You are about to tell me that this soreness is on the level?" Peebles went on. "Knott, you know that's all bunk—now own up!"

"I know if that pig-headed guy ——"

"Never mind about acting now," the agent cautioned. "We've got press notices here that are worth a lot of money. You've put one over on the town, and don't tell me you haven't got sense enough to take advantage of it!"

Slowly they saw the light—were feeling the effect of the Peebles blarney. A week previously they had told him what each thought of the other; but that was forgotten.

"Well, now, Pres, if you had ——" Yeabough had addressed his former partner by his nickname, and that was the opening wedge for peace.

"You mean," said Peebles, "if you had been given time you would have tipped me off to what you fellows had in mind?"

"Of course," agreed Knott. "If "

"Oh, never mind about explaining," went on Peebles. "I don't feel hurt at you for keeping me out of the secret. Listen! By booking these two acts together I can get twenty weeks at one crack; and there's an additional chance of taking twenty-five weeks on the Orpheum—and most of it through the summer months, when otherwise you would be idle. These press notices are worth a lot of money to you. Now quit your kidding and act regular round me!"

"What's the price for the two acts?" inquired Knott.

"Twice as much as you all three can get working single."

"Looks pretty good, doesn't it?" Yeabough said to his former partner.

"Bet your life it does!" agreed Knott. "So big that I can't believe it till they put the contracts right in my hand."

"All right!" announced Peebles. "There they are. Just sign your names on the dotted lines and you're on."

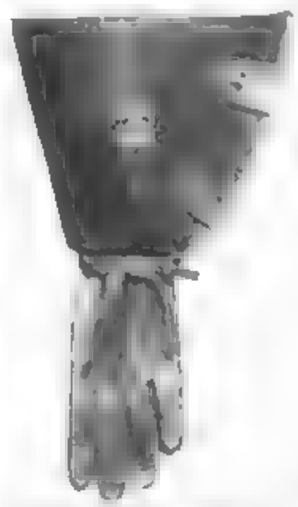
"It's all right so far as they are concerned," demurred Tosca, speaking a whole sentence for the first time; "but, Mr. Peebles, Mr. Knott has talked about me something scandalous—and I don't think he likes me."

"I never said a word in my life," insisted Knott—"except that if you was going to lead that Yeabough round without marrying him he was crazy—that's all!"

A hurried interruption by Carl Peebles and Preston Knott announced a dinner in honor of the bridal couple that night. The fight was over.

Tosca, Yeabough and Knott made a clean-up that season, the two acts on the same bill drawing thousands of dollars into the box offices; but, every rose having its thorn, five hundred dollars had to be expended during the first two months in pacifying orchestra leaders who had gone on strike.

Here are four of the 900 Grinnell styles.



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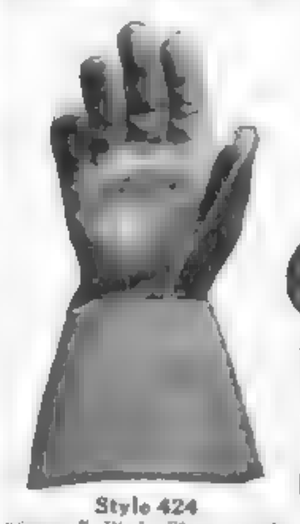

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October 21st to 30th

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CONVERTIBLES

What a Man Buys When He Promises Not to Speculate

By ROGER W. BABSON

I WAS brought up by a good, shrewd Yankee father to believe that there is no such thing as playing a game in such a way that "heads I'll win and tails you'll lose." A study of convertible bonds, however, leads me to believe that they have at times the earmarks of such an El Dorado.

To-day uncertainty rules the investment markets everywhere. One hard-headed man will tell us that everything will sell lower and that before the war is over the stock exchanges will again be closed. Another equally able man is very optimistic and insists that we are on the verge of great prosperity. Now if you knew just which man to follow you would know whether to buy stocks or bonds. For instance, if conditions are to become much worse and mills are to shut down, then you should not buy stocks that, under such circumstances, would pass their dividends. Instead, you should buy good and regular bonds.

On the other hand, if the optimist is right money will be in great demand, interest rates will be high and bonds will decline; while stocks, owing to increased dividends, will shoot upward. In other words, everything depends on fundamental conditions—or on how the cat jumps. If the cat jumps backward you should buy bonds; but if he is to jump forward, then you should buy standard stocks.

What is the man to do who will not study fundamental conditions? Shall he buy half standard stocks and half regular bonds, or shall he wrap his talent in a napkin and bury it in the ground? My advice is that he should do neither. If you have no clear idea—based on evidence—as to whether we are entering a period of depression or are about to get out of one, then buy some good "convertibles."

In well-selected convertibles the impossible has been attained—oil and water have been mixed; you can eat your cake and have it too. You can get safety, yield, stability and a good market with an excellent chance for appreciation. You can get a fair amount of all these virtues, though with a great amount of none of them. In no class of securities other than good convertibles can all these investment attributes so often be found. Three of them are usually present, but not the five.

A Tight-Money Device

Not until this century have convertibles taken a very important part in financing. The convertible bond was essentially a tight-money device and became popular in 1906 and 1907. Big corporations, finding it difficult to borrow on a straight bond, added the privilege of conversion into stock as an inducement.

The large number of industrial corporations organized, beginning with 1898, with their capitalization running into hundreds of millions, together with enormous bond issues by railroads, had caused the supply of securities offered to be in excess of the investment demand. This condition forced corporations to make their bond issues as attractive as possible. They decided to make use of the spirit of speculation prevailing at that time. The convertible privilege was attached to the Pennsylvania and Union Pacific issues in 1905 and 1907, and helped considerably toward their successful sale.

Convertibles belong to the sounder class of speculative investments. Their price is a result of two elements—representing, first, the value of the bond as a straight bond, and, second, the conversion feature, which represents the value of the privilege of changing from a creditor into a partner.

The ratio of convertibility varies. Union Pacific fours, 1927, are convertible at 175 into common stock, or approximately five shares and two-thirds for every thousand-dollar bond. The most common conversion rate is at par. Atchison fours, 1960, for example, are convertible at par into common stock, ten shares of stock for each thousand-dollar bond. It is apparent from the prices at which these two stocks are selling that the conversion privilege of the Union Pacific bonds is worth considerably less than that of the Atchison. This is the reason for the difference in the selling prices of the two bonds, though each pays four per cent.

From the investor's viewpoint convertible bonds are, as a class, an attractive form of security. They bear a fixed rate of interest, like any other bond, but may, at the holder's option, be exchanged for stock, which permits the holder to share in the profits of the company. This exchange is made under conditions as to price, date, and so on, which are stated in the bond. Consequently the holder of a good convertible bond has a double advantage. Whatever happens to business, he is theoretically sure of the fixed interest on his bond; and if the bond gives a better return than the market rate of interest it is likely to rise on account thereof. If, however, business improves and interest rates rise, the price of the stock into which his bond is convertible should also rise and the price of his bond should increase.

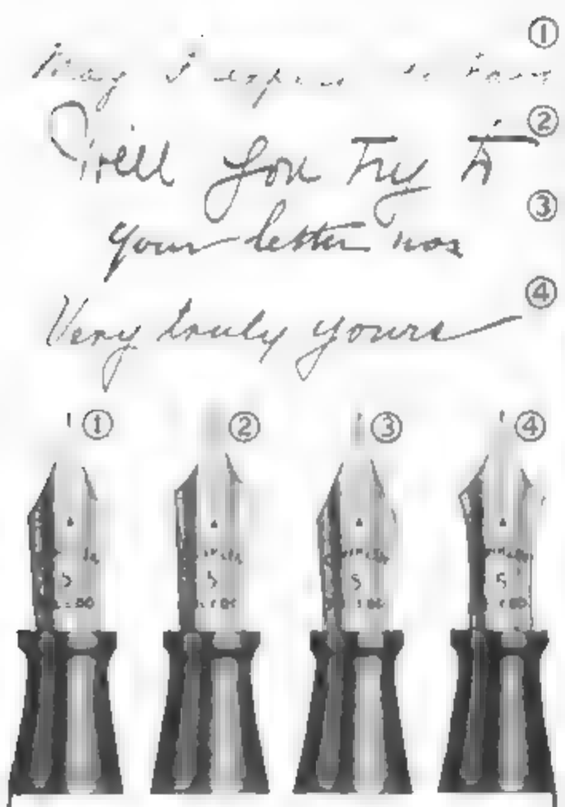
The Possibilities of Convertibles

On the other hand, if the stock declines the price of the convertible should not follow it to a point below its value as a bond. In the panic of 1907, when Atchison common sold below 70, the convertible fives, 1917—convertible at par—did not go below 90. A similar record was made by them in the troublesome months of 1914. In 1907, likewise, Union Pacific common sold for 100. If the four per cent bonds, convertible at 175, had acted sympathetically they would have sold for about 57. At no time, however, did they fall below 78¼.

The privilege of exchanging convertibles for a certain amount of stock is a speculative feature which in no way harms the bond, but which at times is very valuable. There is often a prospect of the stock's increasing its dividend, whereupon its price will rise, and the price of the convertible follows it. Thus the purchasers of such convertibles have a better security than stock, and have the additional privilege of converting at any time when the stock becomes especially valuable. Many convertible issues actually sell at a higher price than underlying issues, because the investor is willing to pay that much more for the conversion feature.

A convertible bond often sells higher than its proper conversion parity. Assume that a six per cent bond of a certain company is convertible into stock at 100. The stock is quoted at, say, 103 on the open market and pays six per cent dividends. Logically the bonds should also sell at 103, because the holder could convert and receive stock having the same market value as his bond and also the same interest return; but the bonds in all probability would be quoted round 106, or higher, and rightly so.

Consider the case from a practical standpoint: Jones buys ten shares of stock for ten hundred and thirty dollars and receives sixty dollars a year in dividends; Smith buys a thousand-dollar convertible bond for ten hundred and sixty dollars and receives sixty dollars' interest yearly. Smith, however, has certain advantages that compensate him for the additional outlay of thirty dollars. His bond partakes of all the advantages of Jones' stock, since any rise in the stock would bring a like rise in the bond; but Smith also has several advantages over Jones, who is only a stockholder. If the company is forced to lower the dividend rate, this affects Jones' income, but not Smith's, who holds a bond bearing a fixed rate. Smith's bond will decline some, since the convertible privilege is now less valuable; but it will not be affected in nearly so great a degree as the stock Jones holds. In case the company stops paying dividends Jones' stock would decline to a low figure; whereas Smith's bond would probably not sell much below what he paid for it—depending on the company's ability to earn a fair margin above its fixed charges.



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Thus, the holder of the convertible bond, by paying a small additional sum, would partake of any rise the stock might have, whereas in case of a decline in the stock he would suffer only as other bondholders of the company.

The path of the buyer of a convertible bond is not, however, entirely free from pitfalls. Companies sometimes issue convertible bonds when they feel that the stock is paying as much as it ever will, or when they consider the convertible feature of no value. Convertibles are also issued when corporations desire to sell stock but cannot. Under these conditions they do so in the hope that the bonds will later be converted into stock.

The very fact that a company has outstanding a lot of bonds convertible into stock is a distinct reason why the stock may not rapidly rise in value. When the time for conversion approaches, if the stock is selling at or above the conversion price, probably all holders will convert. This will increase the supply of stock, which will tend to lower prices. If the stock is above the conversion price many speculative bondholders may sell it short, knowing that by purchasing convertible bonds they can at any time get stock to deliver. This acts as a brake on any great rise in the price of a stock with a convertible issue ahead of it.

A convertible debenture bond has not the security of a convertible mortgage bond. In case of default there is little definite security for the holders to foreclose on in the case of a debenture convertible. Such bonds should be considered as mere debentures.

There are many advantages to a corporation in issuing convertibles.

First—A company may need money badly. Perhaps its stock has no market at the time, and it cannot or does not wish to sell bonds. By making its bonds convertible into stock it can sell them at near the prevailing market rate for borrowed money and still hope for later conversion into stock.

Advantages to the Corporation

Second—A road in poor circumstances has difficulty in selling new stock. Such a road would have to put out the new stock at a low price; and the tendency would be to lower the value of its other stock—if, indeed, it could legally be put out at all below par. These objections are largely overcome by the device of the convertible bond. A road can issue convertible bonds at a fair rate of interest, yet lower than the rate on its stock. It is borrowing money without obligation to pay as much of the profits thereon as though it had issued stock. The difference between the bond interest and the stock dividend can be put into surplus instead of being paid out as dividends. Thus, a company issuing convertible bonds has almost the same advantage as selling future stocks at the present time, meantime not paying more for the money obtained than is paid on the fixed liens. The conversion feature thus enables the company to get money at a fair price and in some cases obtain funds even where otherwise it could borrow only at an exorbitant rate.

Third—The less the bonded indebtedness of a company, the better its credit and the easier it can expand by issuing stock under favorable conditions. Corporations already heavily bonded will, therefore, often issue convertible bonds when they would hesitate to add to permanent fixed charges. They reason that the bonds will soon be turned into stock, whereupon a fixed charge is wiped out and there is substituted a mere dividend obligation. Here they take a chance, however, because often—in such cases—the bonds are never converted.

When buying convertible bonds be sure there is a good chance of the conversion feature becoming valuable. Thus, if the conversion period is limited to only a few years, and there seems little chance of the stock's rising above the conversion point, it would be foolish to buy convertibles, for they usually have less security than a regular bond. A slim chance of making a profit is not worth any decreased security of principal.

Convertibles are most desirable when purchased on a basis attractive as a permanent investment. Convertibles, however, contain a great variety of different provisions, and the investor should familiarize himself thoroughly with each issue before deciding to purchase. Considerable money has been lost by failure to understand the limitations of the convertible privilege. However, this

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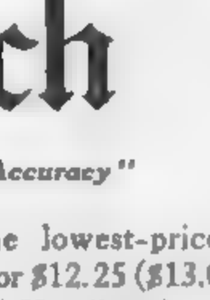

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is not strange, as the average investor breaks all the rules of business in his investing by acting first and getting his knowledge afterward.

Before choosing a convertible make an intelligent analysis; examine the character of the bond, whether mortgage or debenture; the rate of interest and when payable; the date of maturity; the price the stock must reach to show a profit by conversion; and the market price of stock and present rate of dividend.

Be sure of the nature of the conversion privilege, the rate of conversion and length of time it can be used. Look up the company's record and see whether its stock has ever reached the point set for the conversion of the bond. If not, see whether there are good reasons to believe that it will do so.

Convertibles should be purchased on strong reactions and when low. Unless carried solely as investments they should be sold during booms in the stock market. If bought in times of depression, as a speculative investment, they should be exchanged for stock when the depression begins to disappear or when a boom in stocks is impending. When the management and prospects of a corporation are good its convertibles may usually be bought with safety and a probability of making a greater profit than in any other form of fixed corporate obligations.

Let me tell you what has happened in recent years: Convertible bonds purchased in 1903 and 1907 were good speculations and the buyers should have sold out with fine profits in 1909. During the last five years, however, stock prices have averaged low and there have been comparatively few cases when holders of convertible bonds have realized much profit. The holders of such securities have had to be content with being simply bondholders.

Artificial Bond Prices

Perhaps another opportunity is here, however. Many believe that security prices now average low and that the near future promises great prosperity for this country. If so, in this coming prosperity it is stocks that will benefit most; and those who desire to make money in buying and selling securities for the long swings would do well to purchase carefully selected stocks for the rise.

There are many keen men who believe that hard times are ahead and advise buying more conservative securities than stocks. For such investors certain well-known regular bonds should be particularly attractive. Under present conditions they afford an opportunity to obtain a substantial rate of interest with a minimum risk.

If you are undecided whether to buy stocks or bonds, however—whether there is ahead of us a boom or a depression—why not buy convertibles?

By adding convertibles to your holdings you can strengthen your position and, at the same time, not sacrifice the possibilities of profits when stocks move upward. When business improves and stocks advance the price of convertibles will advance in accordance with the terms of convertibility; but if stocks should decline in price the convertibles will not decline below their investment value as plain bonds.

Do not forget the necessity for selecting good issues. Remember that though, with convertibles, there is the closest approach to safety, with a good chance for higher return, something is sacrificed. Though you have a chance for profit, it may not materialize. Hence, stick to convertibles which have back of them the promise of a company whose credit is good; then, if you are disappointed in your conversion hopes, you still possess a security with the merits of an old-fashioned bond.

Very few bonds are worth the price asked for them when they are being distributed. This first price is very apt to be artificial. After the selling houses have distributed all their holdings, most issues reach their natural price level. Sometimes this is higher than the original offering price, but usually it is lower. At any rate, this final price, which is made by the bonds selling in the open market, is usually about what they are worth. We can often get one hundred cents for one dollar, but we can seldom get more than one hundred cents for one dollar. I say this in order that you may not think that convertibles have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of life.

Cotton cloth is made of cotton and it is foolish to represent it as wool; but on a hot summer day a cotton shirt is worth more to

NATIONAL VOCALSTYLE WEEK

NEXT WEEK, October 25 to 30, dealers in Vocalstyle Music Rolls throughout the country will show special window displays and give special demonstrations. Look for this sign:

Vocalstyle (PATENTED) Music Rolls

For Use on Any Player-Piano

go into the store, and you will become acquainted with the rolls that are doubling the pleasure of player-piano owners because they enable them to *SING* as well as to play.

Look at the roll as the dealer sings it and you will notice that it not only contains the melody and accompaniment beautifully arranged and perfectly cut but also—

1st—Shows the syllable or word to sing with each solo note as the roll unwinds.
2nd—Directs through interpretation symbols next to the words what volume, accent and duration to give each syllable and when to breathe.
3rd—Points out by the symbol (•) each solo note to be sung.

Vocalstyle Music Rolls include all the favorites in grand opera, comic opera, sacred music, popular ballads, recitations to music, and the newest ragtime hits. Each bears the interpretation marks of a professional singer, many by such artists as Schumann Heink, Gluck, Hinkle Culp Keyes, Williams, Hamlin, Bispham Scott and Cowles.

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER

Send name and address and we will mail you free of charge a special introductory coupon good for half the price of either of our new Demonstration Rolls, "Annie Laurie" or "My Pickaninny Home," also List of 200 Standard Songs and our Dealer's Name. Write for coupon today. State whether 65 or 88 note.

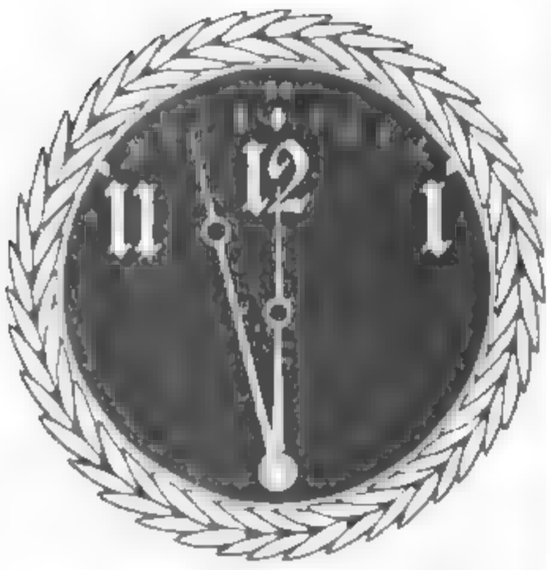
THE VOCALSTYLE MUSIC CO.
412 East Sixth Street Cincinnati

The Wives' League

A Circle of Money Makers

Connected with *The Ladies' Home Journal* is a great club called The Wives' League. It was formed for the purpose of enabling married women with home duties to earn money without leaving home. Besides that, there are a lot of pleasant features connected with a membership. There are no dues and no entrance fee. Any married woman is invited to write for details.

The Wives' League, Box 121
The Ladies' Home Journal **Philadelphia, Pa.**



Little Things That Count

Big things grow out of knowing how to do little things in the one best way.

Every second saved on some little detail of clothes-making means a saving that can be applied to quality.

In the clothes you men wear, as truly as in your watches and automobiles, scientific factory methods have given you more real worth and value than your fathers could buy.

We dealers know that the makers of Clothcraft Clothes were the first to put science into clothes building. For sixty-nine years they have kept true to one goal—building the best possible medium-priced clothes for men and young men.

You can't appreciate the result without seeing it. Come in and try on "4130" Blue Serge Special at $18.50, or the lighter weight "5130" at $15.00.

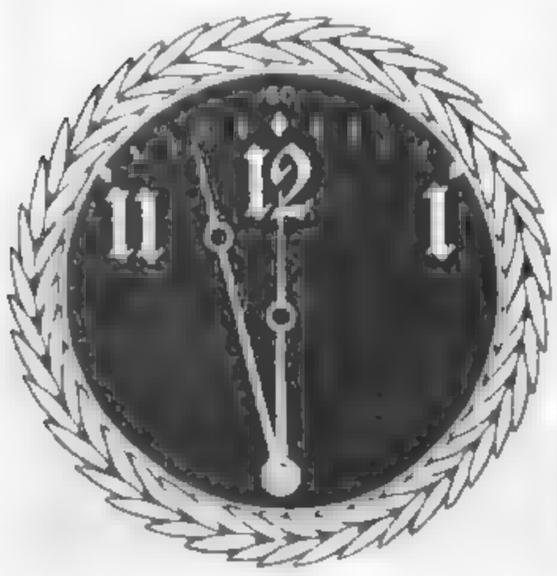
The Clothcraft Store

(IN YOUR TOWN)

CLOTHCRAFT ALL WOOL CLOTHES

$10 to $25 Ready to Wear

Made by The Joseph & Feiss Company, Cleveland



any man than one made of wool. Along the same line of reasoning the average convertible in time of peace may not be so attractive as other forms of investment to which I have referred in previous articles; but in this time of war there is certainly much to be said in favor of it. In other words, when you are undecided whether to buy long-term regular bonds or plain listed stocks, why not compromise by buying good convertibles? Then, whichever way the cat jumps, you will be all right, though you may have paid an extra price to keep yourself in a safe position.

In case any of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST should desire some more specific information concerning convertibles, I will give a description of two prominent issues. Both of these are railroad bonds. The first is that of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad system, which pays only five per cent interest, but is secured by a mortgage. The second issue is that of the New York Central system, which pays six per cent, but is the plain unsecured note of the company. Here again you "pay your money and take your choice." If you believe the stock of both these railroads to be perfectly good investments, then buy the New York Central convertibles and get the extra one per cent interest.

If, however, you are pessimistic on the railroad situation, then take the safety-first plan and buy the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul convertibles, which are secured by mortgage.

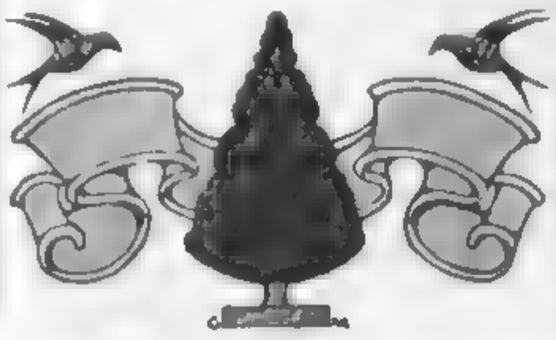
Two Typical Bonds Compared

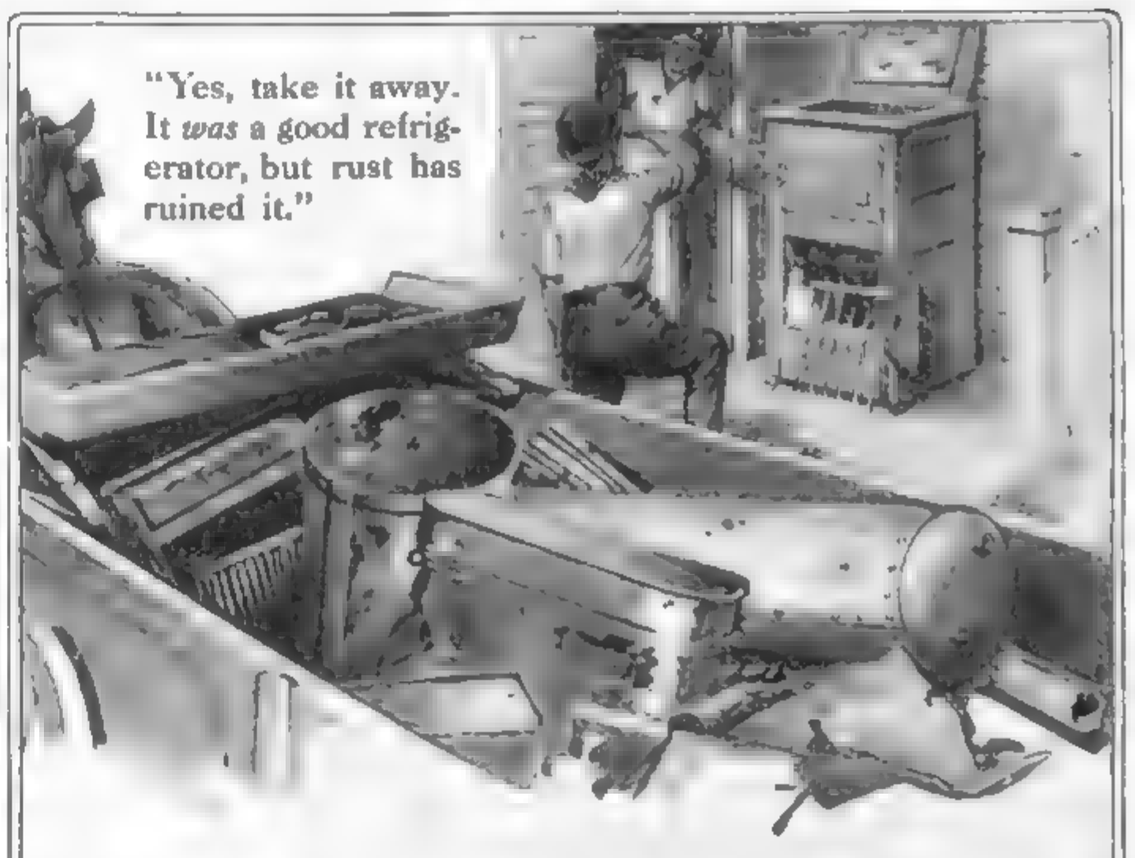
The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company controls over ten thousand miles of track. The president of the company states that the above-mentioned convertibles are a first mortgage on 460 miles, a second mortgage on 6650 miles, and a third mortgage on 2689 miles. There are two series of these convertibles—one paying four-and-a-half per cent interest and the other paying five per cent; but both series are secured by the same mortgages and the total bond issue is less than eighty million dollars.

These convertibles are subject to $184,421,000 of prior-lien bonds, but they are followed by preferred and common stock that has a market price of nearly two hundred and fifty million dollars, on which dividends have been paid continually for twenty-two years. Though the dividend on the common stock has been reduced this year, these bonds should be absolutely good. The four-and-a-half and five per cent convertibles yield about the same to the purchaser—namely, about five per cent, the five per cent convertibles selling at approximately par, while the four-and-a-half per cent bonds sell at a discount. Personally I should prefer the five per cents—which, by the way, are convertible into stock at par between February 1, 1916, and February 1, 1926.

The New York Central system comprises about thirteen thousand miles of track and is located in the eastern half of the United States, while the St. Paul road is located in the western half. The convertibles of this system pay six per cent and sell above par, but are not secured by mortgage. There are a hundred million dollars of these convertibles outstanding and they are convertible into stock at a hundred and five dollars a share at any time between May 1, 1917, and May 1, 1925. Though they are preceded by over three hundred million dollars of prior-lien bonds, they are followed by about two hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of stock, which should make them fairly safe.

Both these issues can be purchased through any bank or broker for a commission of from one-eighth to one-quarter of one per cent; and the St. Paul and New York Central convertibles have been issued in denominations of one hundred dollars and five hundred dollars, as well as in the customary size of one thousand dollars.





Rust is the junk man's friend. Look at any junk pile. What put most of the sheet metal articles there?—*Rust.*

Wear doesn't ruin water heaters, roofing, refrigerators, ranges, furnaces, etc. Rust is the great destroyer of sheet-metal products.

Millions of dollars' worth disappear in rust every year.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

as no other ordinary sheet-metal can, because it is the purest iron made.

Armco, American Ingot, Iron resists rust not only because of purity but because it is the most nearly perfect in respect to evenness; in its freedom from gas bubbles; and in all the other qualities that form the basis of rust resistance.

These qualities make Armco Iron especially superior for enameling. For the manufacturer it reduces the number of culls and seconds from the 15 or 20% incidental to the use of ordinary material to 1% and in some cases to zero. For the user it means perfect enamel over a rust-resisting base.

Among the many manufacturers of enameled products who use Armco Iron a few are mentioned here. They will gladly send you catalogs and information.

The Royal Enameling & Mfg. Co. of Chicago makes enameled sanitary table tops on an Armco base for kitchen and other tables. So also does The Enameled Products Co. of Cleveland, O.

The Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., uses Armco Iron for its beautiful and sanitary one-piece white enameled Leonard Cleanable refrigerators.

The Enameled Tank Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., uses Armco Iron for its high-grade enameled Kazoo Tanks, because of Armco's durability, welding qualities and enameling properties.

Write for Booklet—"Defeating Rust"

Get the book. Act on the facts presented there and the book will be valuable to you. It tells of many uses for Armco Iron.

If you can't get Armco products from your dealers, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

The American Rolling Mill Co., Box 702, Middletown, Ohio

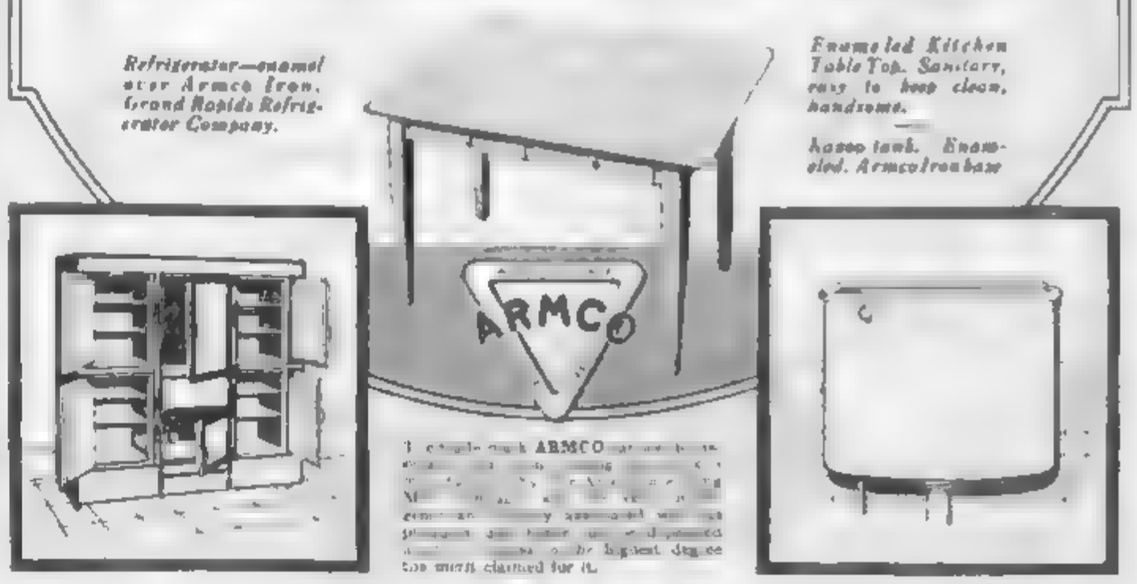
Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company

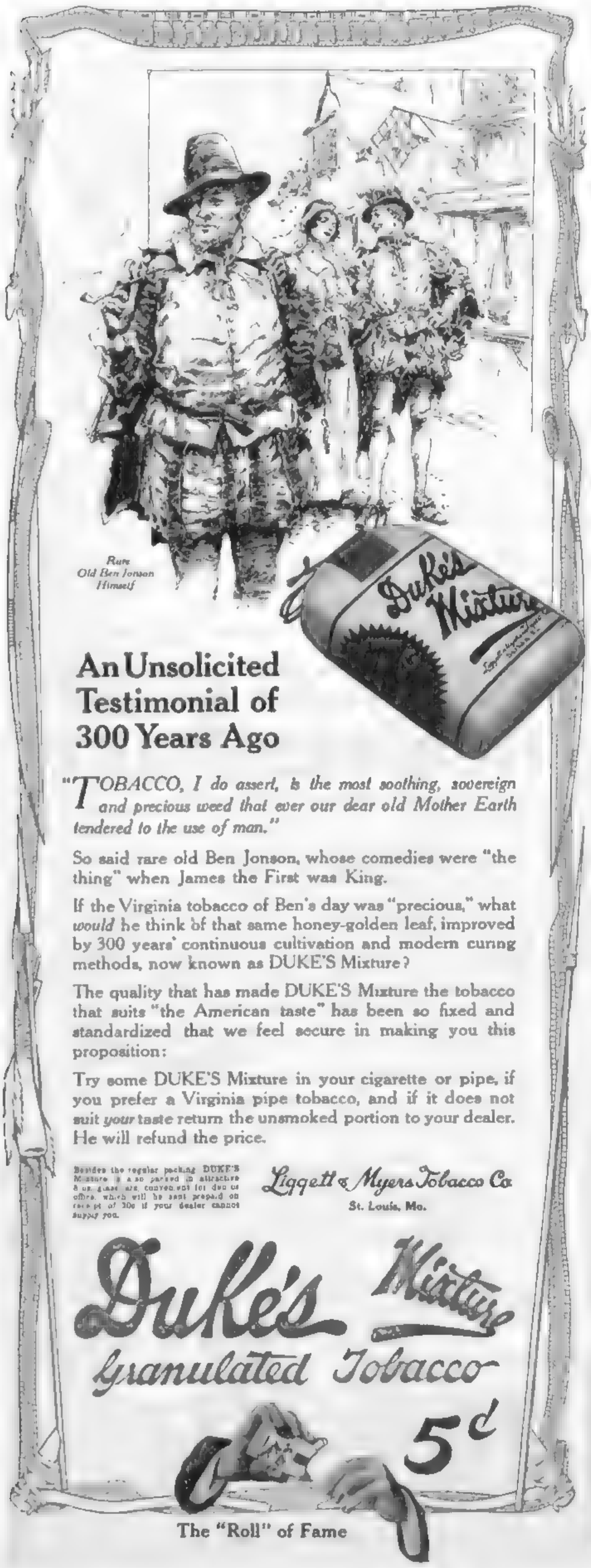
Branch Offices: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati & Cleveland

Refrigerator—enamel over Armco Iron. Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company.

Enameled Kitchen Table Top. Sanitary, easy to keep clean, handsome.

Kazoo tank. Enameled. Armco Iron base




Duke's Mixture
Rare
Old Ben Jonson
Himself
An Unsolicited
Testimonial of
300 Years Ago
"TOBACCO, I do assert, is the most soothing, sovereign and precious weed that ever our dear old Mother Earth tendered to the use of man."
So said rare old Ben Jonson, whose comedies were "the thing" when James the First was King.
If the Virginia tobacco of Ben's day was "precious," what would he think of that same honey-golden leaf, improved by 300 years' continuous cultivation and modern curing methods, now known as DUKE'S Mixture?
The quality that has made DUKE'S Mixture the tobacco that suits "the American taste" has been so fixed and standardized that we feel secure in making you this proposition:
Try some DUKE'S Mixture in your cigarette or pipe, if you prefer a Virginia pipe tobacco, and if it does not suit your taste return the unsmoked portion to your dealer. He will refund the price.
Besides the regular packing DUKE'S Mixture is also packed in attractive 8 oz. glass jars, convenient for den or office, which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
St. Louis, Mo.
Duke's Mixture
Granulated Tobacco
5c
The "Roll" of Fame

THE BUSINESS OF BUYING

(Continued from Page 20)

than halfway and accept entertainments and favors at their hands; that it is up to the buyer to take the initiative in clearing the atmosphere surrounding a sale of all unsavory and unethical taint; that the average salesman is anxious to cut out the waste of time, energy and expense involved in a campaign of entertainment, but that he is naturally afraid to do this until the buyer makes it clear that he will not accept or tolerate anything whatever in the form of entertainment or personal favors.

That there has been a great change in the ethical atmosphere of the purchasing departments of large firms and corporations within the last few years cannot be questioned; on the whole, the air that the salesman breathes there is far more clean and wholesome than it was before the big leaders in business began the work of putting their organizations, their industries and their plants on something like a scientific basis. It is quite out of the question to attempt to sketch in one short article even the most conspicuous peaks in the business of buying as it is now done in the most progressive organizations.

Close buying is not always the big problem before the purchasing engineer; sometimes he proves his capacity by being able to buy at all and often the test is his ability to buy quickly for immediate delivery. In other words, this means that the man at the head of the purchasing department of a big enterprise is always liable to find himself facing a sudden emergency where his power to reach out quickly and get the particular thing for which such a sharp and unexpected demand has arisen will perhaps save his company many thousands of dollars in a short time. No matter how shrewd and close his routine buying may be, if he is unable to rise to an emergency of this kind he lacks a very important qualification for his job; he is weak in a particular that may bring a penalty on his house at almost any moment.

Is there any way by which the purchasing agent or engineer may place himself in an attitude of readiness to cope with such an emergency? The kind of preparedness that stands the test of sudden and acute strain is well illustrated by a recent experience on the part of a buyer who—whatever the title that appears below his signature on official letterheads may be—is really a purchasing engineer.

Since the outbreak of the European war the pressure of demand for certain metals has been unprecedented—and the mines have been worked continuously, night and day. This has imposed reckless overloads on the plants furnishing power for the operation of these mines. One such power plant is operated by a service company that owns many such plants and has a buyer who enjoys rather uncommon powers.

Handling an Emergency

There is hardly a busier man in the whole big engineering organization than this genial gray-haired man; but he generally has time to visit engineers of other companies using somewhat the same line of equipment, and the salesmen and engineers of concerns making machines and equipment of almost every sort in the power field.

The men from the works where these things are constructed have always found that a sure way in which to nail the attention of this buyer is to tell him of some big special in process of building.

Consequently on a certain Saturday morning not long since, when the local engineer of a plant furnishing power to a certain mine telephoned him that an overload of twenty-five per cent had put a set of transformers out of business, and that the mining company claimed a daily loss of hundreds of dollars in consequence, the purchasing engineer did not permit himself to feel a moment's panic.

Instead, he instantly called for two things from the files—the envelope containing the specifications of the big transformer that had broken down, and that in which he kept the memoranda of the specials he knew were being constructed for other interests. The descriptions were very brief but they gave the essential points, and after a glance at them he exclaimed:

"There's just the ticket—a little larger capacity than we absolutely require but undoubtedly just ready to ship! That is being made down East for the Hercules people and we have no better friends than they are."

Almost immediately he secured a long-distance connection with the chief executive of the Hercules Company and arranged the terms by which the big special transformer was to be transferred. Then another long-distance order for a connection with the head of the Eastern machinery company was placed.

In fifteen minutes this man called back. It was then twelve-fifteen in the East but there were still enough men remaining at the plant to load the machine. These were flagged and the machine was loaded and sent forward that afternoon in charge of a live tracer.

The device reached its destination on Monday and was installed on Tuesday.

If that buyer had not made it his business to know more than the immediate and routine requirements of his requisitions demanded—if he had not made a practice of collecting information concerning what was going on in the way of special construction to meet the requirements of others—he would not have been able to locate a substitute machine all ready for shipment with anything like the speed he used in this case.

Having the information on tap where it was instantly available undoubtedly saved his company a damage or penalty of several thousand dollars. That he found an available machine of this character just ready for shipment was a rather startling coincidence which could scarcely be expected to repeat itself often in business experience; but this consideration does not detract from the force of the point that this purchasing engineer's preparedness met his company's emergency.

A Big Deal in Tie Plates

In the same way this man is constantly collecting information calculated to protect him against emergencies in almost every line covered by his buying. It is a part of his regular practice to hedge against surprises, to be ready to meet the strain of sudden emergency, to be braced against the onslaught of the unexpected.

A very able buyer for a big railroad system declares that getting prices and information on supplies needed or known to be in immediate prospect is only half the job of the purchasing agent, and that the buyer who is thoroughly abreast of his job will be almost as busy in getting posted on things he does not need as on those which are in sight from a requisition viewpoint. Even in the matter of price advantage this practice is frequently fertile in great economies.

In spite of the fact that the constant pressure for the standardization of all supplies and materials would seem to reduce the work of the railroad purchasing agent to the routine of selecting the lowest responsible bid, there is still left to him plenty of play for originality and resourcefulness. If he has real capacity for looking at a purchase from every possible point of view he will do some surprising things under conditions that would appear to the layman or the average buyer as too arbitrary and inflexible to admit of any variation from the routine handling.

For example, the purchasing agent for a big railroad system found it necessary to buy about three million tie plates. This is a small plate of rolled iron or steel that is placed between the rail and the tie for the purpose of distributing the weight of the rail and its burden over a larger area of the wooden tie. Generally these are bought on a tonnage basis. When the problem of buying three millions of these plates came before this purchasing agent he saw that sheer volume made this transaction a serious one, not to be dismissed without an attempt to lift it out of the routine practice; so he took time from his other duties in order to give his undivided attention to this problem, and to toy with it as a cat plays with a mouse.

First, he took several samples of each style of plate he considered in the competition, weighed them carefully on scales registering a fraction of an ounce, and then determined the average weight. Next he took careful measurements of a plate of each style. And finally he made a few figures to indicate how much an average excess of a hundredth part of a pound to the plate

The Middy Nightie

This is a good example of Brighton-Carlsbad style. Fancy trim. Turnover collar. Pocket. Cut full and a comfortable cold-weather garment. Regular sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. **$1.25 to $1.50**

New Viewpoint On Sleepingwear!

Here among the Mississippi River Hills, where we make Brighton Carlsbad Sleepingwear for men, women and children, we seek to idealize and improve

In our nightgowns there is more than usual bust room; in nightshirts, the arm-holes are larger; in pajamas, greater sleeping comfort through increased leg room. Each of our 317 Styles has improved features

Our styles are distinctive in design, specific in purpose. Our ladies' gowns set new length and width standards and give the fullness of actual size, our men's Pajunion suits are the real "successors to the pajama"—pajamas in one piece, our children's sleepers, some with feet, some with hoods, delight mothers

Go to the Stores and See these Styles of

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Write For The FREE "Nightie Book"

Shows most advanced ideas and newest styles in sleepwear for men, women and children. Tells how to order on approval without making a payment if no dealer near you has in stock what you want

H.B.GLOVER CO.
Dept 38 Dubuque, Iowa

DEALERS:—Write for our Authoritative 1915 Style Book of Brighton Carlsbad Sleepingwear. Fully illustrated and contains Wholesale Prices.

The Pajunion

Men's one piece pajamas worn by thousands. No buttons to scratch. No drawstring. Smart looking comfortable Coat-Pajamas for sleeping garments. Sizes A, B, C, D

$1.50 to $5.00

Child's Sleeper

A one piece sleeping garment. Warm. Brighton protected (Lamplighter). Well made. Has feet. Protects. Won't roll up and chill the child

50c to $1.00

would cost his company on a three-million order, provided he was buying on a tonnage basis.

The total of this hypothetical figure rather astonished him. He was fully satisfied, however, that he had hit on a trail which was well worth following. At once he called on each bidder to name a guaranteed minimum net weight, based on plates as shown in the blue prints. The results were generally in line with his own estimate; but in the case of one bid he felt that there was a decided discrepancy between the dimensions and the weight given. He carefully studied the figures and then said to this bidder:

"We will give you the contract on a price for each plate based on your guaranteed minimum net weight; but we shall see to it that the plates are in full up to the dimensions shown in the specifications and blue prints."

The contract was accepted and the buyer had his inspectors on the job. They took good care that the dimension requirements were conformed to in the strictest sense. In rolling the plates according to his specifications the mill had to allow a small margin of leeway for the sake of safety. This had been all figured out in advance by the engineering department of the road at the request of the purchasing agent. This margin of "extra" would have brought the tonnage up very considerably.

Because this had been foreseen and the purchase made at so much for each plate the road made a saving of about twelve per cent on the entire deal. This amounted to a total of nearly thirty-five thousand dollars. If this purchasing agent were to write a motto for his fellows it would probably read: It Pays to Figure!

The basis of scientific buying is to have an exact knowledge of the requirements to be met; to state those requirements so precisely in specifications that they cannot be misunderstood or evaded; and finally to see that the materials or articles of equipment furnished under the contract comply in every particular with the specifications. It is almost as necessary to draw specifications with a view to protection against securing too much in the way of quality as too little—for surplus quality almost invariably means surplus expense. To overshoot in quality and get a better article than is really needed is not economy but waste.

The Golden Mean in Quality

The purchasing agent for the construction company or the railroad, for example, would often be wasteful if he bought the best quality of wheelbarrows. In certain situations a wheelbarrow costing three dollars and eighty-five cents may serve as well as one costing five dollars. Always the mark at which the shrewd buyer aims is to get a safe margin in quality without increasing the price. Here is where skill in drawing specifications comes into play. To-day the drawing of specifications is the foundation work of the up-to-date purchasing department.

Of course, not all articles are subject to standardization; but, so far as possible, the skillful buyer for a big firm or corporation will shape all his specifications to the end of standardizing his entire line of purchases. This is moving in the general direction of building a permanent buying basis, and thus eliminating much argument on the part of salesmen and much waste work on the part of the engineering force, or those particular specialists in the organization who must determine the technical requirements entering into the specifications.

On the other hand, it is easily possible to err on the side of a too rigid adherence to a specification that has become a little obsolete because of new inventions and developments. The sciences that enter into manufacturing are moving forward at a tremendous rate; and the material, the machine or the unit of equipment that is thoroughly standard to-day may become a back number or at least a poor second choice to-morrow. The alert purchasing agent never allows himself to settle back too comfortably against the wall of his carefully framed specifications or to forget that the world is turning round with surprising rapidity.

One purchasing agent for a large railroad company illustrates the difference between the specifications of a few years ago and those of to-day by the following story:

"I remember when the Old Man went into the market for three locomotives.

WHEN the preference of a great national clientele gravitates towards the product of a certain clothes-maker, that is a pretty safe direction in which to look for apparel.

What else but such a demand could move so great a volume of Kirschbaum Overcoats and Suits in leading stores the country over?

Styles and fabrics to harmonize with varying individual taste—and in any garment you will feel sure of yourself as to the correctness of your attire.

Kirschbaum Clothes

$15, $20, $25 and up to $40.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.
Philadelphia New York

"Look for the fixed price and Guarantee Ticket on the Sleeve"

Old Seven the Baffler or-
The Hooker gets the Hook!
Sterling
Every day when the good sun shines
he streams his brightness through the windows of the Sterling Kitchens—all day long!
"Cleanliness first!" he says, as he looks in every corner. And his cheery presence shows sparkling machinery producing Sterling Gum, neat employes in caps and aprons and wearing snow-white gloves.
Can you wonder then that Sterling Gum looks so clean and sweet?
Can you doubt that the 7th Point is well worth the search?
Read Points 1 to 6—and then make up your mind that you will find Point 7.
Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
⑦ What?
Sterling Gum 5¢
The 7-point gum
PEPPERMINT—IN RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON—IN BLUE WRAPPER

The specifications did not exceed a hundred words; they gave the requirements as to weight, cylinders, driving wheels and the general appearance. The only stipulation touching material was that a certain make of fire-box steel should be used.

"To-day the specifications for a locomotive describe every individual part and unit of the locomotive, as to size, quality of material, style and finally the assembling of the various parts into the whole. The book of specifications and hundreds of blue prints make a rather bulky document.

"Not only do the specifications cover the elongation, tensile strength, elasticity and other qualities of every piece of metal in the locomotive, but the blue prints are so detailed that if sets were given to two builders the layman could not detect the slightest difference between the locomotives when finished.

"In the old days buying was a game of guesswork and barter, of blind groping for something that would serve, and of an uncertain struggle to get a low price without getting one so low as to insure grossly inferior materials or workmanship in the purchase. Why, we didn't even know how to buy air-brake hose then. We simply took it at the price the sellers asked and also took their word that it was good value. What was the use of making it a matter of competitive bidding when we knew the manufacturer who cut the price to get the order would also cut the quality and cost of production in order to keep his profit intact?

"Again, if you have competitive bids they must be based on specifications; and we did not know enough about the requirements of the users of air-brake hose—at the time of which I am speaking—to write a set of specifications that would embody the most elemental demands.

"But since then engineers and laboratories have been moving ahead fast and the present-day specifications for hose are longer than were those covering a locomotive in the old days. Now the Master Car-Builders' Association and the organization of engineers known as the American Society for Testing Materials have succeeded in standardizing scores of things we buy, so that the specifications of the roads on those articles are practically uniform."

Constructive Buying

"In addition to this standardization work done through the various associations and societies, the road itself, as I have already indicated, is exerting a consistent pressure all the time to standardize everything possible.

"The range and variety of things that a big railroad like this has to buy are beyond what the layman would think possible. For example, our purchases divide themselves into more than a thousand distinct groups, and these groups in some instances have more than a hundred variations. If the work of standardization was not constantly pushed wherever possible we should be put in the position of having to travel over the same ground of investigation every time a purchase is made, and the enormous variety and number of articles to be bought would make this practically a physical impossibility. As it is, the purchasing departments of practically all railroads have grown immensely within recent years. This is a proof of the fact that appreciation of the importance of good buying and of the possibility of reducing it to something like a scientific basis has had a corresponding growth in the minds of those who administer and operate the railroads of this country."

Constructive buying is something more than a fancy phrase. For one thing, it means feeding the infant concern on the bottle, so that it will grow into a lusty competitor in course of time—or at least will thrive and expand to a point where its growth may be forced whenever the competitive situation becomes lopsided. This practice is becoming increasingly common with big concerns that understand the necessity of having potential competition in the background ready to be sprung when the strategy of the market calls for a convincing show of new blood.

There are still other excellent reasons for this hand feeding of the small and struggling shop by the big fellow who buys most of his line from other big fellows who have perhaps reached a stature that enables them rather to overshadow the market. The little fellow has a small overhead expense and in some cases his selling cost is so small as to be almost negligible.

For example, within a mile from the spot where this article is being written is a small foundry and machine shop. It is a one-man enterprise in that the same individual is its financial head, its general manager, its buyer and its entire sales force; but this man understands his business and he is as busy as a powder factory. Why? Because he has been taken up by a big machine-tool concern that found the visible supply of a certain device almost in the hands of one large concern.

"It is true," declares the ambitious owner of the small plant, "that I can furnish the Mammoth Machine-Tool Corporation with the particular unit that we make cheaper than they can buy it from the big concern, which had well-nigh occupied the whole field when we took a modest look-in, and still make a satisfactory profit on it.

"But this is not necessarily a sufficient reason why the big tool company should nurse us along on a bottle and put themselves to certain inconveniences in order to give us the business. There is the additional motive of making the big concern, from which they buy the greater part of their goods in my line, understand that it does not enjoy a monopoly of the business. Then, besides this moral effect on the mind of my big competitors, the tool company also wanted to be in a position to make good in an emergency by having us strong enough to furnish genuine competition in a volume that would be a real reliance."

Trial Orders and Options

A keen purchasing agent for a large railroad declares that this matter of looking after the little fellows and keeping competition in a vigorous state of development is most important. As he sees it, there are other decided advantages in dealing with the smaller concern. One of these is the fact that in a small factory the head executive is close to the details of production.

"Suppose," says this purchasing agent, "that somewhere out on the line a pump breaks down. The foreman reports this immediately and from the operating department I get a rush requisition for the broken part. The first thing I ask myself is whether the pump was bought from a small concern or a large one. If from a large one I know the chances are that we shall get slow action, and that our order will be referred from one department to another, and passed through a whole lot of red tape.

"On the other hand, if the pump came from a small concern I will call up that factory and say to the superintendent: 'You remember that pump we bought from you last spring? Well, the plunger is broken and we need a new one quick. We have a gang of men out there and they can't do anything until we get this part.'

"The superintendent says that of course he remembers, and asks me to hold the wire until he can speak with Nels, the foreman. In a moment he comes back and gives me the information that the part will go forward on a certain train. Of course it would be possible for this to happen in a larger concern but the chances would be decidedly against it. For quick action in an emergency of this sort give me a small factory every time."

Closely allied with this policy of developing the little fellow is that of keeping an anchor to windward in the shape of an option or a contract involving a trial order which has practically the force of an option.

For example, not long ago a tool-steel man told a purchasing agent that their steel, containing manganese and tungsten, has already advanced to fifty cents a pound and would probably go up to a dollar, and that it was the part of wisdom for the railroad to get in before prices got any higher. The purchasing agent told him to call again the next morning—and meantime drew up a contract under the terms of which a comparatively small actual order would entitle him to an option on enough of the steel to meet his needs.

He had another deal on by which he expected to secure his main supply from a larger concern—one that he had already dealt with extensively and from which he expected to get a better price.

To all practical purposes the contract he made with the salesman the next morning was a bit of insurance against the possibility of getting left in his other negotiations. His intention was to give the salesman just enough business under the contract to keep the deal alive so that he could have it to fall back on in case of any failure to put through his main negotiations.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor does not depend for its income upon the sale of blades. It is complete when sold.

THE AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR sharpens its own blades—

holds them just right for shaving—

does not have to be taken apart to clean.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

345 FIFTH AVENUE, *New York*
83–87 DUKE STREET, *Toronto*

It sometimes happens that a salesman becomes a bit oversanguine as to the performance of the thing he has to sell, and therefore plays into the hands of the purchasing engineer who is shrewd enough to see how these representations may be made to serve his purposes and help reduce the price.

A very large public-service corporation was buying three big machines at a total cost of half a million dollars. An able salesman represented the company building the machine the purchasing engineer favored. He drew a large salary and had a rather thorough technical knowledge of what he was selling. Naturally the purchasing engineer would not spend so large a sum of money without making a searching investigation. He took a trip incog. to a plant where, he had been informed, one of these machines was at work and studied it somewhat carefully.

Therefore, when the salesman made the statement that the machines would give a certain economy performance the purchasing engineer instantly asked:

"Are you willing to guarantee that, and to deduct from the net price named in your bid the percentage by which the performance of the machines falls short of the standard you designate?"

This challenge was accepted and the stipulation incorporated in the contract. The result was just about what the purchasing engineer had expected when he made the move that forced the salesman to shift the price to the basis of economy of operation—the performance fell five per cent below the guaranteed standard! After this was established the selling company deducted twenty-five thousand dollars from the amount it would have received if its salesman had not been quite so strong in his representations, or if his company had not been willing to back his statement. In forcing this situation the purchasing engineer not only proved his resourcefulness but he also demonstrated that he was what his title implied—an engineer.

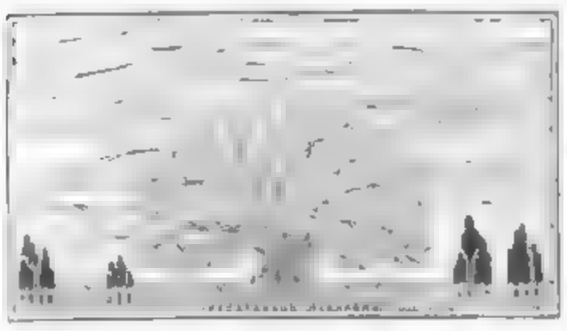
Why Salesmen are Needed

So much for the business of buying in those lines allied with engineering where one might naturally look for its highest development. Any engineer, however, who has a dream that buying in this field—or any other—will be shifted wholly to an engineering basis, and salesmen and selling cost generally eliminated, will be doomed to disappointment. As one shrewd purchasing engineer puts it:

"For my part I have no wish to eliminate the salesman. Why? Because I need his commercial viewpoint. Your typical engineer, who is all engineer and no salesman, is altogether too prone to let his mind stick on some technical detail, and fail to see and present the purely commercial side of his machine or of the product he is handling. The ideal man for the buyer to meet is the natural salesman who has a fair engineering education behind him as well as a thorough technical training in the processes by which his particular goods have been produced, and how they perform in actual use.

"This will also serve as a capsule specification for what the modern buyer—at least in engineering or manufacturing lines—should be. Both buyers and salesmen are moving rapidly toward this ideal, so far as these lines are concerned. As to selling costs, they will undoubtedly be shifted to a more equitable basis through scientific buying; but, of course, they will not be wholly dispensed with in any case."

In more general lines the salesman who is an irresistible persuader will always find an almost unlimited demand for his talents. Scientific buying can scarcely assail his intrenchments. The ability to put over a sale by the right approach, by clever argument, by deft and resourceful personal tactics, will never go begging for eager bidders no matter how much the purchasing engineer may multiply and advance.



Oats Give Wings To Every Task

Let This Month Prove It

As an energy food—as a vim-producer—oats have an age-old fame. To "feel one's oats" means the summit of vivacity.

Each dish is a battery of power. And each a mine of brain and nerve constituents.

The cost of oats, per energy unit, is not one-tenth as much as meat.

They are not for children only. All ages need their spirit-giving power.

If you'll try a big dish once a day this month you'll gain respect for oat food which you can't forget. And you'll gain new liking for it if the brand is Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

Extra-Luscious Vim-Food

There are all sorts of oats in a bushel. Some are starved and puny. Some are rich and plump.

The wondrous flavor of the oat belongs mainly to the big grains.

So we pick those queen grains only. And a bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

That's why Quaker Oats are famed for flavor and aroma. In every land of oat lovers this is the favorite brand.

In some faraway parts it costs twice what you pay, yet connoisseurs must have it.

You can get these same flakes for 10c per package. Your grocer will supply them if you ask for Quaker Oats. Remember that.

Don't simply ask for oats.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only

10c and 25c per package, except in Far West and South

Vict

"the *only* i

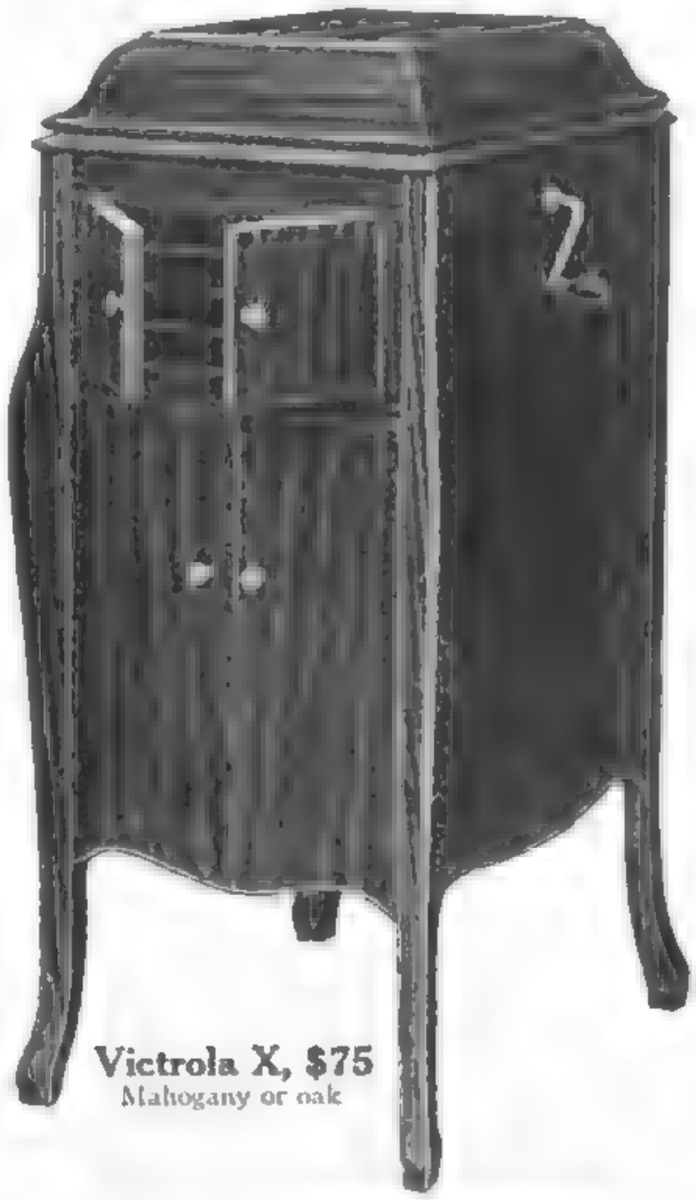
Victrola IV, $15
Oak

The Victrola is the *only* instrument for which the world's greatest singers and instrumentalists make records.

The *only* instrument they consider able to do full justice to their magnificent voices and superb art.

The Victrola is the *only* instrument on which you can hear the greatest artists in your own home just as clear and true to life as if you were hearing them on the opera, concert, or theatrical stage.

Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victrola XVIII, $300
Victrola XVIII, electric, $3
Mahogany

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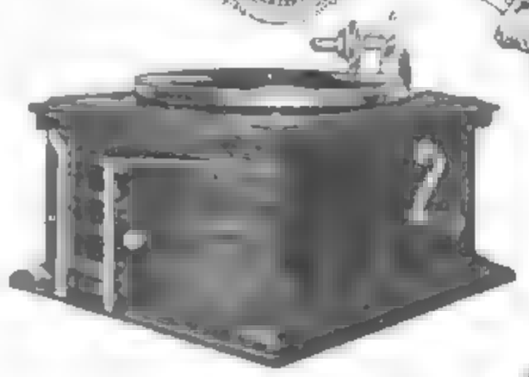

Victrola VI, $25
Oak

Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

The *only* instrument that brings you heir distinctive personalities as well as their onsummate art and enables you to enjoy the utmost the wonderful beauty which istinguishes their every interpretation.

Hearing is believing. Any Victor dealer in any city in e world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and monstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 $350.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Side by side with the first advertisement of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, printed in the Hartford Courant in 1810, Donald McAulay, Turner, announced that he "made and repaired all kinds of spinning wheels."

Old Donald would look in vain through the pages of this publication for advertisements of spinning wheels, and we can imagine his amazement at phonograph, telephone or motor car. But one familiar friend he would find—the announcement of the "Old Hartford," as ready today to give protection from all the risks of a motor car as it was to insure a spinning wheel in 1810. Such is the complete

INSURANCE SERVICE OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

For the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has granted protection against conflagrations by fire for 105 years. It has grown with the country's growth, and the development of its insurance service has always kept pace with the country's insurance needs.

The Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company was organized by the Hartford Fire Insurance Company to do a general casualty and bonding business and to be the parent company's representative for the Hartford idea in every honest obligation.

Check on the coupon below the kind of insurance that interests you most. Mail it to us and we will send you full information.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company, (Service Department P-10), 125 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Please send information on the kind of insurance checked to the name and address written on margin of coupon.

☐ Fire	☐ Burglary	☐ Auto Liability	☐ Race Horse	☐ Sprinkler Leakage
☐ Accident	☐ Bonding	☐ Auto Collision	☐ Parcel Post	☐ Salesmen's Samples
☐ Health	☐ Elevator	☐ Auto Theft	☐ Live Stock	☐ Live Stock Transit
☐ Hail	☐ Tornado	☐ Auto Fire	☐ Golfer's Policy	☐ Employer's Liability
☐ Rent	☐ Marine	☐ Plate Glass	☐ Registered Mail	☐ Workmen's Compensation

COUPON—CHECK—TEAR OFF—MAIL

WHERE DO YOU GET THAT NOISE?

(Continued from Page 12)

"Must of kept your granddad broke buyin' raw meat," says Carey.

"Meat wasn't so high in them days," says Hawley. "Besides he didn't have to buy none. He had his own cattle."

"I should think the bees would of stymied the cattle," says Carey.

"Cattle's hide's too tough; a bee won't go near 'em," says Hawley.

"Why didn't you hire a cow to go round with you wile you collected honey?" says Carey.

"What'd you quit golf for?" ast Smitty.

"A fella can't play golf and hit good," says Hawley.

"I should think it'd help a man's battin'," Carey says. "A golf ball's a whole lot smaller than a baseball, and a baseball should ought to look as big as a balloon to a man that's been playin' golf."

"Where do you get that noise?" says Hawley. "Golf's bad for a man's battin'; but it ain't got nothin' to do with your swing or your eye or the size o' the ball."

"What makes it bad, then?" I ast him.

"Wait a minute and I'll tell you," he says. "They's two reasons: In the first place they's genally almost always some people playin' ahead o' you on a golf course and you have to wait till they get out o' reach. You get in the habit o' waitin' and when you go up to the plate in a ball game and see the pitcher right in front o' you and the infielders and baserunners clost by, you're liable to wait for 'em to get out o' the way for the fear you'll kill 'em. And wile you're waitin' the pitcher's liable to slip three over in the groove and you're struck out."

"I wasn't never scared o' killin' no infielder," says Carey.

"And what's the other reason?" I says.

"The other reason," says Hawley, "is still better yet than the one I give you."

"Don't say that!" says Smitty.

"When you're playin' golf you pay for the balls you use," says Hawley; "so in a golf game you're sort of holdin' back and not hittin' a ball as far as you can, because it'll cost you money if you can't find it. So you get used to sort o' holdin' back; and when you get up there to the plate you don't take a good wallop for the fear you'll lose the ball. You forget that the balls is furnished by the club."

"And besides that," says Carey, "you're liable to get to thinkin' that your bat cost fifty bucks, the same as your golf racket, and you don't swing hard because you might break it."

"You don't know nothin' about it," says Hawley.

VI

NOW I don't care how big a goof a man is, he'd ought to know better than get smart round a fella that's slumped off in his battin'. Most o' the time they ain't no better-natured fella in the world than Carey; but when him and first base has been strangers for a wile, lay offen him!

That's how Hawley got in bad with Carey—was talkin' too much when the old boy wasn't in no mood to listen.

He begin to slump off right after the Fourth o' July double-header. In them two games a couple o' the boys popped out when they was sent up to sacrifice. So Cap got sore on the buntin' game and says we'd hit and run for a wile. Well, in the first innin', every day for the next three days, Bishop led off with a base on balls and then started down when he got Carey's sign. And all three times Carey cracked a line drive right at somebody and they was a double play. After the last time he come in to the bench tryin' to smile.

"Well," he says, "I guess that's about a record."

"A record! Where do you get that stuff?" says Hawley. "I come up four times in Philly in one game and hit into four double plays."

"You brag too much!" says Carey; but you could see he didn't want to go along with it.

Well, that last line drive seemed to of took the heart out of him or somethin', because for the next week he didn't hardly foul one—let alone gettin' it past the infield.

When he'd went through his ninth game without a blow Hawley braced him in the clubhouse. "Do you know why you ain't hittin'?" he says.

"Yes," says Carey. "It's because they don't pitch where I swing."

"It ain't no such a thing!" says Hawley. "It's because you don't choke up your bat enough."

"Look here!" says Carey. "I been in this league longer'n you and I've hit better'n you. When I want advice about how to hold my bat I'll get you on the wire."

You know how clost the clubs was bunched along in the middle o' July. Well, we was windin' up a series with Brooklyn and we had to cop the last one to break even.

We was tied up in the ninth and one out in their half when Wheat caught a-hold o' one and got three bases on it. Cutshaw raised one a little ways back o' second base and it looked like a cinch Wheat couldn't score if Carey got her. Well, he got her all right and Wheat come dashin' in from third like a wild man.

Now they ain't no better pegger in the league than this same Carey and I'd of bet my life Wheat was runnin' into a double play. I thought he was a sucker for makin' the try. But Carey throwed her twenty feet to one side o' the plate. The run was in and the game was over.

Hawley hadn't hardly got in the clubhouse before he started in.

"Do you know what made you peg bad?" he says.

"Shut up!" says Smitty. "Is that the first bad peg you ever seen? Does they have to be a reason for all of 'em? He throwed it bad because he throwed it bad."

"He throwed it bad," says Hawley, "because he was in center field instead o' left field or right field. A center fielder'll peg wide three times to the others' oncet. And you know why it is, don't you?"

Nobody answered him.

"I'll tell you why it is," he says: "They's a foul line runnin' out in right field and they's a foul line runnin' out in left field, and them two lines gives a fielder somethin' to guide his throw with. If they was a white line runnin' from home plate through second base and out in center field you wouldn't see so many bad pegs from out there.

"But that ain't the only reason," says Hawley. "They's still another reason: The old boy ain't feelin' like hisself. He's up in the air because he ain't hittin'."

That's oncet where Hawley guessed right. But Carey didn't say a word—not till we was in the Subway.

"I know why I ain't hittin' and why I can't peg," he told me. "I'm so sick o' this Wisenheimer that I can't see. I can't see what they're pitchin' and I can't see the bases. I'm lucky to catch a fly ball."

"Forget him!" I says. "Let him rave!"

"I can't stop him from ravin'," says Carey; "but he's got to do his ravin' on another club."

"What do you mean?" I says. "You ain't manager."

"You watch me!" says Carey. "I ain't goin' to cripple him up or nothin' like that, but if he's still with us yet when we come offen this trip I'll make you a present o' my oldest boy."

"Have you got somethin' on him?"

"No," says Carey; "but he's goin' to get himself in wrong. And I think he's goin' to do it to-night."

VII

HE DONE it—and that night too. I guess you know that, next to winnin', Cap likes his missus better'n anything in the world. She is a nice gal, all right, and as pretty as they make 'em.

Cap's as proud of her as a colleger with a Charlie Chaplin mustache. When the different papers would print Miss So-and-So's pitcher and say she was the handsomest girl in this, that or the other place, Cap'd point it out to us and say: "My gal makes her look like a bad day outdoors."

Cap's wife's a blonde; and—believe me, boy—she dresses! She wasn't with us on this trip I'm speakin' of. She hasn't been with us all season, not since the trainin' trip. I think her mother's sick out there in St. Joe. Anyway, Hawley never seen her—that is, to know who she was.

Well, Carey framed it up so's I and him and Cap went in to supper together. Hawley was settin' all alone. Carey, brushin'

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of energy, trained along special lines. They are willing to pay such men well. College graduates qualify for these important positions. A college education opens the doors of opportunity.

If you want one of the big jobs, prepare yourself by acquiring a college education. You can do this, without investing a dollar, by devoting your spare time to getting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. We'll tell you how.

Educational Division, Box 126

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

by the head waiter, marches us up to Hawley's table and plants us. Carey's smilin' like he didn't have a care in the world. Hawley noticed the smile

"Yattaboy!" he says. "Forget the base hits and cheer up!"

"I guess you'd cheer up, too, if you'd seen what I seen," says Carey. "Just lookin' at her was enough to drive away them Ockaway Chinese blues."

"That ain't no way for a married man to talk," says Cap.

"Well," says Carey, "gettin' married don't mean gettin' blind."

"What was she like?" ast Cap.

"Like all the prettiest ones," says Carey "She was a blonde."

"Where do you get that noise?" says Hawley, buttin' in. "I s'pose they ain't no pretty dark girls?"

"Oh, yes," says Carey "octoroons and them"

"Well," says Hawley, "I never seen no real pretty blondes. They ain't a blonde livin' that can class up with a pretty brunette"

"Where do you get that nouse?" says Carey.

"Where do I get it!" says Hawley. "Say, I guess I've saw my share o' women. When you seen as many as I seen you won't be talkin' blonde."

"I seen one blonde that's the prettiest woman in this country," says Carey.

"The one you seen just now?" says Hawley.

"No, sir; another one," says Carey.

"Where at?" Hawley ast him.

"She's in Missouri, where she first come from," says Carey; "and she's the prettiest girl that was ever in the state."

"That shows you don't know what you're talkin' about," Hawley says. "I guess I ought to know the prettiest girl in Missouri. I was born and raised there, and the prettiest girl in Missouri went to school with me."

"And she was a blonde?" says Carey.

"Blonde nothin'!" says Hawley. "Her hair was as black as Chief Meyers'. And when you see a girl with black hair you know it's natural color. Take a blonde and you can't tell nothin' about it. They ain't one in a thousand of 'em that ain't dyed their hair."

Cap couldn't stand it no longer.

"You talk like a fool!" he says. "You don't know nothin' about women."

"I guess I know as much as the next one," says Hawley.

"You don't know nothin'!" says Cap. "What was this girl's name?"

"What girl's name?" says Hawley.

"This black girl you're talkin' about this here prettiest girl in Missouri," says Cap.

"I forget her name," says Hawley.

"You never knowed her name," says Cap. "You never knowed nothin'! We traded nothin' to get you and we got stung at that. If you want your unconditional release, all you got to do is ask for it. And if you don't want it I'll get waivers on you and send you down South where you can be amongst the brunettes. We ain't got no room on this club for a ball player that don't know nothin' on no subject. You're just as smart about baseball as you are about women. It's a wonder your head don't have a blow-out! If a torpedo hit a boat you was on and you was the only one drownded, the captain'd send a wireless: 'Everybody saved!'"

Cap broke a few dishes gettin' up from the table and beat it out o' the room.

Hawley was still settin', with his mouth wide open, lookin' at his prunes. After a wile I and Carey got up and left him.

"He ain't a bad fella," I says when we was outside. "He don't mean nothin'. It looks to me like a raw deal you're handin' him."

"I don't care how it looks to you or anybody else," says Carey, "I still got a chance to lead this league in hittin' and I ain't goin' to be talked out of it."

"Do you think you'll hit when he's gone?"

"You bet I'll hit!" says Carey.

Cap ast for waivers on Hawley, and Pittsburgh claimed him.

"I wisht it had of been some other club," he says to me. "That's another o' them burgs where the smoke and cinders kills your battin'."

But I notice he's been goin' good there and he should ought to enjoy hisself tellin' Wagner how to stand up to the plate.

The day after he'd left us I kept pretty good track o' Carey. He popped out twicet, grounded out oncet and hit a line drive to the pitcher.

THE Interwoven patented machinery marks a remarkable advance in the history of men's fine hosiery.

It wear-proofs toe, sole and heel, tapers-in the snugly fitting ankle and knits a full-size, comfortable, shrink-proof foot.

That is why the discriminating man soon learns to appreciate the difference between the Interwoven Sock and all others.

Fall and winter weights are now offered by representative shops everywhere. Prices: 25c, 35c, 50c and $1.00 the pair. All grades knit by the exclusive Interwoven machinery.

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Socks

Every pair marked "Interwoven." Your dealer will supply you.

If Charles Goodyear

An Imperial Industry Which Serves the Whole World

Charles Goodyear is described by his biographer as "a dreamer who always took care to dream with his feet on a rock."

How could a happier phrase be coined to describe the tremendous activities that bear his name today?

A more intensely practical business than this it would be difficult to conceive, and yet it is a business replete with romance and impregnated with idealism.

It is an industry of imperial proportions—serving the whole world in transportation and the transmission of power.

But it is also the handmaiden of the arts and crafts—and the trusted aide of science in a thousand humane and helpful endeavors.

It is a daring and an adventurous business which travels hand in hand with new and bold invention.

Every ocean-going steamer pays tribute to the genius of Charles Goodyear and the great institution that bears his name.

Goodyear tires and Goodyear fabric cleave the air and water in hydro-aëroplanes, aëroplanes and balloons.

Great governments of the new world and old specify Goodyear in the air crafts which have played so momentous a part in modern scouting.

More often than any other name known to the tire world, the name of Goodyear is carried by countless motor cars across the roads and streets and highways of America.

The people of America are shod with Goodyear heels and Goodyear soles. On the sidewalks, on the streets, in the home—in the stores, and shops, and factories—on the land and over the water, and through the air, Goodyear goodness is knit into the very sinews of civilization.

If Charles Goodyear could return he would see the dreams he dreamed on solid rock, magnified a millionfold.

He would see a Goodyear business tingling with the earnestness and energy of golden, glorious youth pressing on toward first place in the rubber business of the world.

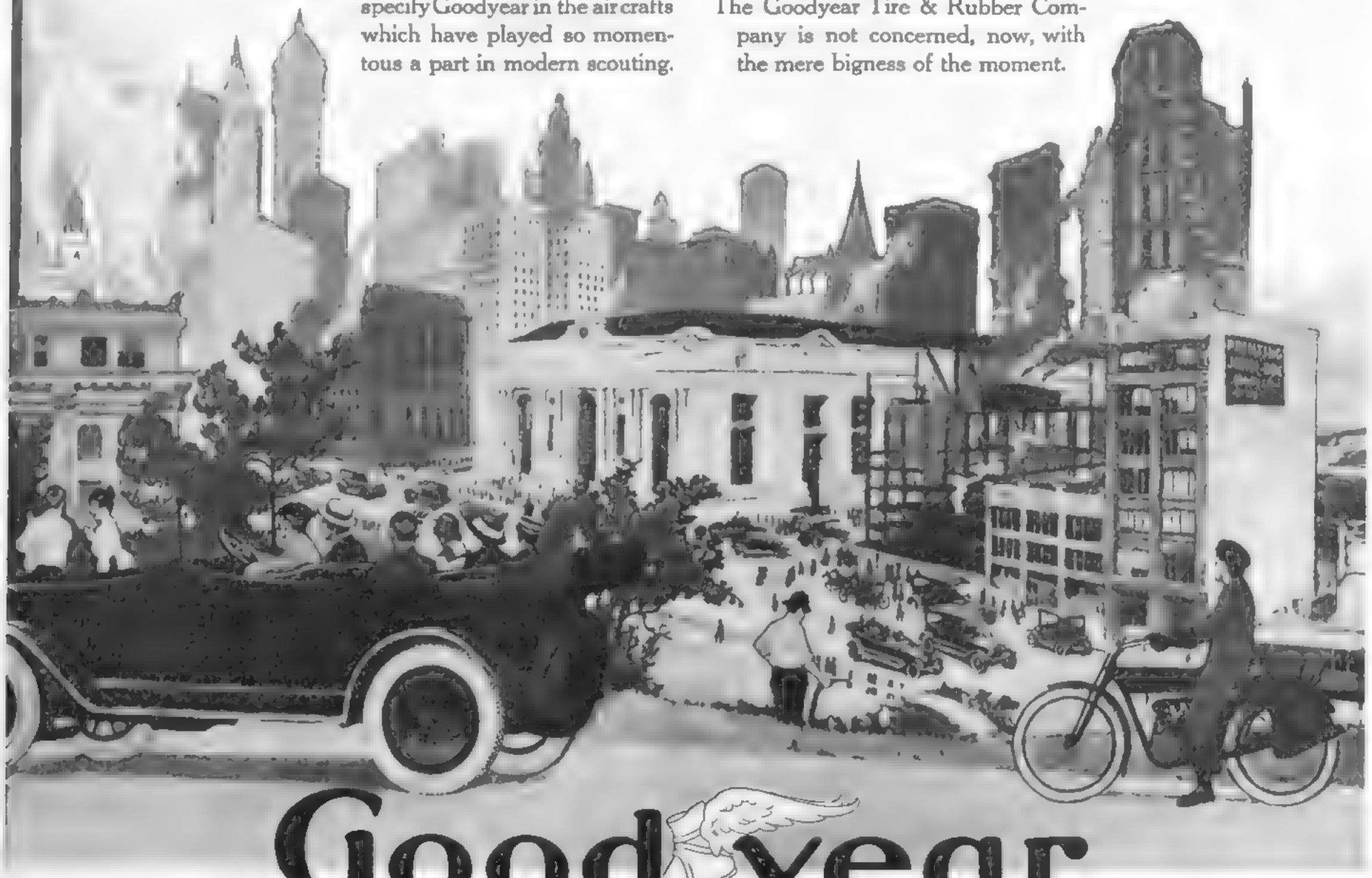
It has not yet reached that position.

It is not yet the sales leader in all lines.

But of the hundreds of rubber manufacturing institutions it is now one of the largest six in the world—and that in the remarkably brief period of seventeen years.

And it has no fear of the ultimate outcome.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company is not concerned, now, with the mere bigness of the moment.



Goodyear

AKRON

Could Return

The biggest thing about this business is its purpose.

And that purpose is to render Goodyear and good rubber translatable terms.

We want them to be synbnymous in the mind of every buyer and user on the North American continent.

We want them to be accepted abroad as meaning always one and the same thing.

We are jealous of the good-will of every single citizen of this nation who buys rubber products.

For every Goodyear dealer, for every Goodyear salesman, for every man who works in the great Goodyear factories, we have one watch-word, and only one:

"Protect the good name of Goodyear."

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

Leading Goodyear-Akron Products

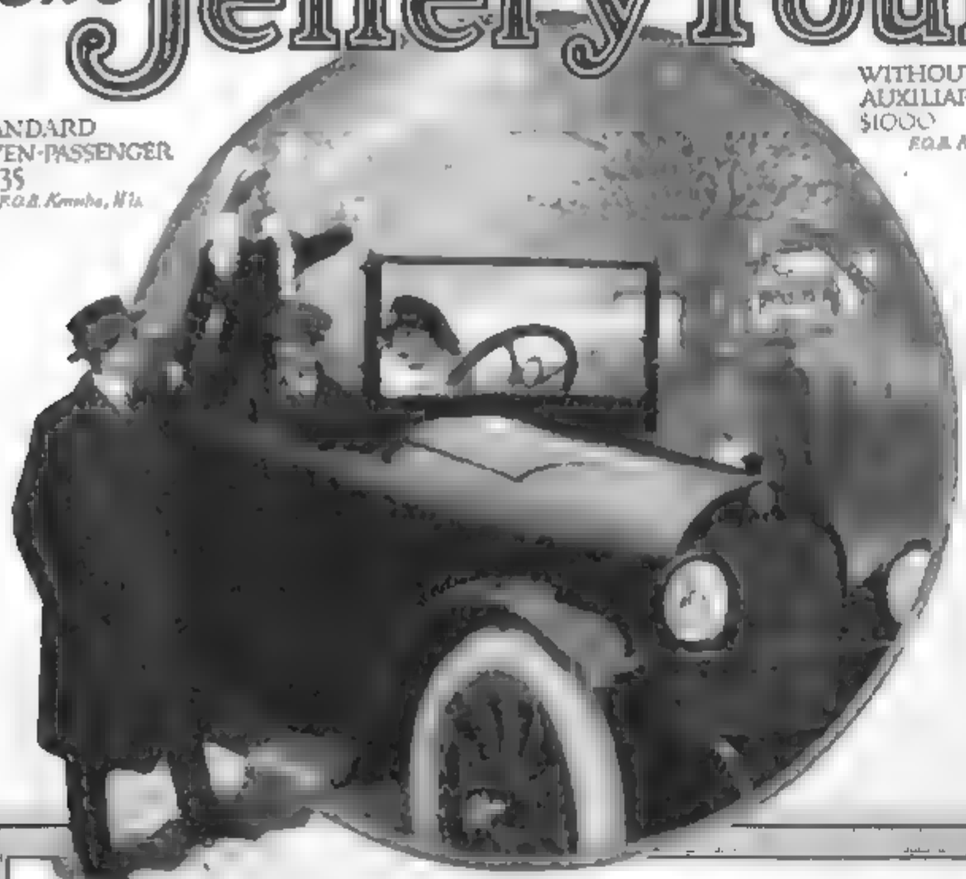
Fabric and Cord Automobile Tires
Laminated Tubes for Automobile Tires
Automobile Tire Accessories
Repair Materials
Automobile Rims
Pneumatic Tires for Trucks
Solid Motor Truck Tires
Tires for Fire Apparatus
Carriage Tires
Motorcycle and Cycle Car Tires
Motorcycle Tubes
Bicycle Tires and Tubes
Aeroplane Tires, Springs and Fabric
Military and Other Balloons
Rubber Soles for Shoes
Wingfoot Heels for Shoes
Lawn Hose
Radiator Hose
Kantkink Garage Hose
Steam Hose
Suction and Miscellaneous Hose
Goodyearite Packing
Conveyor Belts
Transmission Belts
Rubber Bands
Molded Goods
Offset Blankets
Rubber Specialties

Goodyear
AKRON

The Jeffery Four

STANDARD SEVEN-PASSENGER $1035 F.O.B. Kenosha, Wis.

WITHOUT AUXILIARY SEATS $1000 F.O.B. Kenosha, Wis.



The first automobile of its quality, size and efficiency to sell at a thousand-dollar price.

Body, standard seven-passenger Chesterfield type - Front seats, divided lounge type - Driver's seat, adjustable - Upholstery, deep, real leather - Springs, extra length - Shipping weight, 3750 pounds - Tires, 34x4 Goodyear, all-weather tread rear - Motor, Jeffery high-speed high-efficiency - Ignition, Bosch magneto - Starting and lighting system, Dijur electric - Color, light brewster green with fine gold stripe - Equipment complete - Entire car 035 Jeffery-built

"AMERICA'S STANDARD AUTOMOBILE AT A $1000 PRICE"

The Thomas B Jeffery Company

Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wis.

Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup

GIVE your family *natural* tomato catsup. Let them compare Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup (natural catsup) with other catsups selling at the same price.

They will notice at once the rich vine-ripened flavor of the fresh tomato, heightened by a blend of select spices.

Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup is made from the famous Rochester fruit, noted for its delicate flavor—fresh picked, fresh cooked—no shipping, no waiting, no recooking—no loss of the natural tomato flavor from the vine to your table.

Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup comes in two sizes, 15c and 25c (in the extreme West, a little more).

Makers of America's Most Famous Bacon—
Beech-Nut Bacon

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.
Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family.

THE UNIQUE CITY

(Concluded from Page 9

depend on the exertions of a people renowned throughout the world for hard and continuous industry.

On the other hand, practically all that was spectacular in the city, all the leading, all the center round which civic activities had grouped themselves for centuries, is destroyed.

Take the Grande Place: If Ypres is to persist in a future at all comparable to its immediate past—to say nothing of its historic past—the privately owned buildings on the Grande Place will without exception have to be begun all over again; and before that task can be undertaken the foundations will have to be cleared—a tremendous undertaking in itself.

I do not know how many privately owned buildings there were on the Grande Place, but I will guess a hundred and fifty, probably none of which was less than three stories in height. All these buildings belonged to individuals—individuals who intimately possessed them and counted on them as a source of income or well-being; individuals who are now scattered, impoverished and acutely discouraged. The same is to be said of the Rue de Lille and of other important streets.

Suppose the Germans back home again; and suppose the property owners of Ypres collected once more in Ypres. The enterprise of reconstruction facing them will make such a demand on initiative force and mere faith as must daunt the most audacious among them. And capital, dragged out of a bankrupt Germany, will by no means solve the material problem, for labor will be nearly as scarce as money; the call for labor in every field cannot fail to surpass in its urgency any call in history. The simple contemplation of the gigantic job will be staggering.

The Ypres of the Future

To begin with, the withered and corrupt dead will have to be excavated from the cellars; and when that day comes those will be present who can say: "This skeleton was So-and-So's child!" "That must have been my mother!" Terrific hours await Ypres. And when—or if—the buildings have been reërected tenants will have to be found for them; and then, think of the wholesale refurnishing!

The deep human instinct which attaches men and women to a particular spot of the earth's surface is so powerful that almost certainly the second incarnation of Ypres will be initiated; but that it will be carried very far toward completion seems to me to be somewhat doubtful.

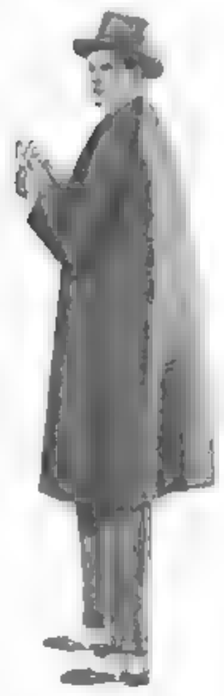
To my mind the new Ypres cannot be more than a kind of camp amid the dark ruins of the old; and the city must remain for many generations—if not forever—a ghastly sign and illustration of what cupidity and stupidity and vanity can compass together when physical violence is their instrument.

The immediate future of Ypres, after the war, is plain. It will instantly become one of the show places of the world. Hotels will appear out of the ground; guides and touts will pullulate at the railway station; the tour of the ruins will be mapped out, and the tourists and globe-trotters of the whole planet will follow that tour in batches, like staring sheep. Much money will be amassed by a few persons out of the exhibition of misfortune and woe. A sinister fate for a community!

Nevertheless, the thing must come to pass; and it is well that it should come to pass. The greater the number of people who see Ypres for themselves, the greater the hope of progress for mankind.

If the façade of the Cloth Hall can be saved, some such inscription as the following ought to be incised along the length of it:

"On July 31, 1914, the German Minister at Brussels gave a positive and solemn assurance that Germany had no intention of violating the neutrality of Belgium. Four days later the German Army invaded Belgium. Look round!"



"BALLYMEDE" Full back, large sleeves with roomy armholes, Highland Heather fabric, rain-proof

Here's an overcoat that will be a general favorite this season.

The fabric is "Highland Heather", a unique rain-proof weave that can be had only in Rosenwald & Weil overcoats.

You'll be interested to examine this smart overcoat at your dealer's.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
Chicago

Putting the Garden To Bed in the Fall is as important as getting it going in the Spring.

You'll find the Garden hints you need each week in

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy
From any newsdealer

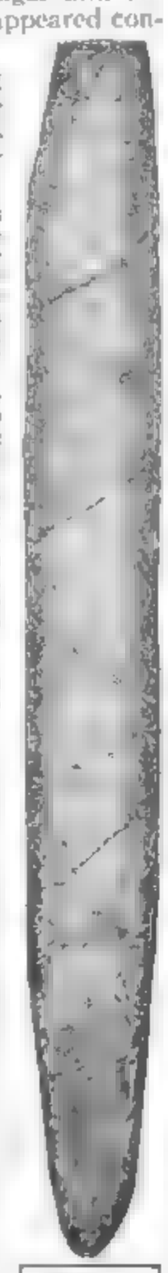
One Dollar a Year
By mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 130 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Ever See A Picture Of This Cigar Before?

Honestly, we believe that we could leave the signature off this advertisement and nearly half the men who saw it would know that it was put out by Herbert D. Shivers, Inc., of Philadelphia.

That is because this same cigar and the offer that follows below have appeared constantly for fourteen years.



Fourteen years is a long time. It is an *impossible* time for any cigar to be sold that is not an exceptionally good cigar at an unusually low price.

For fourteen years the Shivers Panatela has maintained the same quality, the same uniformity, the same flavor, the same mildness. Every Cigar-wise man knows that the most trifling change even in the wrapper of a package may affect the sale of a product. Still Panatela's flavor is the same delightful flavor in tobacco.

Yet for fourteen years we have claimed that our Panatela at $5.00 per hundred was the equal of the 10c or three-for-a-quarter cigar sold by the trade.

We have repeatedly offered to take back any box that did not convince the smoker of this fact, pay all expenses and no charge for the cigars smoked; and our business has grown every year. Our customers have increased. We have been forced to move to larger and larger quarters—and still we grow.

Aren't you ready at last to try this cigar? Hasn't it earned its right to your recognition?

OUR OFFER is: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked. If he is not satisfied with them, if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Selling direct from our factory to the smoker is the economic reason why we can offer a hand-made cigar with a selected long Havana filler, and a Sumatra wrapper for $5.00 per hundred or $2.50 for 50. All our sales are by the box. The majority are on reorders that come in year after year.

The Panatela is not our only cigar. We make seventeen different shapes, many of them clear Havana cigars. Our complete catalog mailed on request.

Read that offer again and see if you don't think it's about time you "took a chance."

In ordering please use business stationery and give references and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
21st and Market Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

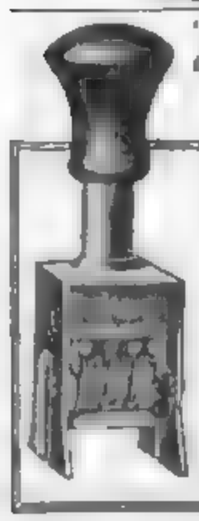
$1 DOWN A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. Play while you pay. No special room is needed. Can be mounted on dining or library table, or on its own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft (standard). Prices from $15 up. Cues, balls, etc., free.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

is splendidly made and adapted to the most expert play. The rubber cushions are the Burrowes Regulation Specification, which experts say there is nothing better made.

FREE TRIAL—Write for Illustrated Catalog, containing free trial offer, prices, terms, order blanks, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.,
501 Center St., Portland, Me.



"Every Paper Should Have A Date"

"CADO" $1. Dater
All Metal

This Dater should be on every desk. A great time saver for business men, accountants and clerks. Imprints the date clearly, thus

APR 20 '14

No guessing, no errors. The CADO DATER prints itself automatically before each impression. Made of richly nickeled metal. Nothing to get out of order.

Ask your dealer, or send for one at our risk. Your money back if not satisfactory after ten days' trial.

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO.
240 West 23rd St., New York

THE SHARP SWORD OF SERVICE

(Continued from Page 7)

and so on. It has been successful in retail lines that show a low average of efficiency among individual merchants and, like the trusts, is now training men who will in a few years make active competitors; for many a young man who to-day is learning good retail methods in a chain store will be heard from later in business for himself.

On a platform of service the small man can find plenty of chances to start out for himself. Service is largely a matter of doing better thinking than the other fellow, often on neglected details.

Not long ago a machinists' journal told the story of a mechanic who was laid up by an accident that crippled one hand. His son worked in a bank where several pencil-sharpening machines were used. The odd-shaped knives from these machines had to be sent off to the manufacturer for regrinding. That took time and postage in addition to a charge of twenty cents for sharpening. The father thought that, as there were many of these little machines in use in offices, he might make wages by sharpening them at twenty cents apiece, saving time and postage to office men. So he got a grinder, set it up at home, and started out canvassing.

For two weeks he got along badly, because the time spent in making calls, getting the knives and returning them, with carfare, ate up his earnings; but it seemed as though there must be some way to make the business pay. He thought over different schemes and finally developed one that succeeded immediately. Sending off to the manufacturer of the pencil-sharpening machines, he bought a supply of new knives. Then when he canvassed for old knives to sharpen he slipped in one of the new knives, keeping the machine in use while the dull knife was taken away to be ground. That was service. It gave him the advantage over the distant manufacturer, enabled him to handle several dozen knives daily and made the business profitable.

When Specialty Spells Success

Another factor that often helps the small man hold his own against formidable competition nowadays is advantage in overhead expenses. A new company was organized to make automobiles. It entered the field of the low-price car and, therefore, had to figure carefully on costs. Its product was an assembled car—that is, the parts were mostly not made in its own plant, but were bought from various outside manufacturers, each a specialist on some unit. When ready for the market the finished car was the product of some two hundred and fifty different manufacturers of parts and accessories, all of which concerns had started from small beginnings within ten years.

One of the parts has a typical story showing how Overhead works for Little Business. There was difficulty about getting this part quickly from a large factory that makes it as a specialty, owing to rush of orders in the busy season. The engineer of the automobile company noticed a small machine shop near his own factory and wondered whether the troublesome part might not be made there, at least temporarily. He went in and found that the proprietor kept only a few men busy on jobbing work and that he was able to turn out the part wanted. A trial lot proved satisfactory. The little jobbing shop was given a contract for more, and then more.

As the automobile company grew the machine shop grew, too, until presently jobbing was given up altogether and the whole plant centered on that part. Better machinery was installed, the men trained to standard production, the working force increased. Finally the time came when the proprietor was able to hire a first-rate superintendent, a technical man whose salary was larger than his own net earnings of two years before.

Every few months the automobile factory sends round to other manufacturers and secures bids on that particular part; for if it can be cheapened, without lowering quality, the economy is needed in making cars for a price. The little shop has always been able to underbid large competitors, because it escapes certain overhead expenses incident to size. It makes one thing, with a plant adapted to that one product, running steadily; so there is no idle plant to eat into

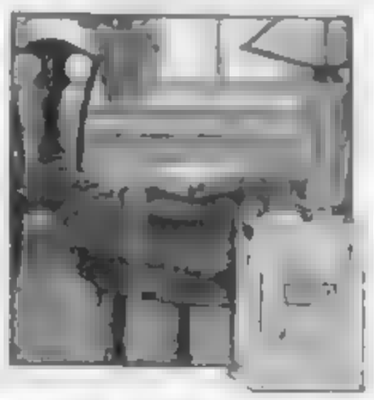
"When you have a certain varnishing job to do use the varnish that is specially made for that job"

Different kinds of varnished surfaces get different kinds of wear. For each different kind of wear there is a Sherwin-Williams' Varnish that will successfully meet it.

MAR-NOT

For floors

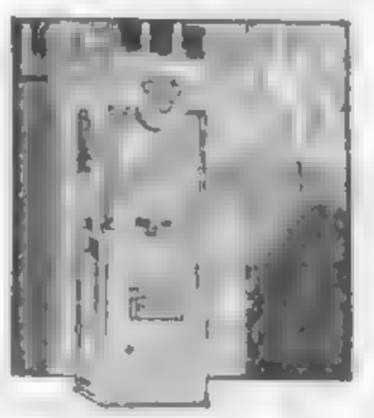
Floors are walked on, danced on and furniture is dragged over them. They are scrubbed and swept and rubbed. Mar-not meets these conditions, holds its looks and gives you long service under the most abusive treatment.



SCAR-NOT

For furniture and woodwork

The steam from a radiator, the heat of a dish or the splash of boiling water has no effect on Scar-not. It takes a rich, lustrous polish and is extensively used by furniture manufacturers.



REXPAR

For outdoor work

Weather is relentless in its attacks on varnish. Rexpar can be exposed to heat, cold, rain or snow, or even submerged under water, and still retain its lustre and never turn white. Use it for all outside varnishing.

You can get just the varnish for your purpose from the Sherwin-Williams' dealer in your town

Send 10 cents for a clever new game and get a useful book with it free of charge

The ABC of Home Painting
A practical, experienced painter tells you in simple words just how to paint, varnish, stain or enamel every surface in and around your home. Send for a copy.

Going to Market
is a mighty interesting game for both young folks and grown-ups. It's good training, too, for anyone who buys or sells in the markets. Sent for 10 cents in stamps.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.
Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere

COVER THE EARTH

Enger Twin Six $1095

This is the world's first popular priced Twelve.

It gives you a degree of flexibility, power, silence and speed which we absolutely believe cannot be obtained in anything but a twelve cylinder automobile.

A demonstration will prove this once and for all.

Yet the price of this Twin Six is only $1095.

The Enger Twin Six is backed by one of the strongest concerns in the automobile business.

Dun and Bradstreet rate us at $1,000,000 AAA-1—the highest rating obtainable.

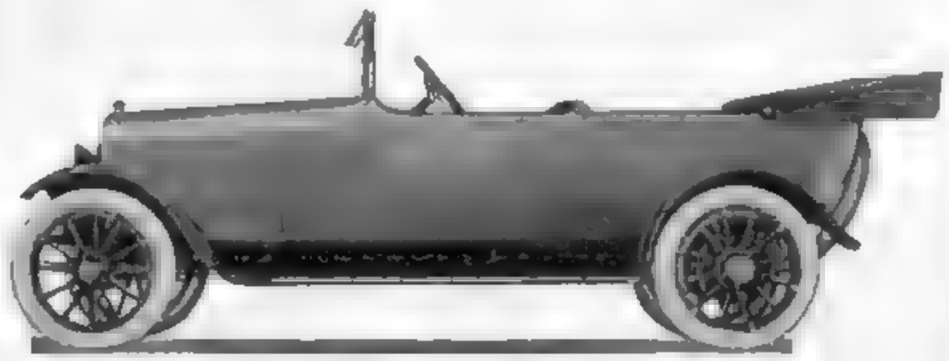
In brief the description of this remarkable car is as follows:

Twin Six Motor	Electrically started
Valve in head type	Electrically Lighted
115 inch wheelbase	Four inch tires
Cantilever springs	Brewster green body
Real streamline body	Weight only 2485 lbs.

Orders placed now receive first consideration. Factory demonstrations going on every day.

Deliveries start very shortly.

To Dealers—*The Enger Twin Six has opened up an entirely new field for twelve cylinder cars. And we are in a position to do immediate business with live, responsible dealers. Write or wire us today.*



Literature on Request

The Enger Motor Car Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

"I Wanted to Be My Own Boss"

and I wanted work in which profits would increase in proportion to the time and ability I devoted to the job. That is why I took up Curtis work," writes Orville W. Street, of Washington.

Mr. Street is making $85.00 a month now. In another year his earnings will be from three to four thousand dollars. He has an eye to the future, and says: "One advantage of this work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is that it means something permanent."

If you want to break away from the time-clock; if you want to get out into the fresh air and be your own boss, write for our booklet, "The Way to An Independent Income." There will be no expense to you.

Agency Division, Box 124

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

profits during dull seasons. Its product goes to a single customer on contract—there is no selling expense. Its executive expenses and rent are moderate.

The shoe business is now furnishing numerous examples of small men successfully competing with large plants by the elimination of overhead expense. These men always know their business—as foremen or superintendents they have learned all the operations in making shoes and how to run the different machines. Their savings and the system whereby shoe machinery is leased instead of sold enable them to start where rents are low, on the outskirts of a shoe city—or even in the country. They buy leather and supplies from day to day, in many cases, and specialize on some type of shoe that sells readily to buyers; and by elimination of selling expense, large stocks of leather, heavy investments in lasts, and other overhead items incident to the plant where a wide variety of shoes is made to take care of the demands of a big trade, they keep costs down to the minimum.

Add the factor of personal supervision by the proprietor or partners, and their advantages over big factories are very real; in fact, because it is growing more and more difficult to get high-class personal supervision in big shoe factories, some men in that industry hold that the limit of size has been reached. Where different grades of footwear are now made under the roof of one big factory, with single management, they believe that in the future the production will be split up among several factories, each specializing on a given grade.

About the same thing happened when some of the trusts were unscrambled by the courts. Business was divided according to old constituent companies, or by geographical districts, and managers put in charge of each unit on a basis of competition in producing goods, making sales, and so on. This specialization has resulted in increased earnings in most cases. On every hand the concern that specializes seems to be holding its own against mere size. Size brought economies, but it also developed wastes and leaks.

The Small Man's Best Weapons

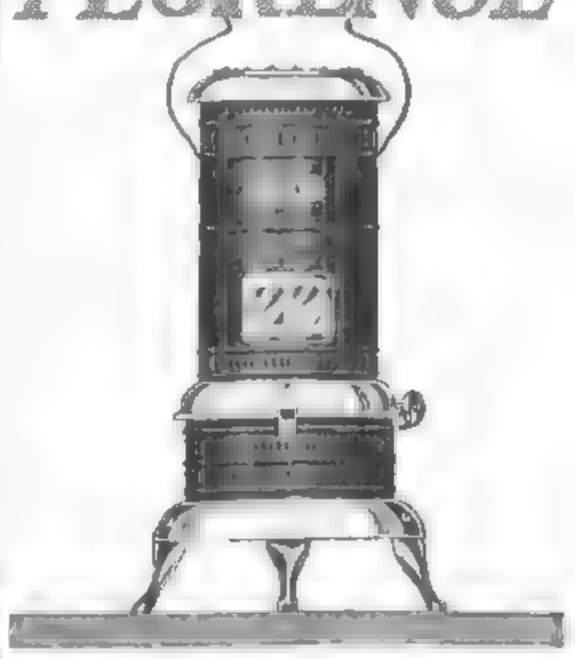
A big corporation—one large enough to be regarded as a trust—makes fifty different metal products in one big organization. A certain product for which costly equipment has been provided is made in large volume, yet at the same time amounts to hardly three per cent of the company's total business; so it never assumes pressing importance. The salesmen sell it as part of the general line, and the engineering staff improves it when customers complain or competitors bring out something strikingly original; but it lacks individuality, advertising and a trade-mark of its own. If production should fall off for some reason, and that part of the plant where it is made should stand idle, nobody would worry about the leak—because "It's such a small part of the business, you see!"

On the outside, however, there is a small company making that product as its main specialty—it amounts to eighty or ninety per cent of the total business. The salesforce centers on it; the engineering staff constantly studies to improve it; new customers are created by advertising and held by good service; the management plans to keep the plant going; and the whole business is alive all over. This kind of company is not going to be put out of business by the other kind; for against the single weapon of price cutting, which the trust might use, there are service, salesmanship and other resources of present-day competition.

During one of Uncle Sam's trust suits attorneys for the Government were trying to show that the wicked corporation had put competitors out of business by price cutting, price control, and so on.

An independent manufacturer was called on to testify. As a competitor of the trust in some of its minor products it was expected that he would reveal dreadful things it had done in the effort to put him out of business; but, to the surprise of the attorneys, he declared that the trust could not put him out of business if it wanted to, because he had developed the factors of service and salesmanship, and held his business by holding business friends. When prices were even he could always land the order in rivalry with the trust; and, even if the trust's price was a trifle lower, very often he could land it just the same—that was what salesmanship and service and connections were for.

FLORENCE



For Welcome Warmth

Every household needs a Florence Oil Heater. It will warm you up in a jiffy—and keep you warm till spring. Handsome, sturdy, easy to clean and adjust, absolutely reliable and safe, the Florence is fast becoming the standard heater in the better homes of America. It costs little to buy and less to operate.

The Florence is a *stove type* heater. The wick and oil reservoir are in separate compartments, with air spaces and metal flues in between. This does away with the perforations which soon clog with dust and lint, thus causing smoke and smell. It also does away with all danger of turning the wick down into the oil. The tripod base insures a firm foundation. Three sizes, for big, medium-size, or little rooms. Our free illustrated catalog tells the story—and it's yours for the asking.

FLORENCE Oil Heaters

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY
125 School St., Gardner, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of the famous Florence Oil Cook Stoves and Florence Ovens. Send for our handy book of economical recipes, "The Household Helper"—FREE.

Two Plug Ignition
Ordinary Plug
SU-DIG Plug
MORE POWER
GREATER MILEAGE
Ten to twenty per cent of your gasoline bill is
A mixture ignited by two plugs at once burns almost instantly. Power and gasoline mileage
SU-DIG Series Plugs
Superior Motor Power Company
62 Irving Place New York City
SU-DIG

"Fed the moths the last piece of Brussels carpet to-day."

"Went overboard to see if the two barnacles were safe on the keel."

EXTRACTS *from*

THE LOG OF THE ARK

Noah's record of his famous voyage. There's a laugh in every line. PRICE $1 Net.

E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

More New York shops handle Carter's than any other high grade knit underwear

Carter's
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Knit Underwear for all the family

Awarded Grand Prize

The Highest Award Possible to Obtain

This award of the Grand Prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition signally confirms the judgment of the thousands who have worn Carter's season after season.

This tribute is made especially noteworthy by the fact that the underwear shown at the Exposition was not manufactured especially for the occasion but *was taken from the regular goods in stock!*

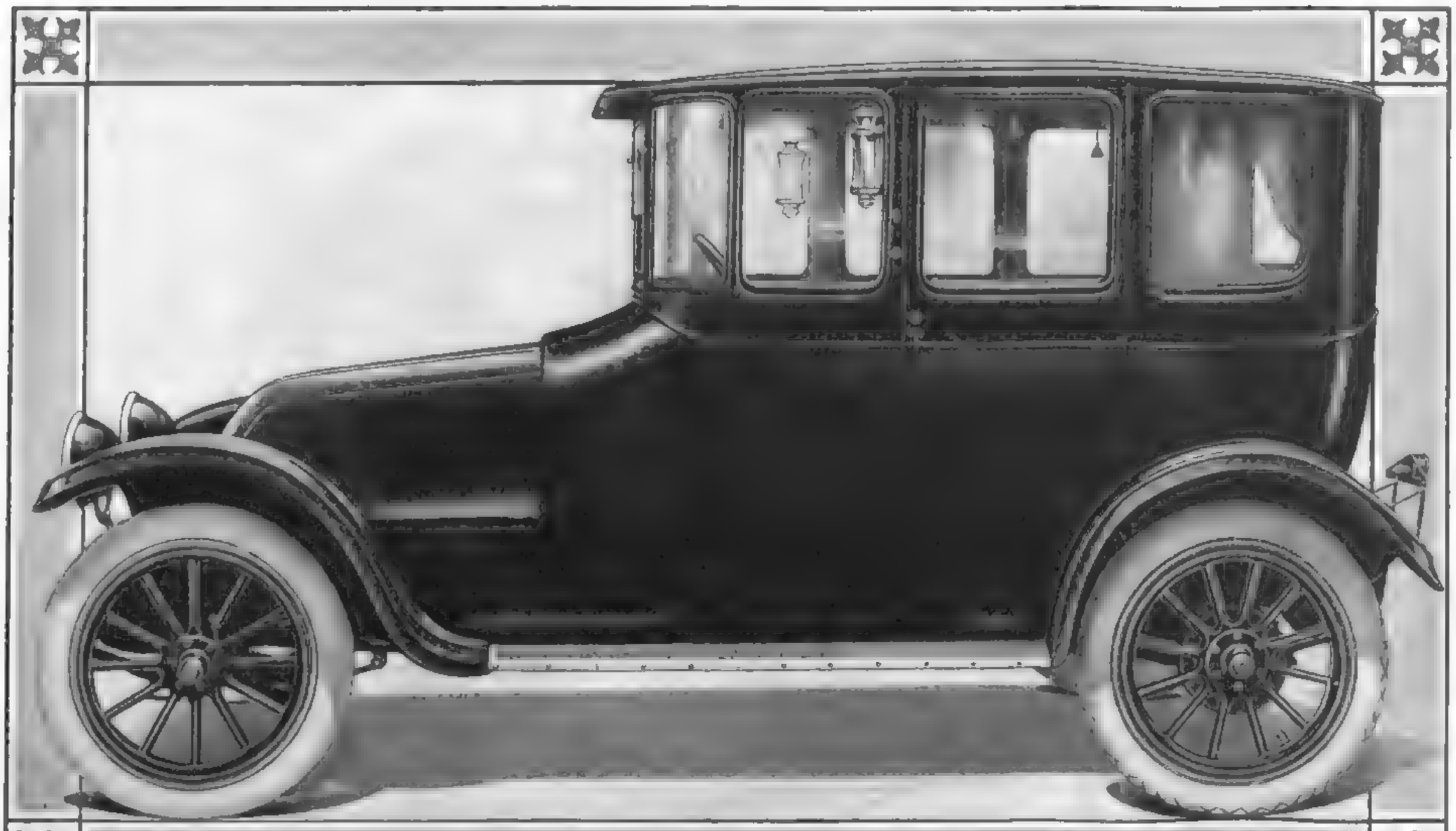
Since the Sixties, when the Carters first began to make underwear, they have originated fully fifty refinements in underwear. Today everyone recognizes Carter's Knit Underwear as the standard by which underwear should be judged. It is underwear brought to the ideal point of perfection—underwear just as *you* would order it if you had your undergarments made to order exactly as your personal needs and tastes dictated.

Among well dressed men the Carter label has unconsciously become their guide in the selection of underwear

Women find in Carter's the instant meeting of new modes usually secured only in made-to-order wearing apparel.

The models Carter is showing this Fall include union suits for men, union suits and two piece garments for women and children in practically every fabric—silk, lisle, cotton, merino and wool—and in all the accepted shades, white, écru and natural. They also include carefully designed and finished shirts and bands for infants. Ask your dealer to show you the new Carter models

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Needham Heights (Boston District) and
Springfield, Mass.



The Franklin Sedan

The All-Year-Round Car

WHEN the automobile was new, people used to lay it up for the winter, along with the gladiolus bulbs and the garden hose.

Next we heard a great deal about the Town Car—a *ponderous* enclosed vehicle to be run gingerly on city streets, blanketed like a horse and kept in a warm stable.

Also, their one idea of summer motoring was the Touring Car open to wind and sun and dust.

Now, the *Franklin Sedan is actually cooler in summer than a Touring Car.* It can be so ventilated as to afford a continuous *free circulation of fresh air*—while protecting the occupant from the sun and the dust.

As a *winter car,* the Franklin, with its Direct-Air-Cooling System, can be depended on, *no matter where the mercury drops.*

No water, no pump, no plumbing, no blanketing, no antifreezing mixtures.

Perfect independence of temperature conditions and freedom from cracked water jackets *and all freezing troubles.*

More people every day are beginning to look for *solid comfort in an all-the-year-round car.* A car that can be run anywhere, any time, on city pavements or country roads—*regardless of distance, weather, or the condition of the roads.*

The Franklin Sedan is built to withstand American roads as no other car. *It weighs only 2970 pounds—just 295 pounds more than the Touring Car.*

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THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 23)

roaring mob accompanied them, followed them, raced up the parallel streets to arrive before the armory at the same moment as the first files. The armory square was found to be deserted, except for the intrepid Barry and Bovee, who still marched back and forth before the closed door. No one had entered or left the building.

Inside the armory the first spirit of bravado and fight-to-the-last-ditch had died to a sullen stubbornness. Nobody had much to say. Terry was very contrite, as well he might be. A judge of the Supreme Court, who had no business being in San Francisco at all, sworn to uphold the law, had stepped out from his jurisdiction to commit as lawless and idiotic a deed of passion as could have been imagined.

Whatever chances the Law and Order Party might have had, could they have mobilized their forces, were dissipated. Their troops were scattered in small units; their rank and file were heaven knew where; their enemies, fully organized, had been mustered by the alarm bell to full alertness and compactness. And Terry's was the hand that had struck that bell! For the only time in his recorded history David Terry's ungoverned spirit was humbled. Until he found that nothing immediate was going to happen to him, and while under the silent but scathing disapprobation of his companions, he actually talked of resigning. Parenthetically it might be said that the fit did not last long, and he soon reared his haughty crest as high as ever. But now, listening to the roar of the mob outside, peeping at the trim thousands of armed men deploying before the armory, he regretted his deed.

"This is very unfortunate, very unfortunate!" he said. "But you shall not imperil your lives for me. I will surrender to them."

Instead of the prompt expostulation he expected, a dead silence greeted these words.

"There is nothing else to do," agreed Ashe at last.

An officer was sent to negotiate.

"We will deliver up the armory if you will agree not to give us over to the mob," he told the Committee.

"We hold, and intend to hold, the mob under absolute control. We have nothing in common with mobs," was Coleman's reply.

The doors were then thrown open, and a company of the Vigilante troops marched in. Within ten minutes the streets were cleared. The six hundred prisoners, surrounded by a solid body of infantry, with cavalry on the flanks, were marched to headquarters. The city was jubilant. This at last was the clean sweep! Men went about with shining faces, slapping each other on the back. And Coleman, the wise general, realizing that compromises were useless, peace impossible, came to a decision. Shortly from headquarters the entire Vigilante forces moved in four divisions toward the cardinal points of the compass. From them small squads were from time to time detached and sent out to right or left. The main divisions surrounded the remaining four big armories; the smaller squads combed the city for arms. In the early morning the armories capitulated. By sunup every weapon in the city had been taken to Fort Gunnybags.

LXXI

UP TO this time Nan Keith had undergone the experience of nine out of ten married women in early California—that is, she had been neglected. Neglect in some form or other was the common lot of the legally attached feminine. How could it logically be otherwise? In the turbulent, varied, restless, intensely interesting, deeply exciting life of the pioneer city, only a poor-spirited, bloodless, nerveless man would have thought to settle down to domesticity. A quiet evening at home stands small chance, even in an old-established community, against a dog fight on the corner or a fire in the next block. And here were men fights instead, and a great, splendid conflagration of desires, appetites and passions, a grand clash of interests and wills that burned out men's lives in the space of a few years. It was a restless time, full of neglected women. This neglect varied in degree, to be sure. Nan was lucky there. No other woman had thrust her way in; no other attraction lured Keith from her, as had happened to so many others. She possessed all his interest. But at present that interest seemed attenuated and remote.

After her revulsion of feeling the afternoon the Vigilantes first rose in their might she withdrew within her pride, for Nan was no meek and humble spirit. But the scales had dropped from her eyes as to affairs about her. San Francisco suddenly became something besides a crude collection of buildings. For the first time she saw it as a living entity, strong in the throes of growth. She devoured eagerly all the newspapers, collected avidly all the rumors. Whenever possible she discussed the state of affairs; but this was difficult, for nearly everyone was strongly partisan for one side or another, and incapable of anything but excitement and vituperation. The Sherwoods were a great comfort to her here, for though they approved of the new movement, they nevertheless refused to become heated, and retained a spirit of humor. Sherwood was not a member of the Committee of Vigilance, but he had subscribed heavily—and openly—to its funds, he had assisted it with his counsels, and it was hinted that *sub rosa* he had taken part in some of the more obscure but dangerous operations.

"I am an elderly, peace-loving, respectable citizen," he told Nan, "and I stand unequivocally for law and order and for justice, for the orderly doing of things, and against violence and mob spirit."

"Why, John Sherwood!" cried Nan, up in arms at once; "I'd never have believed you could be on the side of Judge Terry and that stripe!"

"Oho!" cried Sherwood, delighted to have led her on. "Now we have it! But what made you think I was on that side?"

"Why, didn't you just say ——"

"Oh," said Sherwood, comfortably, "I was using real meanings, not just word-tags. In my opinion real law and order are all on the other side."

"And the men ——" cried Nan aglow.

"The men are, of course, all noble, self-sacrificing, patriotic, immaculate demigods, who——" He broke off, chuckling at Nan's expression. "No, seriously, I think they are doing a fine work, and that they'll go down in history."

In the course of these conversations the pendulum with Nan began again to quiver at the descent. Through the calmly philosophical eye of the ex-gambler, John Sherwood, she partly envisaged the significance of what was happening—the struggling forth of real government from the sham. Her own troubles grew small by comparison. She began to feel nearer Keith in spirit than for some time past, to understand him better, even—though this was difficult—to get occasionally a glimpse of his relations toward herself. It was all very inchoate, unformed, rather an instinct than a clear view. She became restless; for she had no outlet, either for her own excitement or for the communicated excitement of the times.

On the crucial June evening she sat by the lamp, trying in vain to concentrate her attention on a book. The sound of the doorbell made her jump. A moment later she arose in some surprise as Mrs. Morrell entered the room. Relations between the women had never been broken off, though the pretense of ordinary cordiality had long since been dropped. When Mrs. Morrell found it expedient to make this call, she spent several hours trying to invent a plausible excuse. She was unable to do so. Finally she gave it up in angry despair.

"As long as it is not too bald, what difference does it make?" she said to herself cynically.

And out of this desperation she hit on the cleverest thing possible. Instead of coming to make a friendly call, she pretended to be on an errand of protest.

"It's about your dog," she told Nan. "He's a dear, good dog, and a great friend of ours, but cannot you shut him up nights? He's inclined to prowl round under my windows, and just the sound of him there keeps me awake. I know it's foolish, but I am so nervous these days ——"

"Why, of course," said Nan with real contrition. "I'd no idea ——"

Gringo was at the moment ingratiating himself with Wing Sam *in re* one soup bone of no use to anybody but a dog. If he could have heard Mrs. Morrell's indictment he would have been both grieved and surprised, for Gringo never prowled anywhere. Like most rather meaty individuals, he was a very sound sleeper; and in the morning he often felt a little uneasy in his conscience

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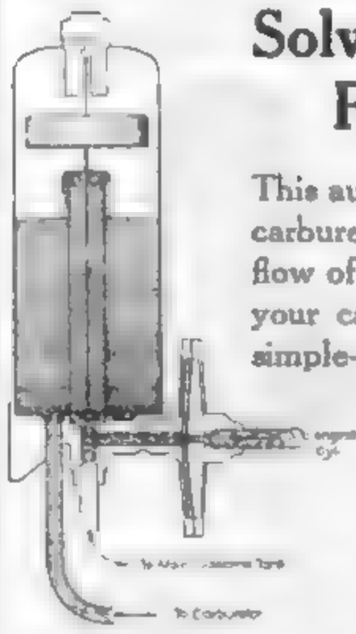

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as to the matter of stray, trespassing cats, or such small fry. He had every confidence that his instincts would warn him of really important things, like burglars. Still, the important things are not all of life.

Having slandered the innocent Gringo, Mrs. Morrell stayed for a chat. Apparently she was always just on the point of departure, but never went. Nan being, as she thought, in the wrong as to the worthy Gringo, tried her best to be polite. At the end of an hour the doorbell rang again. If Nan had been watching she might have seen Mrs. Morrell's body relax, as though from a tenseness. After a moment Wing Sam shuffled in, carrying a soiled letter.

"Man he tell you lead this chop-chop," said he.

Apologizing, Nan opened the paper. With a cry she sprang to her feet. Her face had gone white.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Morrell in apparent anxiety.

Without a word Nan picked up the letter from the floor and handed it to her.

"*Madam:* Your husband has been injured in an attempt at arrest. He wants me to tell you he is at Jake's Place hurt bad. With respects, JOHN Q. ALDER."

For an instant Mrs. Morrell did not dare look up. She was thoroughly angry at what she thought to be her husband's stupidity.

"Why, that wouldn't deceive a child!" she thought contemptuously.

"How dreadful! Who is Alder?" she said, merely to say something.

"I don't know," Nan replied rather wildly. "One of the Vigilantes, I suppose. I must go out there at once!"

She ran to the hall, where she began to rummage for cloaks. Mrs. Morrell followed her in wonderment. She was going to take this crude bait after all. Mrs. Morrell had not the slightest idea Nan still loved her husband.

"You can't go alone!" she cried in apparent sympathy. "You poor child! Jake's Place—at this time of night!"

"I'd go to hell if he needed me there!" cried Nan.

Mrs. Morrell became suddenly capable and commanding. "Then I shall go with you," she announced firmly.

"Oh, you are good!" cried Nan, full of contrition, feeling beneath her anxiety that she had misjudged her neighbor's heart.

Mrs. Morrell took charge. She lit the lantern, led the way to the stable, did the most toward harnessing the horse. When they had backed the buggy out of the barn she insisted on driving.

"You're in no fit condition!" she told Nan, who obediently climbed in beside her.

The drive was made in silence, except that occasionally Nan urged hurry. She sat bolt upright, her hands clasped in her lap, her figure rigid, trying to hold on to herself. At Jake's Place a surly hostler appeared and led away their horse. Jake's Place was in darkness, save for one lighted room on the ground floor and a dimly illuminated bar at the other end.

It is but just to a celebrated resort, that had seen and was still to see much of life, to say that it knew nothing of the plot. Sansome had engaged the ground-floor parlor and ordered a fire and drinks. Morrell had commanded a little supper for later. Now two ladies appeared. This was all normal. Without drinks and little suppers of this kind Jake's Place would soon have languished. Nan leaped over the wheel to the ground as soon as the buggy had stopped and before the dilatory hostler had cramped aside the wheel.

"Where is he?" she demanded breathlessly. The hostler jerked a thumb at the lighted windows. Without a word Nan ran up the steps and to the door. The hostler looked after her flying figure, then grinned up at Mrs. Morrell.

Mrs. Morrell gave him a coin, and as he moved away with the horse she, too, ran up the steps. Nan had entered the parlor door, leaving it open behind her. Mrs. Morrell closed it again and locked it. Then, with a certainty that proved her familiarity with the place, she walked down the length of the veranda to a hall, which she entered.

Nan had burst into a parlor with an open fire. Before it stood a small table crowded with bottles and glasses. Sansome rose rather unsteadily from one of the easy chairs. Nan uttered an exclamation of relief as she recognized him.

"Oh, I'm glad you're here!" she cried. "This is kind! How is he? Where is he?"

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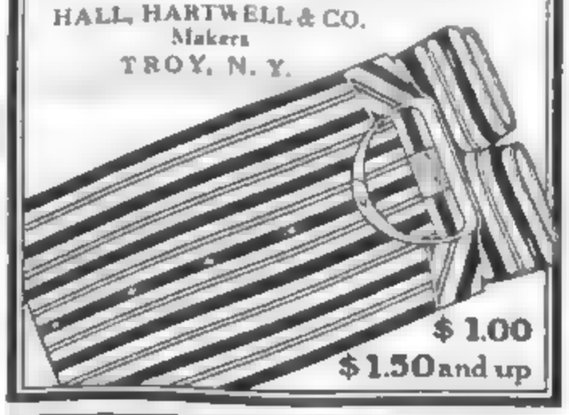

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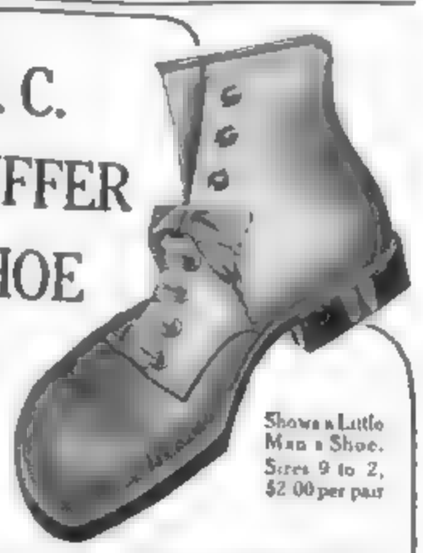

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THE SURPRISING VALLEY

(Continued from Page 14)

Water, of course, was the sceneshifter; and it runs everywhere. From one of the dryest of spots the valley has become one of the wettest. There is the gridiron of main canals, brimful of swiftly running, muddy-red Colorado water, the largest of them being of a size that would be dignified by the name of river in most localities. Your road will cross one of these canals every now and then or run beside it. Then there is the intricate network of lesser channels of various sizes. Always there will be an artificial watercourse at each side of the road and you are continually crossing them. At the corner of every field a red rivulet bubbles.

Literally there is water everywhere—and there must be. Take the water from any spot and it turns back to desert. Not only every tree and shrub but every spear of grain must be watered. Even the public roads are irrigated. They are made with a ridge through the middle and a track on each side. When a road gets dusty water is turned on one side of it from an irrigating ditch, flooding it. That soaking will keep the dust down for two or three weeks. And when one side of the road is flooded travelers use the other side. Except for this alternate soaking the dust would become fairly intolerable.

The soil is not sandy. There is no grit in it; but in summer, under the churning of wheels, it turns to a flourlike powder, which on an unwatered road becomes a foot thick. At El Centro a well was driven twelve hundred feet, and to that depth the soil was the same as at the surface—a gritless, alluvial silt. Nobody knows how far it may be to bedrock.

True, it rains sometimes in the valley, the average annual fall being about two inches; but these occasional visitations are not particularly welcome.

"We hate to see it rain down here," a farmer explained with perfect seriousness. "It wets everything all up! I've known a field of alfalfa to get so wet from rain that I had to drive the cattle off it to keep them from trampling it into the ground. We prefer to telephone to the water company when we want water."

That is what they do, a farmer ordering his water there very much as he orders sugar and flour elsewhere. Though the valley looks quite level, there is everywhere sufficient slope for drainage. The mutual water company delivers water at the highest point on a man's farm. From that point he constructs his own ditches as he pleases. When he wants water he simply telephones for so many inches and the company sends a man to open the gate that puts the water on his farm.

Water and Fertilizer Combined

He pays two annual assessments of a dollar each on his water-company stock. That entitles him to two acre-feet of water to the acre—that is, enough water to cover his acreage to a depth of two feet. He is then entitled to two additional acre-feet on payment of fifty cents a foot. The amount of water he uses will depend on what he is raising. If it is alfalfa—which requires about the maximum of water—he will use about three acre-feet. Thus, his water bill will come to about two dollars and a half an acre a year.

This is his fertilizer bill also, however. The Colorado water, with its heavy deposit of silt, contains a considerable percentage of fertilizing matter. Practically no commercial fertilizer is used there. Valley farmers consider Colorado water decidedly superior to rain water. They can get it just when they want it and in just the quantity they need. It never comes along inopportunely to spoil the haying or interfere with spring plowing.

Cattle raising and dairying, together, are rather the leading industry. There is green pasture all the year round—principally alfalfa; but, as alfalfa lies dormant during two winter months, a man who wants good pasture then will sow barley in his alfalfa field in the fall and have a green crop in winter.

They cut alfalfa, on an average, seven times a year and expect a ton an acre to the cutting. You hear of ten cuttings a year, but seven is about the average. A forty-acre field will keep thirty dairy cows through the year. Again, you hear of a cow to the acre, and it is sometimes done; but thirty cows to forty acres is a safe rule. Often a field will be divided, say, into eight five-acre strips, and the cattle turned into one lot after another up to the sixth, the last two lots being mowed for winter hay. Imperial is now the first county in the state in butter production and expects very soon to be the first in the nation.

In 1906 Ira Aten planted a few rows of cotton near El Centro, and that staple has now become probably second in money value to the cattle product. Last year, of course, it was not profitable because of war-demoralized prices. At all the valley towns one sees baled cotton standing in the open, weather damage being so slight that no warehouses are provided. The cotton has brought in a considerable negro population.

Money in Early Melons

Before that, somebody experimented with cantaloupes and found they yielded astonishingly. In 1907 many growers netted six and seven hundred dollars an acre. Some growers say they got a thousand dollars an acre, but probably their bookkeeping is not very exact. Irrigated land could be bought then for fifty or sixty dollars an acre. Naturally there was a great rush to raise cantaloupes. The markets were glutted the next year and profits disappeared. Since then growers have made very good money in some years, though in others they have made little. Last year, for example, between untoward market conditions and a pestiferous bug that preyed on the crop, there was little profit.

Still, cantaloupe raising is a standard industry, yielding well over a million dollars gross in a fair year. The Imperial melons reach market in May, before all competitors. They are shipped out of the valley in solid carloads, one train of two hundred and seven cars having been pulled out. They go pretty nearly everywhere, even as far as Maine—the Atlantic seaboard, in fact, taking an important part of the yield.

Of late years melon growing has got largely into the hands of the Japanese. They now have probably four-fifths of it. Indeed, the valley is cultivated by labor of many shades and races: Negroes pick the cotton, Japanese raise the melons, Hindus work in the fields, and a good deal of Mexican labor is employed.

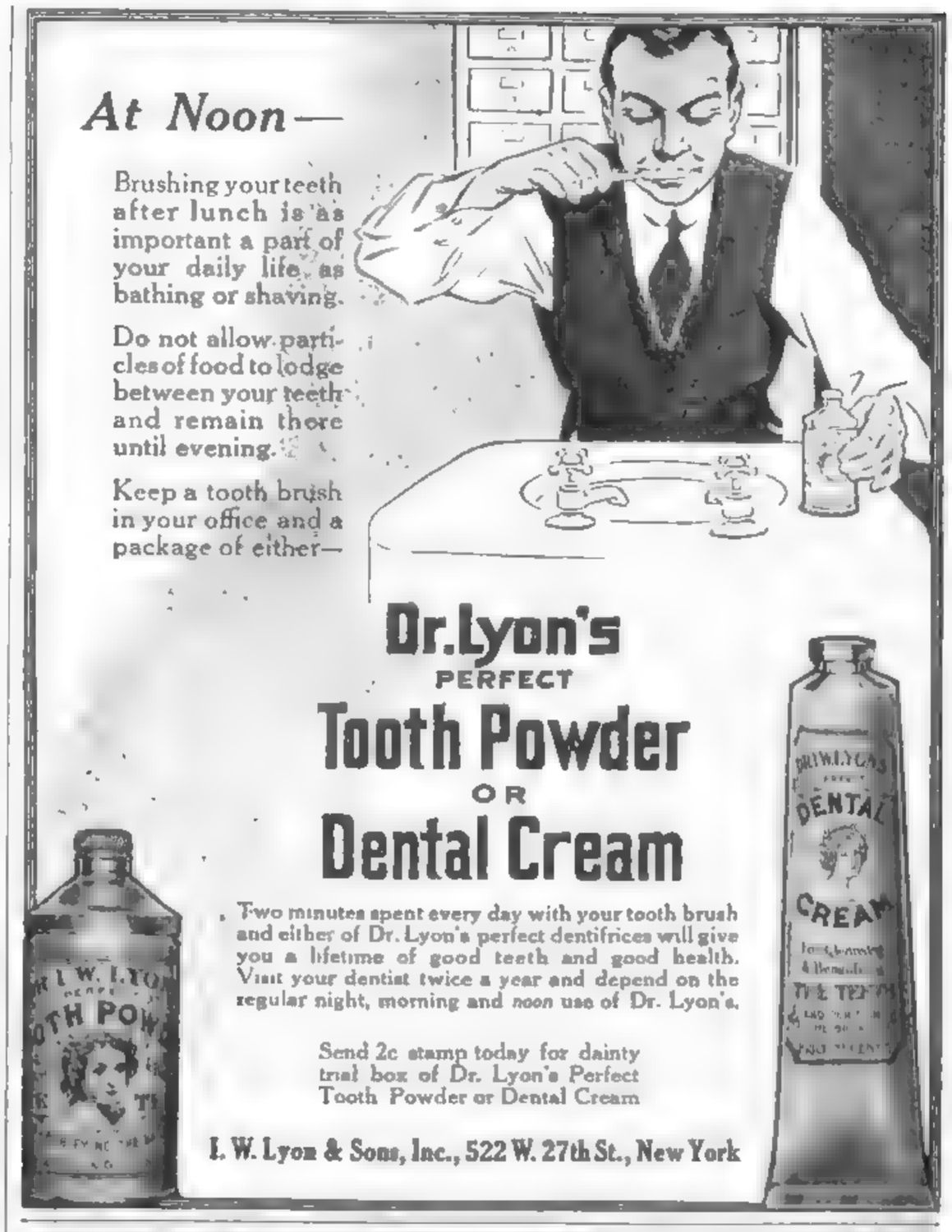
So far there is almost no coöperation among valley farmers. Asparagus growers have a young association, but mainly the products are sold in any and every way. A few large melon growers market their own output; others sell or consign to commission houses. The asparagus, too, gets to market early, shipments beginning about the middle of March and going clear to New York.

Some valley men think dates will become their most important crop, as there is very little competition in the United States. Dates of excellent quality are grown there now; but this is a rather slowly developing industry, as it takes a tree five or six years to come into bearing. They raise really good grapefruit, too, and much is expected from that; in fact it is rather hard to say what may not be grown there, and I shall not attempt a catalogue even of the valley's present products.

Naturally one product of this exceedingly fertile valley has been a certain amount of booster literature, from which the injudicious might infer that anybody, with comparatively little capital, pains and labor, could get rich quick there. Of course that is all nonsense. A farmer who prospers there must work, and work right. I am told by a man whose judgment I value that fifty dollars an acre is probably a fair statement of returns from properly cultivated land—running up to seventy-five if the farmer has a good herd of dairy cows.

All the Government land in the irrigated section has been taken up. Land in cultivation and under irrigation round the central part of the valley sells for anywhere from one to two hundred dollars an acre, the price including the share of water stock for each acre which carries the water right. For good land in alfalfa a hundred and fifty dollars an acre would probably be about an average price.

Farther north, where the valley approaches the Southern Pacific right of way, that road had forty-seven thousand acres,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Two minutes spent every day with your tooth brush and either of Dr. Lyon's perfect dentifrices will give you a lifetime of good teeth and good health. Visit your dentist twice a year and depend on the regular night, morning and noon use of Dr. Lyon's.
Send 2c stamp today for dainty trial box of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream
I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc., 522 W. 27th St., New York
DENTAL CREAM

DRY FEET FOR ALL THE FAMILY
WITHOUT
RUBBERS
1 Pour it on the Uppers
2 then on the Soles
3 then Rub it in!
DRI-FOOT
The Shoe Waterproofing
Positively waterproofs shoes—black or tan—makes them wear longer—and they polish as well as ever.
Don't hesitate to put it on your brand new shoes, whatever they cost. It's easy to apply and two or three thorough applications will last a season. Guaranteed for black or tan—light or heavy shoes.
10c
Ask for it at your shoe store, drug, grocery or hardware store
If your dealer does not have it send us his name and 10c. and we will mail a can postpaid.
The Fitz Chemical Company, Phillipsburg, New Jersey
(Manufacturers of Sani-Foot, the Inside Rubber Heels)
ECONOMY: 25c. can holds 3 times the quantity of 10c. can.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

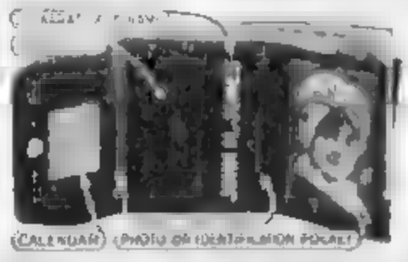
In nine months more than $25,000,000 worth of these cars have been bought by the American people and still our one problem is to satisfy the demand.

Extraordinary claims have not, as you know, played any part in creating this demand, which must therefore be directly due to the performance of the car

The motor is 30-35 horsepower
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

100,000 "American Bankrolls"—the 1916 MODEL—ready for your Christmas Gift buying [illegible] Bifold, Coin purse, Photo & Card-case. Finest, Genuine Black Seal Grain Leather [illegible] inches. Has secret billpocket, coinpurse, transparent photo or identification pocket and calendar besides 7 hidden card pockets. Packed in handsome giftbox with Christmas card and insert card ready for the TREE. If unable to get money order at once, send postage stamps 10th annual catalog of high grade GUARANTEED LEATHER GOODS and NOVELTIES free with orders for "Bankroll," or sent alone for 5c postage.
C. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., Dept. 1-B, Ravenswood, CHICAGO
Established 1906. Incorporated 1910



50c Postpaid
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Fits any Pocket
For Ladies or Gentlemen
Copyright U S L G CO 1915

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

Large Capital and Surplus, 47 years of experience and solid financial standing give this bank every element of safety. Let us send you our free booklet "M" explaining why our system of Banking by Mail at 4% interest is safe, profitable, private and convenient.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $3,500,000.00
ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS

Try this Delicious Recipe for CREAMED SAUSAGES—Parboil 1 pound pork sausages. When cold remove skin and cut sausages into pieces. Have ready 1 cup of white sauce, add to it ½ cup cream, 2 teaspoons LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, salt and pepper to taste and bring to boiling point. Add sausages and cook 10 minutes. Serve with hot baked potatoes or croquettes.

Lea & Perrins SAUCE

Kitchen Recipe Hunger sent free upon request by Post Card.
LEA & PERRINS, 239 WEST STREET, NEW YORK

being each alternate section. A syndicate bought that land, built a new irrigation canal to it, and is now putting it on the market at from sixty to seventy-five dollars an acre; but in this case the purchaser must buy a share of stock in the new mutual water company for each acre, the stock costing fifteen dollars a share.

Calipatria is the metropolis of this new tract. The town lacked one week of being a year old when I was there. One block of Main Street was already solidly fronted with pressed-brick buildings, with wide arcades over the cement sidewalk. Across on the other corner a bank building was going up, also with pressed-brick front and arcades over the cement sidewalk. By the building ordinances of this new village nobody can put up a structure on Main Street except of brick, with pressed-brick front and an arcade over the sidewalk. That is the way they do it there. When I reflected that there are few towns of less than five thousand inhabitants east of the Rockies where a lot owner cannot put up any sort of ramshackle tinder box he likes on Main Street, it struck me as a good way.

El Centro has six or seven thousand inhabitants and several miles of fine asphalt pavement. Calexico, Brawley and Imperial are nearly as populous. In all of them the business part of the town is mainly solid brick, with arcaded sidewalks.

Calexico is on the border, and is dry, like all the towns in the American valley except Imperial. One step takes you into Mexicali on the Mexican side and into a condition of wetness and general disreputability. Saloons, wide-open gambling houses, dance halls, and other dives—mainly housed in dingy shacks—are the outstanding features. Americans point with sorrow to these signs of Mexican degeneration, and privately admit that Mexicali's frowzy vices are largely supported by visitors from the American side.

The valley extends many miles into Mexico, with conditions of soil and irrigability substantially like those on the American side. Some day that side may be as populous and prosperous. The important fact now is that the water for the valley comes round through Mexico. However, international relations along the California-Mexican border have been entirely amicable, and Colonel Cantu, the governor of Lower California, enjoys the respect and confidence of his American neighbors. In the last two or three troublous years various persons have come over to Lower California, with credentials from various alleged Mexican governments, for the purpose of supplanting Colonel Cantu.

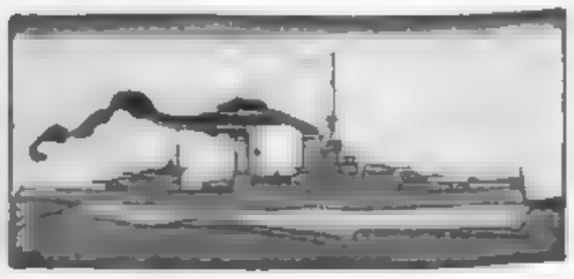
The Colonel, I am told, examined their credentials with the greatest courtesy; then informed them that the job of governing Lower California required experience, so he did not feel justified in handing it over to a new man. The governor's official residence is in Mexicali, but he and his staff invariably come over to the American side to sleep—not that the sleeping is any better on that side, but because the chances of waking up without a deleterious admixture of hardware in one's official system are brighter.

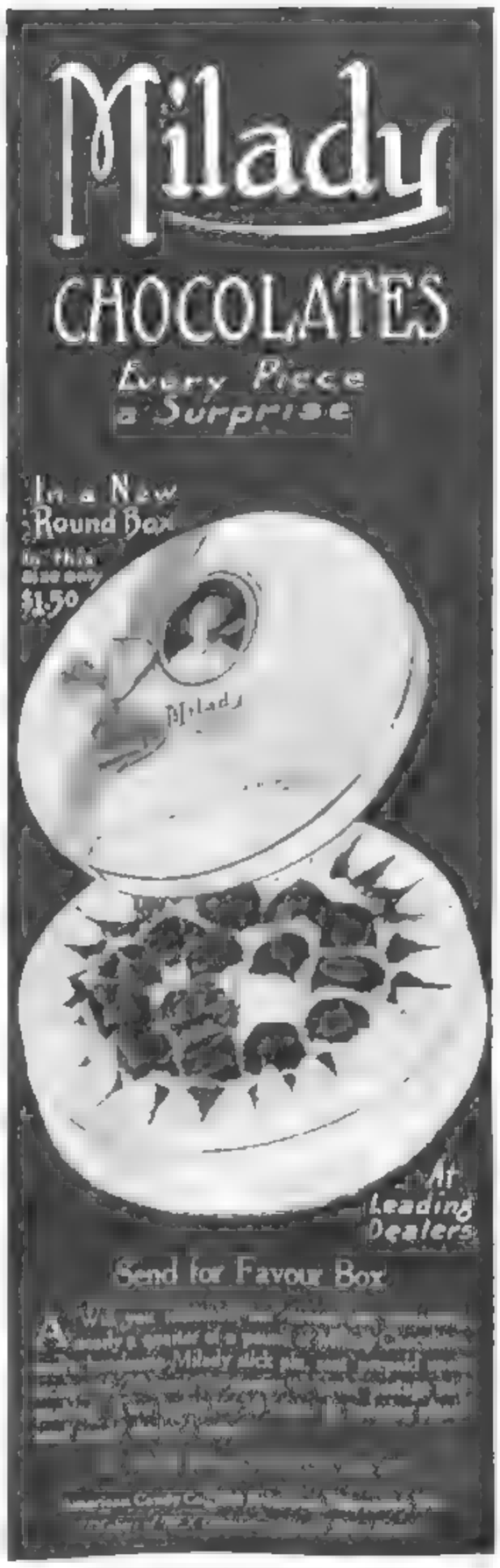
Not Land Poor

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME says an emigration agent for one of the Western trunk lines was making a cross-country trip through the poorest part of the Tennessee mountains, seeking colonists for newly developed sections beyond the Mississippi, when he came to a barren and gullied hillside where a native in ragged garments plowed with the aid of a slab-sided mule. Seeking a convert, the agent steered his buckboard up alongside the tottering rail fence which bounded the field, and hailed the plowman.

"My friend," he said, "why don't you quit wasting your life on this worthless soil? Why don't you sell out here and move to a country where your labor will bring you some fitting return?"

"Stranger," said the hillsman, "I ain't as bad off as you seem to think I am—I don't own ary acre of this here land."





Boys!

We'd Like to Talk With You

All over the country thousands of boys are earning a lot of money, besides getting some of the best premiums ever offered to boys. They do it by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on two days a week after school hours. Any boy can do it.

If you want more spending money and such premiums as toboggans, sleds, bicycles, rifles and even ponies, send us a postal card.

Box 123, Sales Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Penna.

"Colonna" Bath, Plate No. K-64

KOHLER

This trade-mark appears on every piece of KOHLER enameled plumbing ware. It is incorporated in faint blue in the enamel, at the points indicated by the arrows, and corresponds in size to the name "KOHLER" shown in the illustration.

"Bretton" Lavatory, Plate No. K-580

KOHLER OF KOHLER

And the permanent trade-mark incorporated in the easy-to-clean enamel

You prospective builders—you who contemplate remodeling—you who are building homes and apartments—have the opportunity to select enameled plumbing ware which bears the permanent trade-mark KOHLER as a guarantee of its superior quality.

It is your right to be able to identify Kohler Enameled Ware

We have adopted this permanent trade-mark for KOHLER easy-to-clean enameled plumbing ware, so that you will always be able to identify it. The word "KOHLER" in faint blue is permanently incorporated in the enamel of every KOHLER bathtub, lavatory, sink or other easy-to-clean enameled fixture.

This trade-mark is inconspicuous, but is easily found.

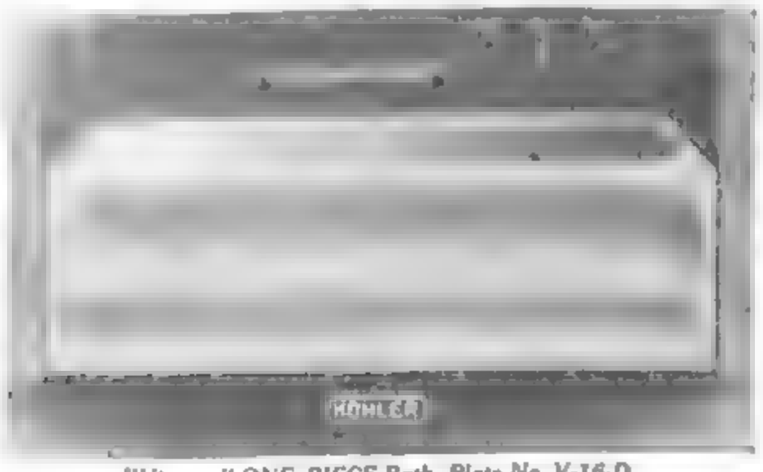
It is your guarantee of superior quality and evidence of our confidence in the excellence of our products. You should look for it. Your plumber will show it to you, because it means as much to him as it does to you.

KOHLER is the only enameled plumbing ware that has the trade-mark incorporated permanently in the enamel.

All KOHLER fixtures are of one quality, the highest—and of uniform color.

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

Write for our descriptive booklet—KOHLER OF KOHLER



"Viceroy" ONE-PIECE Bath, Plate No. V-16-D.
[Patent applied for]

Originators of ONE-PIECE construction

KOHLER CO. originated **one-piece** enameled bathtubs, lavatories and sinks. The KOHLER factory is the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of enameled plumbing ware. KOHLER bathtubs, whether built-in or other styles, are easy-to-clean and hygienic in design.

Every Kohler design modern and artistic

No antiquated patterns are made by KOHLER. Your architect will tell you that this is a KOHLER characteristic. Your plumber is glad to install KOHLER easy-to-clean enameled plumbing ware, because it costs no more to put in than cheap, inferior fixtures, and its many superiorities satisfy his customers.

MAKERS OF
Enameled Bathtubs,
Lavatories, Sinks, Etc.

"It's in the Kohler Enamel"

KOHLER CO.
Founded 1873
Kohler, Wis. U.S.A.

BRANCHES
Boston New York Chicago
San Francisco London

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
The March King

The Most Wonderful Endorsement Ever Given Any Product

John Philip Sousa and his famous Band have circled the globe on numerous tours and inspired millions of people in many lands with their soul-stirring, inimitable music.

Mr. Sousa has been a smoker of Tuxedo Tobacco for years. Recently, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a newspaper representative made the discovery that every member of Sousa's Band is also a Tuxedo smoker!

Whereupon, the following endorsement of Tuxedo was gladly given and signed by Mr. Sousa and the sixty-six members of his Band. Read it—as sure-fire and convincing as a Sousa March:

"All the vim, energy and enthusiasm we put into the playing of the 'Stars and Stripes Forever' we find in the steady use of TUXEDO."

John Philip Sousa

No other product has ever received such a remarkable endorsement as this.

The incomparable *mildness* of Tuxedo appeals to men with nerves—the fact that Tuxedo does not affect their throats or nerves. And the *reason* is the "Tuxedo Process", that makes Tuxedo different from all other tobaccos—positively non-biting, delightfully soothing, restful and refreshing.

Tuxedo will appeal to *you* for the same reasons. March at a Sousa quick-step to the nearest tobacco dealer and get a tin of Tuxedo today. Smoke pipeful after pipeful all day long, every day, for a week. Then you'll *know* you've found the one cheer-up-and-speed-up-without-a-let-up smoke for happy, hustling Americans—TUXEDO.

You can buy Tuxedo everywhere. Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch, 5c. Famous Green Tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket, 10c. In Tin Humidors 40c and 80c. In Glass Humidors 50c and 90c.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

UNDER THE BLUE STAR FLAG

(Continued from Page 17)

motor, renew the Manila lines, overhaul the standing rigging, retube the condensers and dock her before handing her over to me. She's as foul as any hulk in Rotten Row."

"Why, that will cost in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars—nearer fifty!" MacCandless declared.

"I know. But for three hundred thousand dollars I can go to Sweden, build a smaller vessel than the Narcissus, have her right up to date, with two-thousand-horsepower oil-burning motors in her; and the saving in space due to motor installation, with oil tanks instead of coal bunkers, will enable me to carry fully as much cargo as the Narcissus. Also, I'll burn six tons of crude oil a day to your forty-two tons of coal a day in the Narcissus. I'll employ eight men less in my crew, and have a cleaner, faster and better ship. The motor ship is the freighter of the future, and you know it. Your Narcissus is out of date, and I'm only offering you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars because I can use her right away."

"Young man," said MacCandless, "you talk like a person that means business, but you overlook the fact that this company is neither bankrupt nor silly. The directors will, I feel assured, agree to do all the work you specify, but the price must be three hundred thousand. That will leave us about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars net."

"I'll split the difference with you."

MacCandless shook his head.

"Well, that ends our argument," Matt answered pleasantly, and took up his hat. "You can keep your big white elephant another eight years, Mr. MacCandless. Perhaps some principal will come along then and make you another offer; and in the interim you can charge off about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars interest on the money tied up in the Narcissus. Fine business—I don't think!" He nodded farewell and started for the door.

"But you say you have but fifty thousand dollars," MacCandless protested.

"I said I'd have to get two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more. Well, I'll do it."

"Quite a sum to raise these days," MacCandless remarked doubtfully.

"Well, if you'll give me a sixty-day option on the Narcissus at two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars and agree to do the repairs on her, including dry-docking, cleaning and painting her up to the water line, I'll take a ten-thousand-dollar chance, Mr. MacCandless, that I can raise the money."

"Do you mean you'll give the Oriental Steamship Company ten thousand dollars for a sixty-day option?"

"I do; and I'll pay for the vessel as I raise the remainder of the money. Ten thousand dollars down for the option, to apply on the purchase price, of course, if the deal goes through, and to be forfeited to you if I fail to make the next payment on time."

"What will the next payment be?" the cautious MacCandless demanded.

"Twenty thousand dollars a month, with interest at six per cent in deferred payments. You might as well be earning six per cent on her as have her rusting holes in her bottom down there in Mission Bay. As she lies, you're losing at least six per cent interest on her."

"There's reason in that," MacCandless answered thoughtfully. "You to insure the vessel as our interest may appear, bill of sale in escrow; and if you default for more than thirty days on any payment before we have received fifty per cent of the purchase price you lose out and we get our ship back."

"Sharp business, but I'll take it, Mr. MacCandless. After I've paid half the money I can mortgage her for the remainder and get out from under your clutches. Put the buck up to your directors, get their approval to the option and contract of sale, notify me, and I'll be right up with a certified check for ten thousand dollars." And, without giving MacCandless time to answer, Matt took his departure.

"If I talked ten minutes with that man," he soliloquized, "he'd have the number of my mess. He'd realize what a piker I was and terminate the interview. But—I think he'll meet my terms, because he sees I'm pretty young and inexperienced, and he figures he'll make ten or twenty thousand dollars out of me before I discover I'm a rotten promoter. And, at that, his is better than an even-money bet!"

At five o'clock that same day MacCandless telephoned.

"I have called a special meeting of our directors, Captain Peasley," he announced, "and put your proposition up to them. They have agreed to it, and if you will be at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow I think we can do business."

"I think so," Matt answered laconically. "I'll be there."

He hung up, reached for a telegraph blank and wrote the following message:

"SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1914.
"TERENCE REARDON,
"Chief Engineer, S. S. Arab,
"Port Costa, California.

"Have bought Narcissus. Offer you one hundred seventy-five a month quit Arab now and supervise installation new crank shaft, retubing condensers, and so on; permanent job as chief. Do you accept? Answer immediately.

"Pacific Shipping Company,
"MATTHEW PEASLEY, President."

Having dispatched this message, Matt Peasley closed down his desk, strolled round to the Blue Star Navigation Company's offices, and picked up his newly acquired father-in-law. On their way home in Cappy's carriage the old gentleman, apropos of the afternoon press dispatches from Europe, remarked that the situation abroad was anything but encouraging.

"Do you think we'll have a war in Europe?" Matt queried.

"Germany seems determined to back up Austria in her demands on Serbia, and I don't think Serbia will eat quite all of the dish of dirt Francis Joseph has set before her," Cappy answered seriously. "Austria seems determined to make an issue of the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. If she does, Matt, there'll be the most awful war in history. All Europe will be fighting."

Matt was silent and thoughtful all the way home, but just before they left the carriage he turned to Cappy.

"If there's war," he remarked, "England will, doubtless, control the seas because of her superior navy. German commerce will absolutely cease."

"The submarine will have to be reckoned with, also," Cappy suggested. "England's commerce will doubtless be knocked into a cocked hat."

"There'll be a shortage of bottoms, and vessels will be in brisk demand," Matt predicted. "There'll be a sharp rise in freight rates on all commodities the instant war breaks out, and the American mercantile marine ought to reap a harvest."

"My dear boy," said Cappy acidly, "why speak of the American mercantile marine? There ain't no such animal."

"There will be—if the war in Europe ever starts," Matt retorted; "and, what's more, I'm going to bet there will be war within thirty days."

He did not consider it advisable to mention to Cappy that he was going to bet ten thousand dollars!

III

AT TEN o'clock the following morning Matt Peasley, accompanied by an attorney, an expert in maritime law, presented himself at the Oriental Steamship Company's office. MacCandless and the attorney for his company were awaiting them, with a tentative form of contract of sale already drawn up, and after a two-hour discussion on various points the finished document was finally presented for the signatures of both parties, but not, however, until Matt Peasley had been forced to do something that brought out a gentle perspiration on the backs of his sturdy legs. Before the shrewd MacCandless would consent to begin the work of placing the vessel in commission, according to agreement, he stipulated a payment of twenty-five thousand dollars down! He estimated the cost of the docking and repair work at fifty thousand dollars, and, desiring to play safe, insisted that Matt Peasley should advance at least fifty per cent of this preliminary outlay in cash.

Matt thereupon excused himself from the conference on the plea that he had to consult with others before taking this step. He was gone about fifteen minutes, during which time he consulted with the "others." They happened to be two newsboys selling rival afternoon editions. Matt Peasley did

GLARING LIGHT HURTS YOUR EYES

Glaring light and dim light are the two most injurious things to sight. Consequently EMERALITE LAMPS are especially designed to eliminate such glare. They are the lamps with the rich, **emerald-green glass shade** which oculists prescribe and whose clear, soothing light enables you **to read easier and do better work without headache or eyestrain.** You want good eyesight, don't you? Well, then

Be Kind to Your Eyes—READ and WRITE with

EMERALITE

The model shown here is the EMERALITE Jr.—the very lamp you have long wished for—the classiest, handiest and most practical lamp ever conceived, because, due to its unique construction of base, stem and shade—it will

Stand, Clamp or Hang ANY PLACE you put it and in ANY POSITION desired

and concentrate light exactly where you want light, always keeping your eyes in the shadow and resting and saving them from glare and strain. It is veritably a jewel of a lamp in green and gold and is not to be compared with the cheaply constructed impractical lamps heretofore offered. **Ask your dealer to show it to you.** If he hasn't it in stock he will gladly get it for you. Or, we will send you one on receipt of $4 and if not entirely satisfied, Your eyes are your most valuable possession—SAVE THEM—get an EMERALITE Jr. now. It pays you exactly the clear green shaded light that your eyes require

Send for FREE Booklet showing in actual colors the various styles of EMERALITE Lamps for office and home

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., Sole Mfrs.
37 Warren St., New York

DEALERS
Attractive proposition. Write us NOW

Make Your Office Methods More Efficient

See this 1916 Self-Starting Light "Twin Six"!

The 1916 model in Baker-Vawter Ledgers! "Self-Starting!" A quarter turn of the "switch-key" and it's *wide open* for changing leaves. No more old-style "cranking up." A quick get-away-with "house-cleaning." To close, "choke" with a press of the hand—and it's firmly locked, with leaves straight and tidy.

A "Twin-Six" in speed, smoothness and flexibility! Square-backed—"hugs the desk" when open—leaves lie flat. No wobbling from side to side—no humped-up, hard-to-write-on surfaces. Perfect alignment of leaves—a flexible, fast working index. Every 1916 feature that aids quicker, neater, more accurate work.

Have a "demonstration" in *your* office.

BAKER-VAWTER
AUTOMATIC LEDGER
"SPECIFICATIONS"

Square-back, nickel aluminum frame—cast in solid angle formation. Great strength plus *lightness*
Metal hinges—can't dry out and crack.
Automatic lock—safety plus "self-starting" convenience.
Tough, strong, non-warping covers. Not too thick—or too thin.
Renewable felt covers—to take wear and protect furniture.
Telescopic posts—leaves glide back and forth without sticking.
Beautiful "body lines"—bindings to suit.
Attach coupon to your letterhead, or sign, and mail at once.

Baker-Vawter Company
World's Largest Manufacturers of Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment—*Selling Direct to Users*

Factories: Benton Harbor, Mich. Holyoke, Mass. Address either
Sales offices in 40 leading cities—one near you. Salesmen everywhere.

MAKING YOUR LEDGER PRODUCE

Perhaps a page in Baker-Vawter's Business Primer will show you how to get more out of your ledger. Pin the coupon below to your letterhead or sign and send it to us. We'll send you the page as you keep. *But you may never meet him or learn his short cuts.*

Baker-Vawter knows how to adapt his improved methods to your work.

Pin the coupon below to your letterhead or sign and send it to us. We'll send you the page of valuable ... Ledger Primer. Keeping Made Easy. Answer the ... on the coupon and learn how you can.

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Baker-Vawter Company
Without obligation, mail book and Confidential Symptom Blank
Would like demonstration of Ledger.
Yes ( ) No ( )

"Oh, I'm so tired" said he—
"Wear Cat's Paw Rubber Heels" said she.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

There's a treat in store for you the moment you have Cat's Paw Heels attached to your shoes.

Give your step the safe, buoyant lightness of the trained athlete.

The Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping on wet sidewalks and icy surfaces — makes the heels wear longer, too.

No holes to track mud and dirt.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind —and they are easy to find—all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Get a pair today.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel, which gives that extra support where needed. Especially [illegible] their feet a great deal. 75c attached at your dealer's—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c and outline of your heel

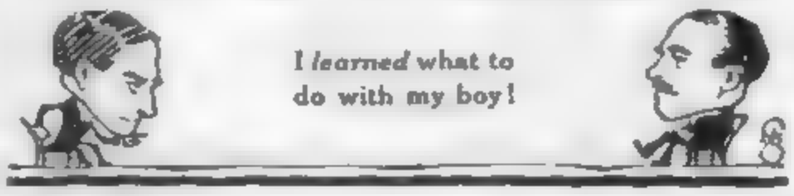
THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

Bridging the Gap Between School and Occupation

For millions of boys, our schools afford no adequate practical preparation for life. Boys should *live* their school subjects as well as *study* them. Too few find opportunities for applying in their everyday experiences what they learn from books.

And yet one hundred thousand parents have found the bridge to this gap—in the Curtis boy plan. Start your boy selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* and you, too, will be able to say



He will get business experience and training in salesmanship which cannot be bought with money and which school work cannot give. When he reaches the rank of "Master Salesman," which involves a good standing both in and out of school, we will obtain for him a good business position. We will send you full particulars in a new illustrated booklet, entitled "Salesmanship as a Vocation for Boys."

Vocational Section, Box 129

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

business with each, and after a quick perusal of both papers he decided that war was inevitable and resolved to take the plunge. In no sense of the word, however, did he believe he was gambling. His conversation with Terence Reardon had convinced him that the Narcissus was a misunderstood ship; that she had been poorly managed and was the victim of a false financial policy.

Hence, even though the war should not materialize, he would be making no mistake in tying her up. She was a bully gamble and a wonderful bargain at the price; with Terence Reardon presiding over her engines at a salary twenty-five dollars in excess of the union scale, the orders to keep her out of the shop would be followed, so far as in Terence's power lay. Even should he not succeed in financing the enterprise Cappy Ricks would be glad to take his bargain off his hands—perhaps at a neat profit. Consequently Matt went over to his bank, procured an additional certified check for fifteen thousand dollars and returned to MacCandless' office, where he signed the contract of sale and paid over his twenty-five thousand dollars. He trembled a little as he did it.

"I'll have the insurance on her placed this afternoon," MacCandless suggested as he handed Matt his copy of the sale contract; whereat the latter came to life with galvanic suddenness.

"Oh, no, you'll not, Mr. MacCandless," he suggested smilingly. "I'll place that insurance myself. My company has to pay for it, so I'll act as agent and collect my little old ten per cent commission. But, passing that, do you want to know the latest—the very latest news?"

"I don't mind," MacCandless replied.

"Well, there's going to be a devil of a big war in Europe and I wouldn't take four hundred thousand dollars for the Narcissus this minute. May I use your telephone? Thanks!" He called up his office. "Is there a telegram there for me?" he queried, and on being answered in the affirmative he directed his stenographer to read it to him. He turned to MacCandless.

"Mr. Terence Reardon will have entire charge of the work of retubing those condensers, and so on," he explained. "I'll give him a letter to you, which will be his authority to superintend the job. I'm going to New York to-night, but I think I'll be back in time to accept the vessel when she's ready for commission." He looked at his watch. It was just twelve-thirty o'clock. "The Overland leaves at two-thirty," he murmured. "I'll have just time to pack a suit case." And he picked up his hat and fled with the celerity and singleness of purpose of a tin-canned dog.

IV

CAPPY RICKS woke from his midafternoon doze to find his son-in-law shaking him by the shoulder.

"Well, young man," Cappy began severely, "so you're back, are you? Give an account of yourself. Where the devil have you been for the past three weeks?, Why did you go, and why did you have the consummate nerve to leave Florry behind you? Why, you hadn't been married two months ——"

"I couldn't take her with me, sir," Matt protested. "I wanted to, but she would have been in the way. You see, I knew I was going to be busy night and day."

Cappy Ricks slid out to the edge of his swivel chair; with a hand on each knee he gazed at his smiling son-in-law over the rims of his spectacles. For fully a minute he remained motionless.

"Matt," he demanded suspiciously, "what the devil have you been up to?"

Matt raised a huge forefinger.

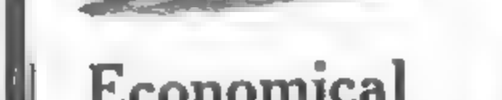
"Number one," he began: "I bought the Oriental Steamship Company's freighter Narcissus, seventy-five hundred tons' register, for two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and in a week she'll be in tiptop shape and ready for sea. I've paid twenty-five thousand dollars down on her and I'll have to make a payment of twenty thousand dollars on the twenty-sixth of September, and twenty thousand dollars a month on her thereafter until she is paid for. And if I default on a payment for more than thirty days before I've paid off half of the purchase price the Oriental Steamship Company may, at its option, take the vessel away from me."

Cappy Ricks smiled.

"Ah!" he breathed softly. "So you want help, eh? You finally did manage

(Continued on Page 61)

PREST-O-LITE
MOTORCYCLES



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CYRIL STRIPES *in* R·B *Fashion Clothes*

Tailors at Fashion Park, Rochester, N.Y.

$22

FOR FIVE DAYS

Beginning October 21st

CYRIL STRIPES are a combination of pure twisted silk threads laid over black, dark brown, blue, green and gray grounds. The colors contrast beautifully—green on blue, gold on brown or green, white on black. The identical combinations can be had in different shades of gray. While the effect is ultra, it will impress and please the most conservative type of man.

You have our assurance that Cyril Stripes represent the highest value we have ever been privileged to offer in R. B. Fashion Clothes.

There isn't any possible way of tailoring Ready-to-put-on clothes better than they are tailored at Fashion Park, and this occasion offers you an excellent opportunity to find it out.

For Five Days one clothier in your city can show you Cyril Stripes or get them for you. $22.

"Fashion Chatter" contains all of this Season's Fashion Park Styles. Write for it.

CHAT

Smart fellows are wearing their jackets open. The "Finchley" adapts itself to any use. Button it up or let it flap with the wind. It's correct either way.

• • •

Ingenuity and taste have never been so capitally combined as in the "Werner." Think how difficult it was to produce a garment of faultless style and still have it conservative enough for the most matter-of-fact business man.

• • •

The dressy double breasted jacket is the "Admiral." Back curves in just enough—lapels stack out just enough—shoulders are just narrow enough to give real distinction. To be had in Cyril Stripes and blue and brown flannel effects.

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Men who have worn the "Briton" say it's as comfortable as an old club chair. As long as man insists upon feeling perfectly easy in his clothes, we shall continue to produce the "Briton" without an ounce of padding or haircloth.

• • •

While every garment tailored at Fashion Park receives that fine degree of attention which only experts can give, the "Brummel" Full-Dress suit at $35.00 establishes a new record for elegance of tailor work.

by L'Snack

Rosenberg Bros. & Co.

Fashion Park, Rochester, N.Y.

This is the Picture of a Kindly Man

It is Velvet Joe, the genial philosopher of the pipe.

His outlook on life is that of a man who loves his fellows—who has faith in them—and who believes in gentle words and cheery helpfulness.

And why is Velvet Joe kindly and cheerful?

Because, to a naturally sunny disposition, he has added the wisdom and ripeness of years.

As Velvet Joe says: "Ev'rything, good or bad, gets mo' so with age. Thar ain't even no fool like an ole fool."

This is the Picture of a Kindly Tobacco

It is VELVET—the smoothest smoking tobacco.

Like Velvet Joe, it hails from Kentucky—the land of many good things—but none better than the rich Kentucky Burley tobacco, the choicest leaves of which go into the blending of VELVET.

Like Velvet Joe, VELVET tobacco owes its pleasant mellowness to the improvement that comes only with age.

For VELVET tobacco is matured for two years, during which anything resembling "bite" is mellowed into a fragrant, full-flavored quality that justifies its claim of "The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco."

You must have good tobacco to *start with*, and age to improve it and make it "mo' so."

VELVET is *right* tobacco to begin with and the years of ageing mature and mellow it.

Panama-Pacific Exposition's highest award—The Grand Prix—has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 58)

to get into deep water close to the shore, and now you're yelling to father to come through and save you, eh? Well, Matt, I'll do it, my boy, because I think you made a bully buy; and she's worth it. I'll take over your bargain for you and give you, say—er—ahem! well—harump-h-h!—say twenty-five thousand dollars profit. Not so bad, eh? When I was your age——" Cappy paused, open-mouthed. He had suddenly remembered something. "Oh, no," he contradicted himself; "this isn't my foolish day—not by a jugful! You owe me a lot of money on that promissory note you gave me when we settled up for that Tillicum business—so I'll not give you any money after all. I'll just take the contract of sale off your hands, give you back the money you risked in the deal—and your promissory note, canceled." And Cappy Ricks sat back and clawed his whiskers expectantly.

"Oh, I'm not in distress," Matt answered cheerfully. "On the contrary, I'm going to take up that note before the week is out."

Once more Cappy slid out to the edge of his chair.

"Where are you going to get the money?" he demanded bluntly.

"I'm going to sell the Narcissus. The day I purchased her it was a moral certainty that Europe was to be plunged into a terrible war; so the ink wasn't dry on the contract before I was streaking it for New York. War was declared by England on Germany on the fifth of August, and while you'd be saying Jack Robinson every German freighter went into neutral ports to intern until the war should terminate. The German raiders are still out after the British and French commerce, and the deep-water shipping out of Eastern ports isn't a business any more. It's a delirium—a nightmare! Why, I was offered any number of charters for my Narcissus, but I didn't bother trying to charter her until just before I started for home; and, moreover, the longer I waited the better charter I could make. Besides, she isn't in commission yet—and I had other fish to fry."

"For instance?" Cappy queried wonderingly.

"It is an undisputed fact that the early bird gets the worm," Matt Peasley replied brightly, "and I was the early bird. I was in New York a few days before the war became general, and for a week thereafter everybody was so blamed interested in the fighting they neglected business. But I didn't. I went to New York to charter, under the Government form, as many big steel freighters as I could lay my hands on——"

Cappy Ricks raised his clasped hands and gazed reverently upward.

"O Lord!" he murmured. "How many? How many?"

"Fifteen," Matt Peasley murmured complacently. "I got about half of them real cheap, because business was rotten when I landed in the East. Why, I chartered the entire fleet of one shipping firm in Boston. I had to pay a stiffer rate for the others; but——"

"How long did you charter them for? Quick! Tell me!" Cappy yelled.

"All for a year, with the privilege of renewal at a ten per cent advance. I had no difficulty in rechartering to the men who had been asleep on the job. I shall average a profit of two hundred dollars a day on each of the fifteen."

"A day!" Cappy's voice rose to a shrill scream.

"A day! Any American bottom that will float and move through the water is worth five times what it was before war was declared, and the freight rates are going up every day. Three thousand dollars a day income—three hundred and sixty-five days in the year! Man, if the war lasts a year I'll make a million dollars net!"

"But—but—about this Narcissus?" Cappy sputtered.

"Just before I left for home I chartered her to the Steel Corporation at fourteen hundred dollars a day—forty-two thousand dollars a month—on the Government form of charter."

"Im-possible!" Cappy shrieked, losing all control of himself. "Dog-gone you, Matt Peasley, don't tell me such stories. You're driving me crazy!"

"It will cost me nine thousand a month to run her—and she doesn't even go near the war zone. I'm going to run her to Rio de Janeiro and other South American ports."

"How long?"

"Nine months, with privilege of renewal for another nine months. I can operate her and meet my monthly payments to the Oriental Steamship Company, and still be ahead of the game. But I'm going to sell her, Mr. Ricks. I've had an offer of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her already—and she's still out on the marine railway, being put in commission! Now that I have her chartered at such a bully rate I can get half a million for her. She'll have almost paid for herself in a year and a half, and then they'll have the ship for their velvet. I hate to sell, but I've got to. I figure a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Why have you got to?" Cappy shrilled. "You're crazy! You don't have to."

"But the next payment will come due on her before I receive any charter money from the Steel people, and that will clean me for fair. I can't help myself. Besides, I've got these other fifteen vessels chartered; I'll have to have capital to swing those deals—and I've got to have it quickly or I'll be a pauper while you'd be saying Jack Robinson."

"But, Matt, you old dunderhead, you mustn't sell a good thing. Why, man, you've got a million and a half profit right in the hollow of your hand; and, oh, we mustn't let it get away, Matt—we mustn't let it get away!

"It was magnificent, Matt—perfectly magnificent. I'll help you, sonny. By golly, I'll go to bat for you and back you for the last dollar I have. No more monkey-shines between us now, boy! We've had a lot of fun in our day, playing nip and tuck with each other; but—this is real business. You've got to be saved."

"I had an idea that you would see it in that light, sir," Matt suggested amilingly. "I knew you'd back me up; so I didn't worry. But you'll have to take half the profit on the deals I've made—that's only fair."

"Profits!" Cappy Ricks sneered. "Why, what the devil do I care for profits? You keep the profits. You and Florry are young and you'll know how to enjoy them. Why, what do you think I am? A human hog? Let me sit in the game with you—let me play the game of business with you, son, down to my last buffalo nickel. I can't take the blamed money with me when I die, can I? But don't ask me to make any money out of you, my boy. I'm going to get my fun watching you in action."

Matt Peasley came close and took old Cappy Ricks' hand in both of his.

"I want to be your partner," he said wistfully. "I couldn't come into this office and sponge off you, and so I've waited until I could buy in! I wanted to bring some assets besides myself when I should come to manage the Blue Star. May I, sir? I want to turn in this big deal I've put over for stock in the Ricks Logging & Lumber Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company; and then, with Skinner managing the lumber end, I'll sit in and run the fleet—and you just sit round and help and offer advice, Mr. Ricks. Let me turn in the Narcissus for what I have been offered—four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—and take stock.

"I don't want to be an employee; I don't want to be just your son-in-law, waiting for your shoes. I want to be your partner—to be more than a cog in the machine. And those freighters I've chartered—why, I could never have chartered them without your help. Who was I? Would I have had any credit or standing with those big Eastern shipping firms? Not much! I represented myself as the general manager of the Blue Star Navigation Company. And they knew about you—you were rated A-1 in financial circles."

"You what?" yelled Cappy. "General manager! You infernal duffer, why didn't you cut the whole hog and call yourself president?"

"I had my cards printed to read: Vice President and General Manager," Matt replied with a twinkle. "I didn't feel any qualms of conscience about cutting that much of the hog, because I knew you would make me vice president and general manager as soon as I got back with the bacon! So I signed all the charters, 'Blue Star Navigation Company, by Matthew Peasley, V. P. and G. M.'—drew a raft of sight drafts on you also. They'll be putting in an appearance in a day or two. I got home just about two jumps ahead of them."

"You're a devil!" said Cappy Ricks. "But—I'll pay the drafts." Matt laughed happily. "You're bringing about a million and a half into the company—at least, if everything goes well, you will; and you've

GET THESE "SONGS OF THE MINUTE"

"Beatrice Fairfax, Tell Me What to Do!"
More fun never was crowded into a song. More amazing than Barnum & Bailey's. Learn how Beatrice Fairfax is implored to settle love tangles and mend Cupid's bows and arrows.

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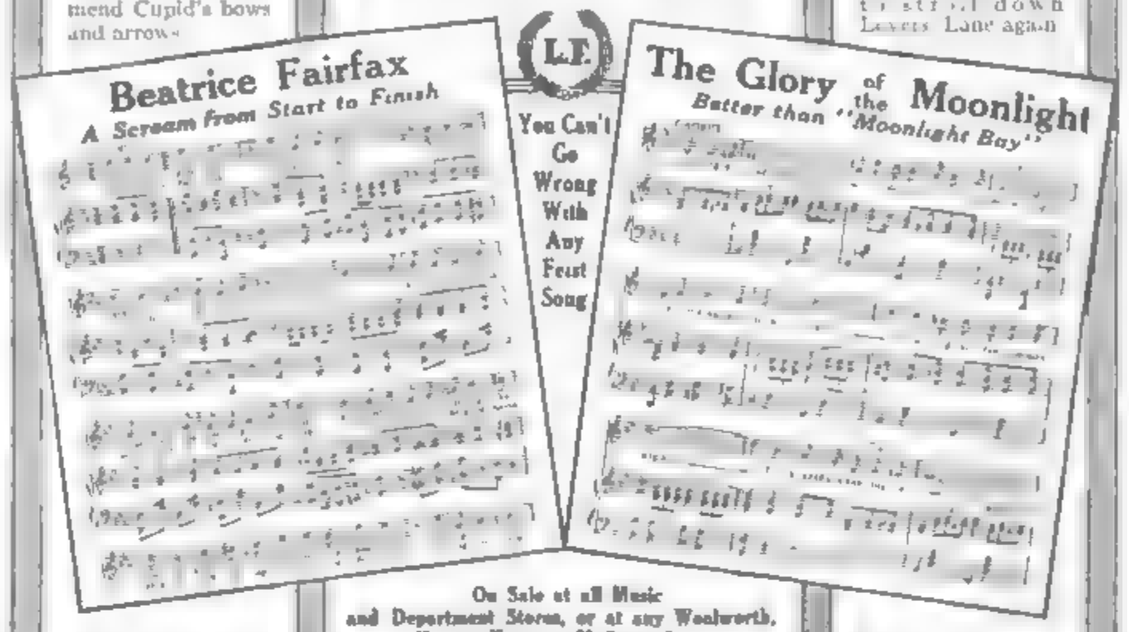
Each a blue-ribbon winner in its class. One a Farcical Feast of Fun. The other a glorious love-ballad of Fairy-Land Charm and Sweetness. Get them today!
Try these few bars on your piano.

"The Glory of the Moonlight"
Critics set high value on this newest Waltz song. It's a glorious song that will live. Its melody is as fairy-like and golden as the moonbeams, as yours to keep to stroll down Lovers Lane again.

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You Can't Go Wrong With Any Feist Song
The Glory of the Moonlight
Better than "Moonlight Bay"

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Sadder Boy — "I Want to Go to Tokio."
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Down Among the Sheltering Palms
When It's Moonlight in Mayo
"All I Can Do Is Just Love You"
"When You're in Love With Someone Who Is Not in Love With You" — "My Own Venetian Rose"
"At the Old Plantation Ball"
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Send 4c in stamps for **"Popular Songs and Their Writers,"** giving chorus, photo and story of each writer. Booklet **free** with any mail order amounting to $1 or over.

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GREAT UNDERWEAR!—*Springtex*.
Just about as free and easy as your skin.

Lots of "stretch"—never interferes with your comfort, freedom or action. Simply keeps you healthfully and gratefully warm, without burdening you with weight—or price.

And mind you—*Springtex* is low priced. It's a rare combination of luxury and economy—great Union Suit only $1 00. A garment will last two seasons, easily.

Springtex is made of a new spring needle ribbed fabric—soft as velvet and springy with elasticity. It fits glove-like—never a sign of binding or bagginess. By actual test, this fabric shows twice the tensile strength of ordinary underwear fabrics.

Springtex is made up to a high-priced standard. Union Suit has "comfy" crotch. Seams are flat and double stitched. Parts where strain comes are reinforced. Buttons are big and strong—Reis buttonholes never pull out. *Springtex* can't rip, tear, bag, bind, shrink, or irritate the skin.

Union Suits $1.00 | For Men | Separate Garments 50c

"Remember to buy it—you'll forget you have it on." If your dealer doesn't sell *Springtex*, write us and we will see that you're supplied.

UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N.Y.

"A sensible cigarette— that's what I want"

There are a number of good, sensible cigarettes on the market—Fatimas are not the only ones.

But no other cigarette seems to please so many men's tastes as Fatima. *More Fatimas are sold than any other cigarette costing over 5c.*

Of course, your taste may be different—you may not like Fatimas as well as all these thousands of other men do.

But it does seem reasonable, doesn't it, that Fatimas are worth trying?—not only for the delicious taste that has made them so famous, but also to see just how SENSIBLE they really are—how COOL and comfortable to the throat and tongue.

And, best of all, you'll find that because of their Turkish blend of *all-pure tobaccos*, Fatimas leave you feeling fine and fit even after a long-smoking day.

Isn't it about time that you tried a *sensible* cigarette like Fatimas?

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA
THE TURKISH BLEND
Cigarette
20 for 15¢

A Sensible Cigarette

WILL YOU SELL US ONE HOUR A DAY?

Would you like to earn from two to five dollars between eight and nine o'clock in the evening just by making a few visits around your neighborhood?

Thousands of men and women, busy like yourself through the day, are adding to their incomes from two to ten dollars or more each week by looking after the new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Others, who want extra spending money around Christmas time, are getting it by taking advantage of the season's enormous demand for new and renewal subscriptions to the Curtis periodicals.

We need more representatives. If you have a spare hour to sell, let us hear from you.

Agency Division, Box 127
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

got a half interest in what you have brought in," Cappy continued.

He touched a push button. An instant later Mr. Skinner appeared.

"Skinner, my dear boy," said Cappy, "Matt has a flock of charters he has made for us in the East—also, a flock of recharters of the same boats—also, a contract of sale on the steamer Narcissus. Make out a form of assignment of that contract from the Pacific Shipping Company to the Blue Star Navigation Company and Matt will sign it. We'll keep that boat ourselves. Then give Matt a check for the balance due that man MacCandless on the Narcissus and let's cut out this thing of paying six per cent interest.

"After you've cleaned up with Matt, Skinner, have Hankins issue him seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock—half in the Blue Star and half in the Ricks Logging & Lumber Company. Tell Hankins, also, to call a special meeting of the board of directors of both companies for ten o'clock to-morrow—and to be sure to have a quorum present."

"Why, what are you going to do?" Mr. Skinner demanded wonderingly.

Cappy walked up to his general manager and affectionately placed his hand on Skinner's arm.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he said, "we're going to elect you president of the lumber company and Matt is to be president of the navigation company. I'm going to resign and be a sort of president emeritus of both companies and advisory director to both boards. Matt, you might tell Skinner what your plans are for the Blue Star."

"Well," said Matt, "I'm going to leave the president emeritus on the job a few months longer."

"Not by a jugful! I quit to-morrow. Hereafter I'm just scenery. I'm old and I must give way to youth. I've had my day: I'm out of the running now," Cappy answered sadly.

"We're going to leave the president emeritus on the job," Matt repeated, "while I go to Europe and pick up a couple of big British tramps, under the provisions of the recent Emergency Shipping Act, and stick 'em under the American flag. Regardless of what the other fellows may do or think, the fact is we're American citizens; and we're going to do our duty and help establish an American Mercantile Marine. Skinner, we'll make the Blue Star flag known on the Seven Seas."

Cappy Ricks sprang into the air and got one thin old arm round Matt Peasley's neck; with the other he groped for Skinner, for there were tears in his fine old eyes.

"What a pair of lads to have round me!" he said huskily. "Matt—Skinner, my boy—by the Holy Pink-toed Prophet!—we'll do it; not because we need the money or want it, or give a particular damn to hoard up a heap of it, but because it's the right thing to do. It's patriotic—it's American—our activities shall enrich the world—and oh, it's such a bully game to play!"

Mr. Skinner glanced at Cappy Ricks with the closest approach to downright affection he considered quite dignified to permit during business hours.

"I notice you were going to quit a minute ago to become president emeritus—and now you're including yourself in the new program of activity. I seem to remember that for the past few years you've been talking of the happy day when you could retire and learn to play golf."

"Golf!" Cappy glanced at Mr. Skinner witheringly. "Skinner," he continued, "don't be an ass! Golf is an old man's game—and I belong with the young fellows. Why, don't you remember the day, three years ago, when we discovered we had a sailor named Matt Peasley before the mast in the old Retriever? Why, ever since I've been having so much fun ——"

"And that reminds me," Matt interrupted: "We must send a new skipper to Aberdeen to relieve Mike Murphy in the Retriever. He has his ticket for steam and I've hired him at two hundred and fifty a month to skipper the Narcissus. Mike is one of the best men under the Blue Star; he has come up from before the mast."

"The only kind I ever gave a whoop for," Cappy declared. "In effect, he once told me to go chase myself!"

"But," Skinner persisted, "how about playing golf?"

Cappy Ricks raised his eyes reverently upward. "Please God," he said, "I'll die in the harness!"

"Amen!" said Mr. Skinner; and Matt Peasley reechoed the sentiment.

25c a can

Sani-Flush
Reaches the Trap

Don't think because the toilet bowl *looks* white it's in a sanitary condition. The trap, that you can't see, may be foul and giving off disagreeable odors. If it is, use

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and you'll soon be rid of them. Besides, *Sani-Flush* takes off all discolorations in the bowl, makes and keeps it white—really *clean*. You don't have to dip out the water.

Sani-Flush isn't a general cleanser. It does only one thing—thoroughly. Money back if it doesn't do all we claim.

Your grocer or druggist probably has *Sani-Flush*. If not, send us 25c for a full-size can, postpaid.
Patented—nothing just like it.

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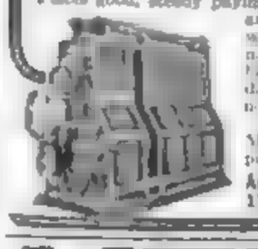
The Trap which *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, *keeps* clean

Start a Flour Mill and make Money

There's big money milling flour in small towns and rural communities. Wallace & Wynne, [illegible], say they cleared $4,628 in seven months. Mr. C. F. Blaesbell, R. F. D. No. 1, Cap-Pays, makes over $300 a month. Worcester Milling Co., Mt. Clemens, Mich., cleared $3,600 in twelve months, and the Burr Oak (Kan.) Mill & Elevator Co., $2,500 in eight months with this money-making

"Midget" Marvel
Self-Contained Roller Flour Mill

Places good, steady paying business within grasp of every ambitious red-blooded man who [illegible]



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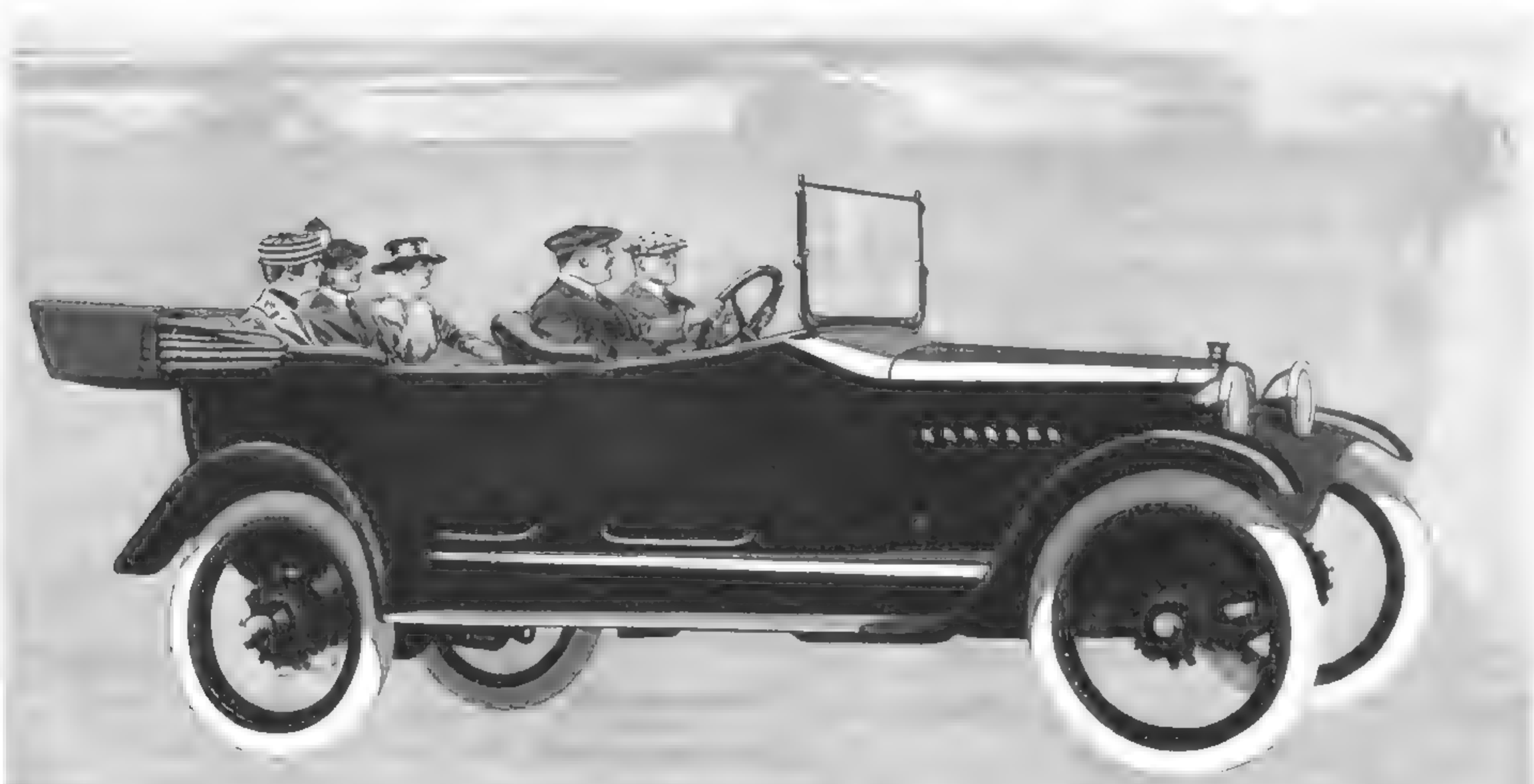

Saxon Power

Mighty, resistless, ***locomotive power*** that seems capable of sweeping you on and on forever—that's what you feel as you sit at the wheel of Saxon "Six." First you sense it in the low, healthy purr of the motor. Next you note it in the steady, even pull as Saxon "Six" gets under way.

And then—when you step on the accelerator, what a revelation of power you get. Saxon "Six" leaps forward—eagerly, like a hound unleashed.

A world of speed awakes at your touch on the throttle. Hills level themselves magically. You romp up steepest grades without the slightest feeling of effort or strain.

Mark These Upper-class Attractions

Most men now favor ***a light weight car.*** For lightness means economy—on tires, in fuel, in all around upkeep. And Saxon "Six" has it. Not the lightness of skimped construction—but the sturdy lightness of modern engineering and quality materials.

All men want ***beauty.*** For beauty means skilled design. Saxon "Six" has a beautiful yacht-line body—exemplary of the newest motor fashion. It has a smart garnish strip around top of body. It has a superb finish—of ever-new lustre.

All men want ***comfort.*** Five passengers have room a-plenty in Saxon "Six." There's ample leg space. The wheelbase is 112 inches. No car at less than $1000 has more room than Saxon "Six."

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Two-unit electric starting and lighting system;—Timken Axles and Timken Bearings throughout the chassis. Better axles cannot be bought;—silent helical bevel drive gears;—battleship linoleum covered, aluminum bound running boards and floor boards—and 17 other improvements.

See This Latest Saxon "Six"

Its new-style beauty will delight you. So will its equipment. But look below these refinements. In the hidden parts you will find further worth. After months of use and miles of travel it is the sub-surface quality that will win your deepest admiration.

"Six" Touring Car	$785
"Six" Roadster	$785
"Six" Touring Car with detachable all-weather top; Touring Car Top included	$935

Saxon Roadster

Note These New-type Refinements

At the Saxon price—$395—see what you now get in the two-passenger roadster. You get a **three-speed transmission**—exclusive to the Saxon Roadster among cars priced at less than $400. You get Timken axles. No car—at any price—has better. You get a wonderful high speed motor—matchless, we believe, in power, smoothness, flexibility, ability to cool under all conditions, and in operative economy.

You get a roomy streamline body of faultless beauty. You get vanadium steel cantilever springs; signal lamps at side; adjustable pedals; ventilating windshield; honeycomb radiator; dry plate clutch; and fifteen further improvements. Finally—you get the "most economical car to own in the world." Saxon Roadster costs less to keep up than a horse and buggy. It has established an average of 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline; 100 to 150 miles on a pint of oil; 3500 to 5000 miles on a $7.95 tire; and an average operative cost of ½ cent per mile. See this car at the nearest Saxon dealer's

Standard Roadster 4 cylinder $395. (Electric starting and lighting, $50 extra.)

Standard Roadster with detachable coupé top; Open Roadster top included $455. Delivery Car $395.

Saxon Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

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WAR NOTES ON THE GOLDEN HORN

(Continued from Page 25)

and blue. She seems to me to be saying that a yacht is a pleasure craft and should be permitted to live a smiling life on the sunny surface of safe waters.

The Golden Horn along this workaday stretch is deep and dark, with an oily sheen that breaks into black-and-green opalescence as the oars dip noiselessly into it; but as your caïque shoots on toward the sunset the water begins to ripple again and grow bright with its celebrated blue. Then the real joy of a trip to the Sweet Waters of Europe begins. You leave behind you the battleships and the barges, the wreckage and the waste, and all the signs of death and destruction, and point your prow toward peaceful hills—hills made colorful by red-roofed villas hidden in olive woods; made somber and still by towering cypress groves and minarets guarding ancient burial grounds.

You tell your oarsman to pull hard and hurry, because you must climb to the very highest crest to see Constantinople change color and reveal her mysterious charm in the sunset. You know your caïque will have to lie at the Ayub Landing until morning and that you will have to trudge out along the endless way that leads by the walls of Constantine until you come to an entrance into the city, where you may find something on wheels that will bring you back to the heart of things; but if you have a mite of enthusiasm in you, you will be willing to undertake almost anything for the sake of an evening hour on the hills above the Sweet Waters of Europe.

They say there is no color left in the Golden Horn—that, indeed, all Constantinople has gone drab and stale with war; but this is not true—not quite. It may be true for those who know Constantinople at her best, but it is not true for those who know her only as she is. Along the upper banks of the Golden Horn there are aged dove-gray houses that might have been produced by Aladdin with a rub of his magic lamp—such lacy, delicate, dream-stuff houses, with finely latticed windows, carved balconies seemingly too frail to be real, and red roofs grown green with moss.

And the long, graceful caïques darting hither and thither—what a mixture of swift-moving color! One flashes across your bows as brilliant green as the one you yourself have chosen; another, as pink as the sunset clouds, glides by under the strong strokes of two oarsmen in red coats and white, twisted turbans. Here and there and everywhere they are, and their passengers are mostly women—women in black yashmaks, looking like remote, unapproachable spirits, shrouded in gloom, with thick black veils revealing not so much as the tip of an ear or even the point of a chin. They are hurrying, these women, up or across the Golden Horn to be home within the hour, because it is still against the written and enforced law of the land for Turkish women to be on the streets after sunset. Only the Jewish and the Christian women, the Greeks, Armenians and foreigners, are exempt from this regulation; so in its night life Constantinople is no longer a Turkish city.

Beside the Sweet Waters

A bugle call floats out through the evening hush, and up on the parade ground of a big, yellow barracks on the north shore a regiment of soldiers comes to attention at the sharp command of a mounted officer. You can hear the fut-fut of the rifles as they are shifted from hand to hand, from the shoulder to the ground and back again to the shoulder, in measured, rapid drill. The bugle blows—the regiment wheels, shuffles its step and is commanded again to attention; another long, melodious note and the great brown mass of men with a rhythmic swing moves off and marches away behind the shadow of a cypress grove.

Two flat little, green little, treeless little islands float like lily pads at the head of the Horn, where the Sweet Waters flow gently into the salt; and it is just below these that you make your landing on a low, stone sea wall. You pay your weary caïqueman enough for the night's lodgment at Ayub, then begin your climb up the narrow streets of the fascinating Turkish town.

It is Ramadan and the day's long Moslem fast will be broken at sunset. Also it is wartime and bread is very scarce. Each afternoon the baker—every baker in Constantinople—must fight with a struggling mob, which besieges his little open shop demanding each man his legal share of the brown flat cakes or the coarse round loaves just fresh from his ovens. He knows and the mob knows that there is not enough for all, and that there will be some defeated besiegers who will either go breadless or share the meager portions of luckier neighbors; so the desperate fight goes on until the bread supply is exhausted.

To make one's way through such a hungry, snarling pack is not easy. Besides, in Ayub especially, the Christian is resented; but, once through, there is the quiet order of the evening hour, when men sit at little tables on the sidewalk, keeping hunger at bay with bubbling nargiles, each hovering protectingly over the food he has collected and which he will voraciously assail the instant the sunset gun is heard—men of the old style, men of the new; priests in long black or green coats and in white turbans with red fez tops; dervishes in tall brown hats and in brown coats which flap round their modernly trousered legs; no women, no women at all—just men and children, children of all ages, ugly and sweet, dirty and clean, but all brilliantly attired, even to the dirtiest. The Turkish woman, shrouded in black, indulges her love of color in the garments of her children.

What They are Fighting For

And the wretched little beggars, always the wretched little beggars, who, catching sight of a stranger, rush out from all directions and fasten themselves on his path, whining, with grimy little hands held out in appeal: "Bakshish! Bakshish!"

And he must have the little moneys—as well as the barking Turkish word for "Begone!"—if he expects to proceed on his way in peace.

There is an old mosque at Ayub that was built by Mohammed the Second, conqueror of Constantinople, in which all his successors, even down to Mohammed the Fifth, have been girded with the sword of Osman, which is the Turkish equivalent for a coronation. This mosque stands on the site of the grave of Abu-Ayub, the standard bearer of the Prophet, who fell in the Arab siege of Constantinople in the year 668. It is ancient ground and sacred, and no Christian has ever been permitted to cross the threshold of the mosque; but Fritz and I, not knowing this, stalked boldly into the courtyard and got a wholly satisfactory view of things before we were waved with scant ceremony out through the opposite gate.

Then came a long, hard climb up through an old Moslem cemetery, dark with cypress and fantastic with neglected graves and half-fallen, odd-shaped gravestones; past a dervish monastery, where the brown-hatted fanatics lolled in peaceful simplicity on stone benches and in doorways; and so to the crest of the hill, above the tops of the trees, above everything that could shut out one inch of the most magnificent panorama in all this world.

"There you are!" said Fritz. "That's the principal thing they're all fighting for."

The sun had gone down behind a hill, but its glow, shining up the Dardanelles and across the Sea of Marmora, had caught the domes and minarets of old Stamboul and had painted each with a separate and different ray. The full sweep of the Golden Horn lay before us, the thousand swift little caïques cutting silver wakes on it. The thin thread of the Sweet Waters, winding down from the bare brown gorges, caught the main current in white-capped ripples on which the tiny green islands seemed to be floating away. And along the north shore lay the great cities of Pera and Galata, with Galata Tower, hoary with time, dominating all in a red, horizontal sunshaft. Describable? No! It is not real. It is a riotous dream picture of color and fantastic form, conjured up in blissful madness. Constantinople—the thing they are all fighting for!

"But it isn't the city they all want," said I; "it's the marvelous, unbelievable waterway."

"Oh, yes; and the city too," said my German friend; "a countinghouse for the markets of the world."

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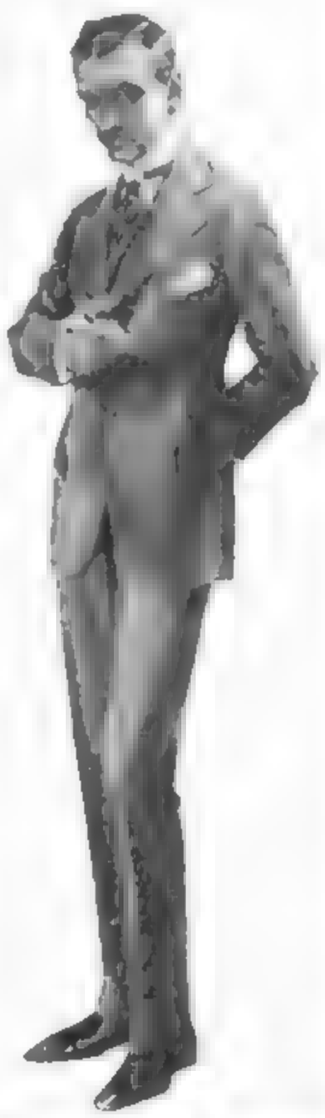

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"Can it be taken? Can it be taken?" I mused to myself.

"Have you heard anything in Constantinople that would indicate any immediate likelihood of such an event?" scoffed Fritz.

"Well, naturally not. Constantinople is a German town just now."

"Yes; and it will continue to be German," said he.

"Have you figured out what the Turks are fighting for?" I asked.

He did not answer. He merely looked disgusted. This sort of question is supposed to be anti-German, for some reason or other; yet it is a point very frequently discussed in the community and for which no one has yet produced a satisfactory answer. The Germans own Constantinople right up to its chimney pots; but the wisest would like really to know what kind of pressure was brought to bear on the Sublime Porte to induce Turkish participation in the war to such an unholy extent. Whoever wins, Turkey loses; and one hears a great deal now about her rather pitifully protesting boast that she is saving the German Empire by keeping a great part of the British Army away from the Western European battle line.

It does not cost the Young Turk party much to fight. None of them go to the war. They and nearly all the Constantinople men have paid their forty-five Turkish pounds, which buys exemption from military duty; and this money is used to bring men up from Asia Minor, good fighting men, but knowing no more in this case about what they are fighting for than I know about God's program for the Day of Judgment.

Turks Under German Officers

They are officered by Germans, but left to wreak havoc—when such a thing is possible—by their own terrific methods. And they will never run. That is not in their book. They will stand to the last ditch; and I do not believe it is an exaggeration to say that to defeat them will mean practically to annihilate them. They will obey, because the first lesson in German discipline is, "Obey or be shot"; but when discipline breaks in the mêlée, God help the Christian! They will fight on, knowing nothing and caring nothing for anything except the fact that they are fighting Christians. That point is emphasized to whet their Moslem zeal, and they are urged to kill—kill Christians—"all Christians except those with whom we have a covenant!" It will be a fearful victory for the Christian when victory is won.

They say the new troops going down to the peninsula cannot shoot—that they are untrained in the use of arms; but I do not know. They will fight anyhow. I have seen them by thousands—rough, terrible men, going out to war. I have seen them by thousands coming back. I have encountered them in the hospitals, where I have helped to serve their meals. I have been with them in the operating rooms and have seen them go under the knife to lose an arm or a leg or to have their ghastly wounds probed and scraped. I have seen them don their ragged uniforms after their wounds were healed and go back to the front with a swagger and a smile; and I have seen just one among all the thousands sick from the shock of battle!

Man for man, I honestly believe they are worth their triple strength in any civilized army in the world; so it is not to be expected that Constantinople will fall very soon. The war is not popular—the men do not want to be sent to fight; but, being sent to fight, they fight.

The city, the marvelous city, turned from rose hue into all the purples, and from deepest purple into black, and still we sat on the hilltop connecting thoughts of slaughter with the splendid spoils of victory. No lights shone out except here and there in the background, beyond the range of periscopes.

The scene became an inky silhouette against a silver sky—and there was the long road back by the ancient walls and down over the seven hills of Stamboul.

"We'll be arrested," said Fritz, "and spend the night in a dungeon of the Seven Towers if we don't watch out!"

"Oh, I think not," said I. "They know where we are, all right—they know all the time; and they know we're not doing any harm. Besides, there's your German uniform."

"Yes," said he; "that's a passport to safety anywhere!"

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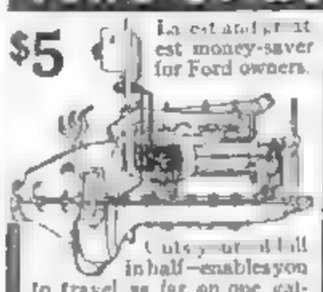

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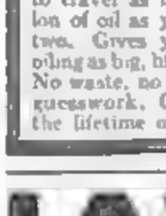

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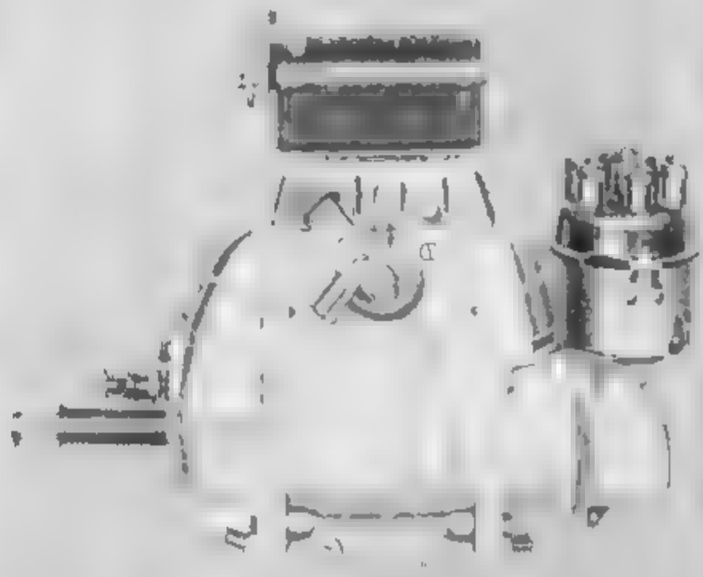

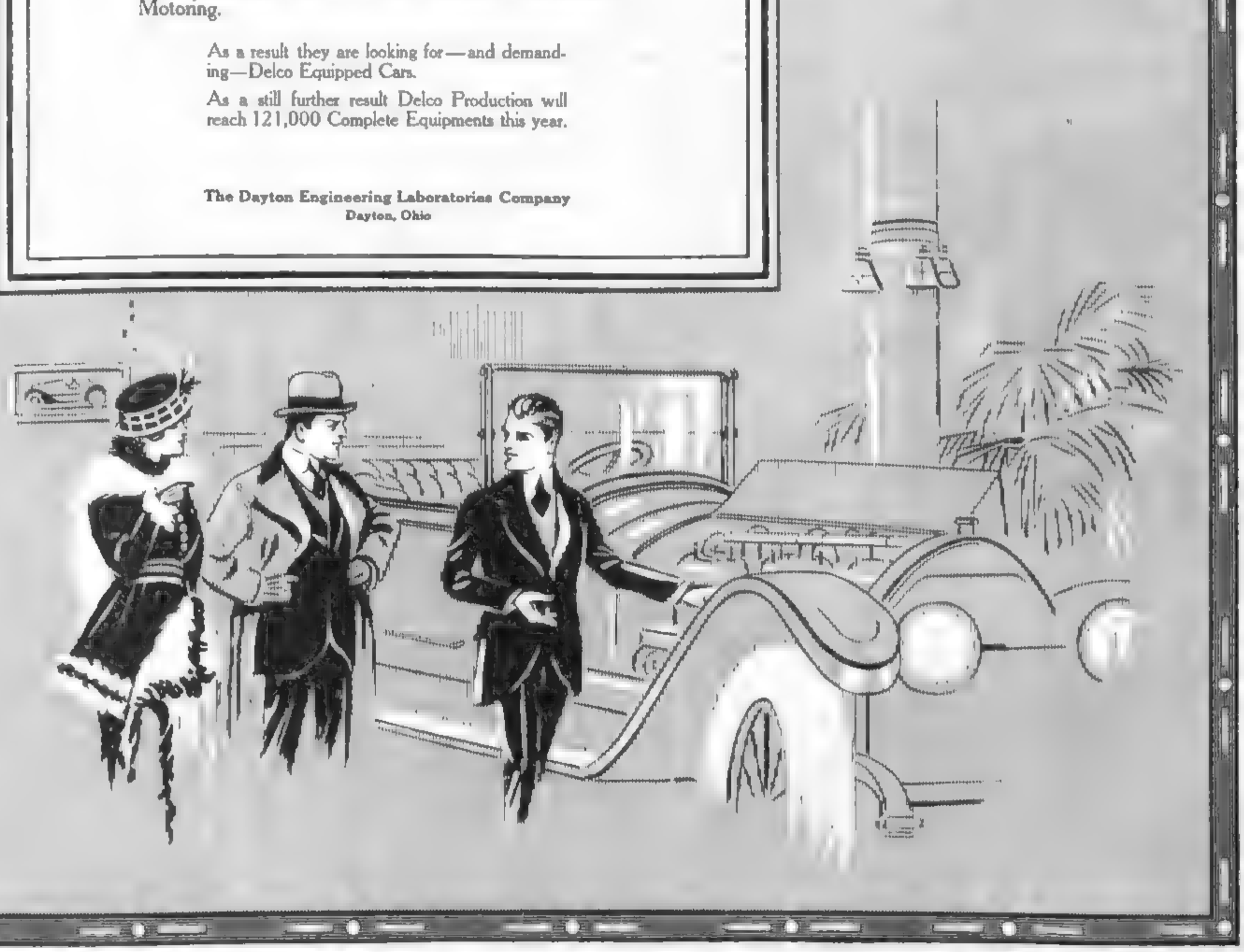

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Prince Albert is such a real smoke

you can't any more sum-up its joy-punch until you hit some than you can tell how smart a man is from the size of his head. Takes a first-hand-try-out to nail the *inside* facts!

Get this advice right-off-the-griddle because it's a hot-tip on the best-bet you ever laid: You rip that old pipe out of storage or dig some makin's papers; loosen-up for a short supply of P. A. *and fire-away*, for you can smoke like sixty—tender tongue or any other species of grouch—with nothing to chase you but joy, joy, joy! The patented process fixes that—and *cuts out* bite and parch! After which you'll do a hum-te-de before breakfast to the tune of

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Make fast-tracks down the turnpike, for there's a Prince Albert smoke-service-station where you'll meet face-to-face the toppy red bag, at 5c per, and the tidy red tin for a dime a crack. *You get acquainted for what ails your smokings department!* Quick like you're set for the long-pull you'll want a bigger supply, so, you'll find P. A. in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors and in that mighty clever pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps Prince Albert fit-like-a-high-top-thoroughbred!

Don't let tall grass grow under your feet, deciding what's-what. We tell you P. A. talks-turkey-to-tongues! Just pleases your whole smoke-system.

No matter how long you've sworn off the pipe line or shied on rolling, you put a silencer on your notions and cut-loose like a man! Because, *we know* how good Prince Albert is; how much happiness it will hand you; how sincere will be your hearty, honest appreciation of its merits!

Prince Albert has revolutionized smoking-satisfaction for thousands of men! It has brought countless pipes back into the sunshine; *it will give you* more fun than you've had since those hickory-stick-school-days!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PROBABLY PIQUE

(Continued from Page 6)

play, and that, thinking only of their pleasure, he had sacrificed himself, suggested The Divine Dilemma and thus been forced to sit through it again.

So, though there was no real reason why he should not tell her, and though he would have liked to, he did not. The thought troubled him a little. It had always been a dream of his to tell his wife everything; but he had discovered, by experiments in that direction, that when a husband tells his wife absolutely everything she immediately guesses all the rest.

On his second visit to the play he did not present himself at the stage door. He thought of doing so, but concluded that it might look better not to, put the thought aside and went home brimming over with the feeling that the world would be a better place if other husbands exercised such self-denial as he had shown. Thus, even though he did not mention The Divine Dilemma in his second letter to his wife, he retired that night with a feeling of extraordinary virtue and self-righteousness. That feeling held over to the morning. At breakfast it occurred to him that some reward was due him for his piety, and before luncheon he decided precisely what the nature of his compensation ought to be. He would take Janie out to supper.

At once he called her up, and when he heard her voice on the wire he was conscious of a sudden and by no means disagreeable quickening of the pulse—a feeling which took him back strangely to his youth and made him wonder if, almost without knowing it, he had not been growing dull.

"And it is to be a real supper at a real place this time," he told Janie when she had accepted. "Something nice to make up for the sawdust party we had the other night."

"If I dress," she warned him, "I'll have to keep you waiting longer."

"I shan't mind," he told her; and so it was arranged.

Having seen The Divine Dilemma two nights running, Wickett now decided that he would pass a lazy evening, dining downtown rather late, going home afterward to dress, and returning to the brightly lighted district of Broadway at about the time the theaters were closing. But when, after having dined and dressed in a fashion as leisurely as possible, he looked at his watch, he discovered to his great annoyance that there was yet an hour and a half upon his hands.

Lighting a fresh cigar, he went to the living room and, standing by the table, fumbled over several novels left behind for him by Molly. They did not look interesting. Anyway, he did not want to read. He felt restless. He wanted to go somewhere—to get out. He decided to pass the time by walking down to the club and dropping in there, and to that end set forth; but by the time he reached the corner of the block he knew he did not feel like walking.

"Taxi?" suggested an acute chauffeur.

Wickett turned and stepped into the machine.

"Where to, sir?"

Wickett hesitated a moment. He had meant to go to the club. Until this very instant he had thought that he was on his way there; but now, of a sudden, he knew that he was not. He was going to the theater to see Janie in whatever portion of the play remained.

■

WHEN Janie emerged at last from her dressing room it seemed to the waiting Wickett that never in his life had he looked on a vision so exquisite. There was, it struck him, something acutely dramatic, too, in the contrast of her finished, fashionable loveliness against the background of the stage—dusty, gray, dismantled. And yet when, a few moments later, he found himself gazing at her across a glowing table in the richly subdued surroundings of Sherry's dining room, it seemed to him that here she was, if such a thing might be, more lovely still. He had felt a mild, sustained annoyance over having taken her to Sullivan's the other night. The incongruity of her in such a place offended him. How different, this! How right! In this establishment of sympathetic, self-effacing service, of viands expensive and delectable, of soft carpets, soft music and soft lights, Janie was like a jewel reposing in the supremely harmonious setting of a casket especially designed for its display.

She had much to tell him. Higgins had gone over the contract offered by her manager and suggested alterations advantageous to her, to all of which the manager had agreed.

"It was like a miracle—his being with you the other night," she told Wickett as the caviar was set before them. "It's going to make a difference with the whole of my career—having his advice."

Wickett beamed on her in a manner expansively paternal.

"Yes," he agreed; "I knew he was the man for you. Besides being my lawyer he's one of the best friends I have. He'd do anything for a friend of mine."

"Yes," she returned, brimming with gratitude. "He said so."

"He means it."

"So, in a way," she said sweetly, "I have you to thank for it all, Shelley!"

"Oh, it's nothing!" he returned, trying to conceal the pleasure her appreciation gave him. "I only introduced him to you introduced one dear friend of mine to another. That isn't much—is it?"

"It has meant much to me," she insisted, "especially at just this point in my career. You see they've decided, since I saw you, to close The Dilemma as soon as possible. We began rehearsing a new piece—The Journey it's called—yesterday. We'll open with it in three weeks."

"That means you'll be in New York for a long time?"

"All season I hope."

"I hope so too!" he said fervently. "It would seem awful if you were to go away now—now that I've found you again."

She looked up at him frankly.

"It's nice," she said, "to know that you still like me after so many years."

No emotional display from her could have affected him so suddenly, so profoundly, just then as did her cool, honest gaze and the even, friendly tone of her voice.

"Like you?" he repeated with swift intensity. "*Like* you! Why, Janie, I can't realize that there's been a break at all! It doesn't seem possible. It seems as though we were the same young pair we used to be. It's as though it all—as though everything had come back!"

He stopped speaking and took a draught of his champagne while the words he had just spoken reverberated in his mind like the echo of something somebody else had said. How alluring she was in her lovely evening gown, the blue of which repeated so exactly the color of her great cool eyes! And how cool they were! Her composure was perfect. He thanked heaven for that. Doubtless she had not understood what he said—had not realized what he meant.

Through the welter of his own perturbed feeling her voice penetrated, sounding calm and very far away. She was telling him about her part in the new play. With an effort of will he succeeded in appearing to attend to what she said; but later, after he had said good night to her at her hotel, the picture of her, very vivid, clung with him. He felt emotional. What had he said to her in that fiery outburst at the table? He had told her he felt as though the old days had come back. What did that mean? Instantly his memory responded to the question in a vivid flash of recollection. Again he saw the green bench under the syringas at the Country Club, with her sitting there beside him; but the Janie in this picture was no longer the slim young creature in pink tulle—she was a woman in a wonderful blue evening gown; a woman like a lovelier elder sister of her former self.

What had he meant when he had said to her to-night that it seemed as though the old days had come back? Had he not loved her in the old days? And if the old days had come back, did not that mean he loved her still? It could mean nothing else. And she had sat and listened, gazing at him steadily with the grave, wondering look of one whose dream comes true.

"That's what I told her—and it's true!" he said aloud, dropping to a seat on the side of his bed and fixing his eyes in a vacant stare on the opposite wall of the room. "My God! I'm in love again!"

Presently, with a great sigh, he leaned over and pressed the button that put out the light.

Next morning, before going in to breakfast, he looked for a long moment at the photograph of Molly and the children which stood on his mantelpiece, and after

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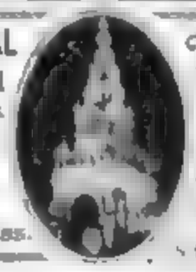

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breakfast, before going downtown, he went and looked at it again. Somehow it reassured him to look at Molly. She seemed so real. His love for her was like a candle burning always in a deep recess of his heart. It was a calm, steady flame. But Janie! She was a flaring torch within him. And it was of the torch that he was keenly conscious. It was spectacular, dangerous, fascinating. It shone in the dark places and made him feel alive. How long it was since he had felt like that! All day long he thought of Janie. All day he wished to telephone to her, to see her.

"But I ought not to!" he assured and reassured himself. "It won't do!"

Yet she had asked him to run in any time. And it would be so easy to stop off for a minute on the way uptown—so easy and so nice!

"But I mustn't!" he told himself as he left the office to go home; and "I mustn't!" he told himself again as he went into the Subway and as he emerged from it at Times Square, and as, with rapid steps, he walked straight toward her hotel.

VI

HAVING become a theatrical lawyer at least to the extent of looking after certain business matters for a lady shortly to become a star on Broadway—it occurred to Higgins a few days later that it would be suitable for him to witness a rehearsal of The Journey. Consequently, instead of going to the club according to his usual habit, he presented himself, late one afternoon, at the stage door of the theater in which Janie played.

The doorman, seated as usual on a kitchen chair tilted back against the board wall of the vestibule that formed his kennel, looked up with his habitual hostility, but, recognizing Higgins, allowed that expression to be replaced immediately by one of infinite indifference, which was the nearest to civility the doorman ever got.

"Ruhursun'!" he said, nodding his head toward the stage.

Higgins walked in. Inside, the light was rather dim. The stage was bare of furniture save for some kitchen chairs distributed at each side and a table and two chairs at the center near the footlights. In one of these chairs sat the manager whose name would presently appear on the billboards as "presenting" Janie, and in the other sat the stage director, holding in his hand a blue-bound manuscript. The chairs in the background were occupied by members of the company. Janie was standing near the table, and a few steps distant from it stood the rather too good-looking young Englishman who was her leading man. He was expostulating with the stage director:

"But, I mean to say, how can I come on center if I'm the lover, and the husband, who is jealous of me, has just made his exit there? I'd have run onto him in the hall—what?"

The other pondered for a moment. Then:

"I tell you," he decided, "we'll have the husband exit right, instead."

At that, a middle-aged actor who had been sitting over by the dressing rooms rose and approached the table.

"But the right entrance leads to the dining room," he protested mildly. "I can't very well go off there, can I, when I'm going to the House of Commons?"

"We'll cover that with a line," explained the stage director. "You can say: 'I'm going out by the side door'—that'll fix it."

"But the audience knows it's the dining room," said the actor.

"Well," said the stage director in a tired voice, "there isn't any reason why there can't be a side door there, is there? I tell you it's all right. And Claire can get it over that you've gone out by looking out the window, left, and waving to you in the street. See?" Then, turning to Janie, he asked: "Do you get that, Claire?" She nodded.

"Wouldn't it be a good touch there if she threw him a kiss?" suggested the manager.

"Bully!" said the stage director. "Come on; we'll try it over like that. Everybody ready?"

The middle-aged actor turned the pages of his part, scanning them hurriedly.

"Let's see," he pondered aloud; "I'll have to have my hat and coat. I can take them from a chair. Yes; that will be all right. Where do we begin?"

"Give him the cue, Miss Vaughan," said the stage director. "The speech about 'Whatever may happen I hope you'll always think of me as one who'—and so on. Just the cue."

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

"All right," she responded. Blu, blu, bla—and a long speech ending with. "'Because you've always been too good for a woman like me.'"

"'Don't say that, dear child!'" the middle-aged actor read elaborately. Then, advancing in a stately manner he leaned and kissed the air near Janie's cheek. "'And now I must go to the House. We shall be sitting late to-night. Do not wait up for me.'" There he paused and looked at the stage director, asking: "Is that where the new line comes in?"

"Yes."

"'I'm going out by the side door,'" he resumed. Then, taking a few steps, he added with the air of an old dotard: "'Good night, my love!'"

Janie had turned slowly, following him with her eyes as he moved off.

"'Good night!'" she said in a tense voice.

Then, as the other went back to his corner and sat down, she moved slowly to the opposite side of the stage, stood there for a moment looking down, and threw a kiss at the floor.

"That will be your cue to enter," called the stage director to the leading man—"when she throws him the kiss out of the window. See?" Then, turning to Janie: "Do it again, please—just the kiss."

Again Janie threw a downward kiss, whereat immediately the leading man strode forward from the back. Slowly Janie turned. She was panting now. One hand ascended to her bosom.

"'You!'" she said. It was the beginning of the "big scene" of the play.

To Higgins the scene explained itself. Janie, the Claire of the play, was the young wife of an elderly Member of Parliament. She had been married to him by her mother before, as one of her own lines put it, she "knew what love was." Then the young novelist, played by the leading man, had—to quote the play again—"come into her life." Through the first and second acts she had fought against temptation; but they had been thrown together constantly, and now, between his passionate appeals and her own guilty longings, she was prepared "to make the greatest sacrifice a woman can offer on the altar of true love"—which apparently the playwright meant to indicate that she would go away with the lover.

Her speech was a long one. The first part of it was designed to exonerate her, so far as that was possible. It was full of self-pity and contrition; but the climax of the speech and of the play came only with the last few sentences:

"'We were made for each other—you and I! You have told me so; but until now—until I saw that look come into your eyes—I never felt quite sure. Love has been too strong for us! Take me! I am yours to do with as you will! Since I cannot belong to you under the canons of the church, I give myself into your keeping, now and forever, under the higher law!'"

The leading man stepped forward and took her in a perfunctory embrace.

"'At last!'"

"'Yes!'" she continued. "'I will go away with you now—to-night! It is good-by to the world, Laurence! By the day after to-morrow we shall be exiles—forever—in my villa at Lugano!'"

When she had spoken the last words Janie turned swiftly toward the two men at the table. They looked depressed.

"It isn't right!" she exclaimed. "The script says, 'With infinite pathos'; but it shouldn't be pathos. I've felt that all along. It wants fire! Let me try it again."

"Yes," agreed the stage director. "Try fire." Then, to the leading man: "Give her the cue."

"Long speech—then: 'Cherish you for all eternity!'" said the leading man with offhand glibness; and Janie began the speech again.

In the first few lines her voice carried a quality of intense calmness; but, as she continued, passion seemed to mount in her until, toward the last, she spoke in words of flame.

During her first reading of the speech Higgins had listened unmoved. He thought Janie read the lines as well as anyone could read them; but it did not seem to him that any rendering, however good, could impart to them the quality of truth. They were not real. They consisted merely of words strung together into phrases, false, feeble cant; but now, as she swung through the speech the second time he was amazed to find himself responding to it, feeling it electrically. It was as though the hackneyed words and phrases had been welded together by the fire she put into them, and converted from insignificant fragments into a unit of vividness and power.

Unlifelike as the last lines were, he felt himself strangely moved as she spoke them:

"'Yes! I will go away with you now to-night! It is good-by to the world, Laurence! By the day after to-morrow we shall be exiles—forever—in my villa at Lugano!'"

What nonsense! Yet it stirred him.

"Bully!" cried the manager, smiling broad approval.

"That's the stuff, Miss Vaughan!" exclaimed the stage director, leaping from his chair. "Fire does the trick! You're going to be immense in this part." Then, turning to the other players: "Eleven o'clock to-morrow morning!"

Higgins stepped forward to meet Janie as she moved toward the stage door and her face lighted as she caught sight of him.

"Have you been here long?" she asked as they shook hands.

"Half an hour or so."

"That was the third-act climax we were trying," she said. "What do you think of it?"

He told her how it had affected him.

"As I was sitting there, watching," he said, "it struck me that the written play is like a dead wire. The actor is the current. And it must be just the right kind of current or ——"

"Or the whole thing is short-circuited," she finished for him.

Then, as Higgins had come to talk with her concerning business—so he explained—and as the theater somehow did not seem to be the place for that, he left the building with her and walked at her side in the direction of her hotel. And, as often happened now when he came to see her about business, they did not mention business but talked of other things.

"I've been afraid of that climax," she told him. "The lines are so false."

"They are false as they're written," he said honestly; "but not as you speak them."

She gave him a pleased smile.

"You can always be my lawyer if you talk like that!"

"I'm not flattering. I'm just judicial."

"Thanks again! But did you ever hear such lines?" She ran over the last speech. "Just think of saying things like that! And Lugano! In these English plays the guilty couple always fly to Lugano. And imagine any real woman saying the things Claire does!—I'm Claire, you know. The lover is a novelist. He's supposed to have some sense, but if she talked to him like that he'd say to himself: 'This has been a mistake! I'm not going to run away with a sentimental fool! She'd bore me to death in a week!' He'd be scared out. He'd quit before she got half through that speech."

"Ah, but you haven't heard yourself read it!" Higgins said. "And you haven't seen how you look! He wouldn't quit—not with you! Nobody would! If you ever want to prove that just try it on me! You'll find I'd go to Lugano fast enough!"

"I'll remember that," she said as they reached the door of the hotel, "in case I ever want to go to Lugano. Meantime, won't you come in?"

The invitation may have brought to Higgins' mind the business he had come to talk about. At all events he entered and was wafted with her to the upper floor, on which she had her snug apartment.

The colored maid who attended Janie at the theater admitted them to the pretty little parlor of the suite and, taking Janie's coat and furs, went with them to the adjoining room.

Janie moved to the table by the window and put her face down to a bowl of full-blown pink roses.

"See how beautifully your flowers are keeping!" she said; but Higgins' eyes traveled to the mantelpiece.

"Yes," he said; "and I see you've acquired a new embellishment since I was here last."

"Shelley's picture, you mean?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Shelley's a dear! It's lovely to see him again. You know we used to be no end sentimental about each other years ago. He jilted me outrageously—the wretch! I wept for three days, I remember. But he's a dear, just the same—a susceptible dear!"

"Exactly that," Higgins agreed with a broadening smile.

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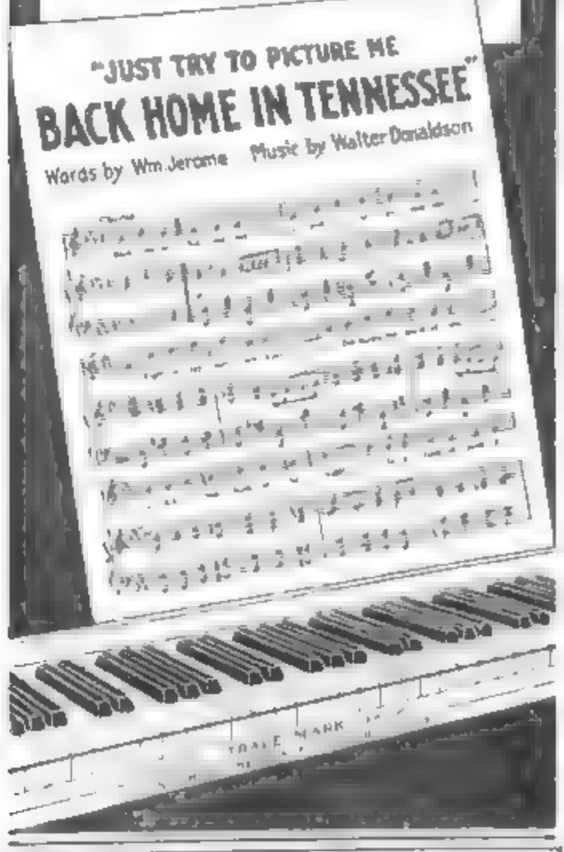
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"Adorable!" said Higgins with enthusiasm. "And do you know what I promised her—the last thing, just as she was leaving?"

"That you'd look after him?"

"That I'd see he didn't get into any heart entanglements while she was gone. Do you think I'm going to be able to keep my word?"

"Why not?"

"I just wanted to ask your opinion," he went on, "because I also told Molly that I'd do it even if I had to cut him out myself."

Janie gave him a swift sidelong glance. Then, laughing mischievously, she answered:

"Oh, if you put it like that—and if you mean me—of course I advise extreme measures to rescue him."

As she spoke the telephone rang and she took down the receiver.

"Tell him to come up," Higgins heard her say. Then she turned to him: "It's Shelley calling now."

"I'll just run along," said the obliging Higgins, moving to get his hat and coat.

"I wish you wouldn't."

He glanced at his watch.

"I really ought to," he said. "I have a lot of little things to do and I'm dining out rather early."

He stood for a moment watching her as she crossed the room and touched the button that switched on the soft pink-shaded lights. Then there came a rap at the door.

"Shall I?" he asked.

She nodded. He opened the door.

"Why, hello, Hig!" cried Wickett heartily. "What you doing up here—eh?"

"Merely business," Higgins smiled. "Just going."

"Oh!" said Wickett. "Sorry!" Then in a half-playful tone he spoke to Janie, who had come forward to greet him: "Isn't he a good little lawyer?"

"He has done a great deal for me," she said with sincerity.

"That's right, Hig," approved Wickett with an expansive and fatherly air as he helped his friend into his overcoat. "You take good care of her, old man. Anything you do for her you do for me, you know!"

"I've not forgotten that," smiled Higgins. Then he turned to Janie: "I'll have the papers up for you to look over in the morning, Miss Vaughan," he said in a tone crisp and businesslike.

The remark might have struck Janie as peculiar—since there were no papers to be looked over—but she received it with solemn equanimity.

"Thank you, Mr. Higgins."

"Good old Hig!" mused Wickett aloud after his friend had departed. "He's all business, isn't he!"

"Isn't that a good quality in a lawyer?" Janie suggested with gravity.

"Of course," Wickett assented; "but I was thinking that if I were your lawyer I couldn't just come in here and talk to you about business, and papers to be signed on the dotted line—and dry things like that. You'd think that any man'd be bound to have human feelings about a woman like you!"

Janie's only answer was a smile.

"By the way," said Wickett presently, "you fixed up your contract last week, didn't you?" She nodded. "It's some other matters, then, he's looking after for you now?"

Janie glanced for a moment toward the window. And when she turned her face toward him again he might have seen, had he observed her closely, the wraith of her smile.

"Yes," she said, "some little matters in connection with a villa I've been thinking of—at Lugano."

VII

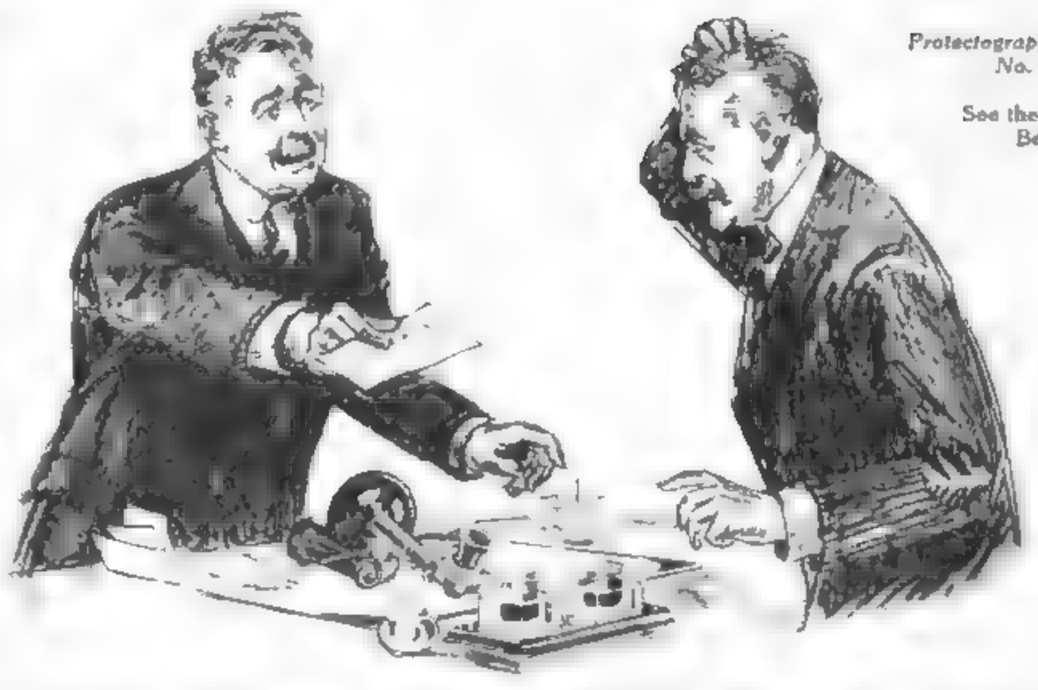
THE world beyond the window had now become quite dark, save for the intermittent flashing, at intervals brief and regular, of a vast electric sign on the roof of a building far up Broadway. Wickett rose and, moving across the room, lifted the lace curtains and watched the glittering advertisement appear and disappear. Then he reached up and shut the heavy draperies.

"Lugano!" he repeated, turning toward her. "What on earth has made you think about a place like that?"

"Villas there are scarce," she said. "You have to pick them up when you can."

"But what do you want one for? For vacations?"

"I don't know. I just want it. I might want to live there if I ever left the stage."



Protectograph Stories No. 2

See the Coupon Below

"This Raised Check Will Break Us!"

"The bank's paid it, and we're hundreds of dollars overdrawn this minute."

"What! And I was just going down there to have them extend our note."

"Yes, and to-morrow's pay day, too—we're up against it hard."

What an unfortunate experience for these business partners! A big loss at a critical time, with no warning, no chance to ward off the blow—and only because they signed a little check without "Protectographing" the amount.

Protectograph Check Writer
(Todd Patents)

writes exact amount in dollars and cents, in two colors—protecting it at the same speedy operation by the Todd System of "shredding" each character into the fibre of the paper and forcing insoluble ink through and through each shred. Quicker than merely writing amount by hand—a full word to each stroke of the handle. Legible, businesslike.

Writes and Protects in Two Colors—$35.

Two Gold Medals Panama-Pacific Expo.

★★★ [illegible] DOLLARS [illegible] CENTS
(Amount words in red; denominations in black)

For 15 years the Todd System has protected the world's biggest bank accounts—and no user has ever lost a dollar on any raised check or draft.

The U. S. Treasury and other Government departments, most of the commercial banks, thousands of public institutions and conservative business houses, all use and endorse the Todd System of protection—over 375,000 in use.

NOT OVER TEN DOLLARS 10

This is the famous limiting line of the standard Model K Protectograph (two colors), $30.

This coupon or your letterhead, mailed to "Todd," will bring Detective Burns' amazing booklet on "Check Frauds."

G. W. TODD & CO.
1144 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
World's Largest Makers of Check Protecting Devices

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Send to address on attached letterhead, samples of Protectograph Check Writing and Detective Burns' Book.

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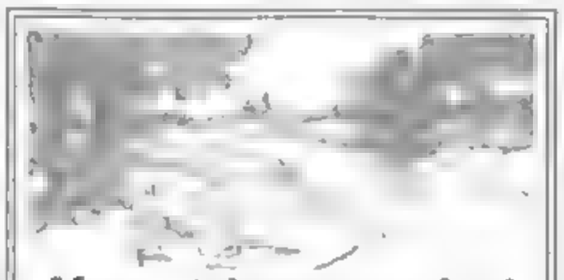

Have violets every day!

No April showers, no spring sunshine, no hothouse needed—just a cake of Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

The moment you put the crystal-clear cake in water you release its perfume of hundreds of violets—as dewy wood violets in a [illegible] wonderfully [illegible] It's every day in the year, every time you bathe with this soap.

Get a cake today and begin to enjoy this *real* violet fragrance. [illegible] Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

Send 2c stamp for sample cake. It will [illegible] to you like a little box of fresh cut violets. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 118 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O. *In Canada,* address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 123 O Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

10c a cake; 3 cakes 25c everywhere

Golf with Cards

Off the tee with a beautiful drive—a long brassie shot that lands you back of a bunker—a lift with the lofter, only to see the ball sail into a sand trap; then a peach of an approach onto the green, and you hole out with a 10-yard putt—BOGIE, by golly!

"GOLF BUG"

gives you all the thrills, emotions—yes, and the unspoken profanity of the actual game on the links. Every play with all the sticks in the caddie-bag can be made with "Golf Bug" cards, and every condition on the course must be met, for you follow the actual rules of golf in playing this scientific card game. It's the only golf game with [illegible] and a perfect good game [illegible] the beginner to [illegible] the [illegible] used in golf, and the [illegible] of the different clubs.

Eight golf sticks of 120 cards of highest quality; a golf links chart, book of golf terms and rules; score cards and markers—whole outfit packed in handsome carton for only $1.00.

WINTER GOLF CLUBS ARE THE RAGE

Winter golf clubs are being organized everywhere to play "Golf Bug" during the long winter evenings. Be the first among your friends to suggest one.

GET THIS GAME TODAY

Ask for it at the stationery, sporting goods house or department store. If [illegible] time to get it in stock, we'll supply you direct, and prepay postage. Order this game now.

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Should There Be a New Marriage Ceremony For Ministers' Wives?

An astonishing question, astonishingly answered with eight new marriage-ceremony promises for ministers' wives.

A woman who knows has daringly written an article, on what a church has the right to ask of its minister's wife, that promises to be the most-talked-of article in church circles this winter.

It is in the November

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

15 Cents—Now On Sale—Everywhere

The most interesting human document of the year—

Geraldine Farrar's Own Story of Her Life

Begins in the November Journal

What could she mean? It was merely an attack of temperament, he supposed. Artistic people did get wild ideas now and then—he was enough of an artist himself to know that. Several times of late, when he had been up here with her, he had been conscious of his own temperament. Indeed he was becoming rather conscious of it now. It troubled him strangely to hear her talk of going away. Impulsively he moved back to the couch and dropped down to his accustomed place at her side.

"Janie," he said gravely, "I don't like to hear you talking about going away. You've a wonderful career just ahead of you right here in New York. And, quite aside from that, I don't want you to go. I can't spare you!"

"You just imagine that," she said with a friendly smile.

"No!"

"Yes, you do," she insisted gently, "just as you imagined it once before, for a little while, long ago. But you got over it."

"No, Janie," he declared intensely; "I didn't! That's just it! You were the first woman I ever cared for. I've always cared for you! There has never been anything in my life like those old days when we —— Oh, Janie! Think of the Country Club, and the little green bench, and the syringas! Janie! Janie! I care for you now! You are the one great ——"

"You do care?" she repeated, turning and looking at him with eyes wider and more wondering, it seemed to him, than he had ever seen.

"I do!" he whispered fervently, leaning a little toward her and putting his hand over hers.

"You're sure?"

"How can you ask it, dear?"

"Are you prepared to cherish me for all eternity?"

An expression of something like amazement passed across Wickett's face. Involuntarily he removed his hand from hers.

"Why,——" he began, looking vaguely toward the window; but Janie interrupted.

"We were made for each other—you and I!" she declared, leaning toward him and speaking in a passionate voice. "You have told me so; but until now ——"

"I didn't say exactly that," interposed Wickett, who now was leaning back from her against the arm of the couch.

"But until I saw that look in your eyes I never felt quite sure!" she continued vehemently. "Love has been too strong for us! Take me! I am yours to do with as you will! Since I cannot belong to you under the canons of the church, I give myself into your keeping, now and forever, under the higher law!"

"But, Janie," cried Wickett, "be reasonable! This kind of thing can't——"

Again she cut him off.

"Yes! I will go away with you now—to-night!" she declared in a tone of mounting flame. "It is good-by to the world, Shelley! By the week after next we shall be exiles—forever—in my villa at Lugano!"

As she spoke the last words she had been leaning nearer, nearer. And now, to his horror, she flopped, rather than flung herself, across his shoulder.

Hurriedly Wickett lifted her. Then, rising swiftly and disentangling himself, he stepped back out of her reach. He felt sick, shocked, horrified, afraid! So this was what the stage did to women! It must have been the stage; she hadn't been like that as a girl; none of the other women he had known had ever jumped to conclusions as to precisely what he meant when he made love. Evidently there was something about stage life that stripped romance of all its delicacy, all its illusory quality, and left only passion and self-abandonment!

"We must think of others!" he declared from a safe distance.

For an instant Janie looked at him in silence. Then, raising her handkerchief to her face, she turned away.

"We cannot live for ourselves alone," continued Wickett, praying inwardly that she was not about to have hysterics. "We must learn to bear things, Janie, because of our responsibility to—to—ah—to those near and dear to us, and to—ah—to society at large."

Even as he spoke he felt the inefficiency of his expressions. They sounded trite in his own ears. He felt the need of saying something very fine and soothing, and rich in the quality of self-abnegation, but could think of nothing in the least appropriate. The silence became awkward. He felt a mad desire to get away.

Janie rose slowly and, with her face still averted from him, moved toward the window, parted the curtains and stood there in an attitude that seemed to Wickett tragic beyond all words, looking out on the night.

Wickett went slowly to the chair near the doorway where he had left his hat and coat. Taking them up, he moved a few steps toward her. Her back was turned. She did not move.

"Janie," he said in a sad voice, "we are only torturing ourselves! I had better go! Yes, that will be best!"

Still holding her handkerchief to her face with one hand and clutching the window draperies with the other, she turned her head a little and nodded without speaking.

He crossed rapidly to her and lifted his hand as though to place it on her shoulder. Then, on second thought, he dropped it without touching her, deciding it was wiser not to—because you can't tell what an emotional woman will do.

"I only want to say," he told her, "that when we meet again it must be as though—as though this—this scene had never been. We must forget!" Then, having read somewhere in a book about a parting in which a man said to a woman, "very simply," "I am going now," he said it that way; and appended: "Don't you think that will be best?"

"Yes," came her voice faintly from behind the handkerchief. "That is best."

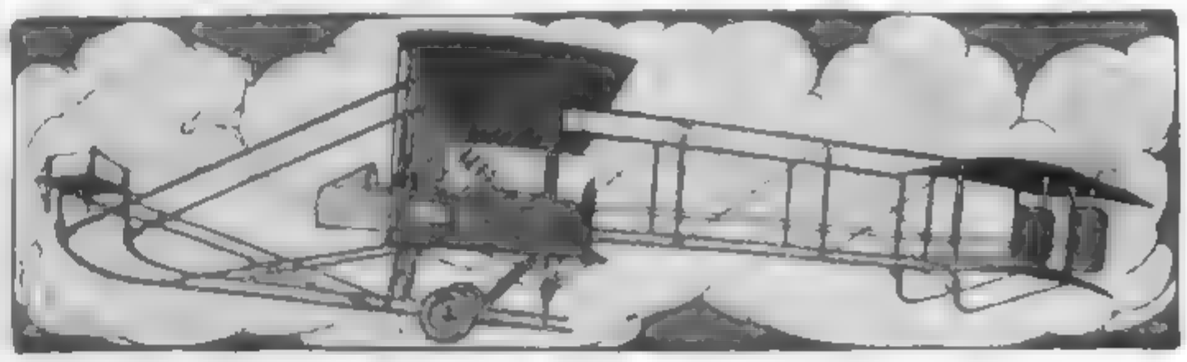
"Good-by!" he said, turning. Then, feeling very sorry for her, he added as he reached the door: "Good-by, dear girl!"

As the door closed behind him Janie turned, dropped the hand in which she held the handkerchief, and revealed a face which, far from being tear-stained, held a look sweet, humorous, and perhaps a little reminiscent too; for in her mind there was the recollection of another parting with him long ago, on an occasion anything but humorous. That time she had wept with pity for herself and jealous heartburnings over the girl who had so ruthlessly inveigled him away. How she had hated that girl! She smiled now as she remembered. And after the smile had faded from her face there still remained an expression of good will and gentle mirth—the look of a person who has done a good action in secret and enormously enjoyed doing it.

Her action always was a secret—so secret, indeed, that, though there came a time when she told Higgins almost everything else, she never told him of this benefaction or let him have the smallest hint of how she had proved to her own satisfaction that the unnatural speech she made in the third-act climax of The Journey was enough—as she had thought it would be—to drive a man away.

And, more than that, her benefaction was a secret. It was a secret from Shelley Wickett himself. Even after she and Higgins were married Shelley did not suspect the truth. Higgins was his best friend. Janie was an old sweetheart of his. He would always be fond of her. He would forget her one wild moment as though it had never been.

Before finally abandoning that memory to oblivion, however, he presented himself with one harmless little bit of consolation. It was only a thought; and the thought was only that this matrimony, which old Hig so plainly and jubilantly regarded as a triumph of his own, was, in all probability, the result of pique.



COMMUNITY SILVER

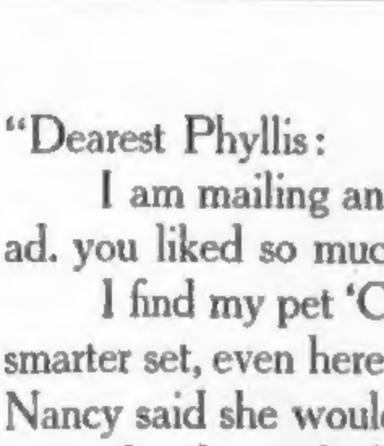
Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass.

"Dearest Phyllis:

I am mailing another picture of the 'Silver Girl'—the Community ad. you liked so much.

I find my pet 'Community Silver' to be quite the vogue among the smarter set, even here in dear old-fashioned Boston. At dinner last night Nancy said she would rather have Community spoons than eat. Kate grinned and remarked that she 'would rather have Community spoons and eat.' Immediately Percy Winthrop, that absurd Harvard classmate of Tom's, chloroformed the conversation with—'I say, fine idea that—precious little use for spoons unless one does eat! What!!'

——— Bess.



P. S.—Tom (he is studying to be an architect, you know) says I am crazy over Community and he has designed a new Coat of Arms for me with Community spoons rampant on the shield."

COMMUNITY STERLING *(Patrician design only)*. Ask your dealer for prices.
COMMUNITY PLATE *(best plated ware made)*. At your service for 50 years. Six teaspoons, $2.15.

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Also Makers of Oneida Community Reliance Plate (at your service for 25 years, six teaspoons, $1.10) *and* Oneida Community Par Plate

NOTE—Do not confuse COMMUNITY PLATE with ordinary plated silver, for "Community" is so especially thickened at the wearing points and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too.

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Think of all the homes where they are the best-liked of the cereals—the oftenest repeated—the most called for. Then ask yourself if there is something here that your folks are missing.

Once get accustomed to having the Kellogg Waxtite package handy and you'll see how many breakfasts begin with Kellogg's—how often they are served for the children's supper—between meals—or as a light repast before going to bed.

Folks who have learned the sense of light foods are enjoying these satisfying golden flakes the year around.

And remember, *please*, that you don't know Corn Flakes unless you know *Kellogg's*—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—their goodness insured by our responsibility to over a million homes.

Then too there is the *WAXTITE* package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

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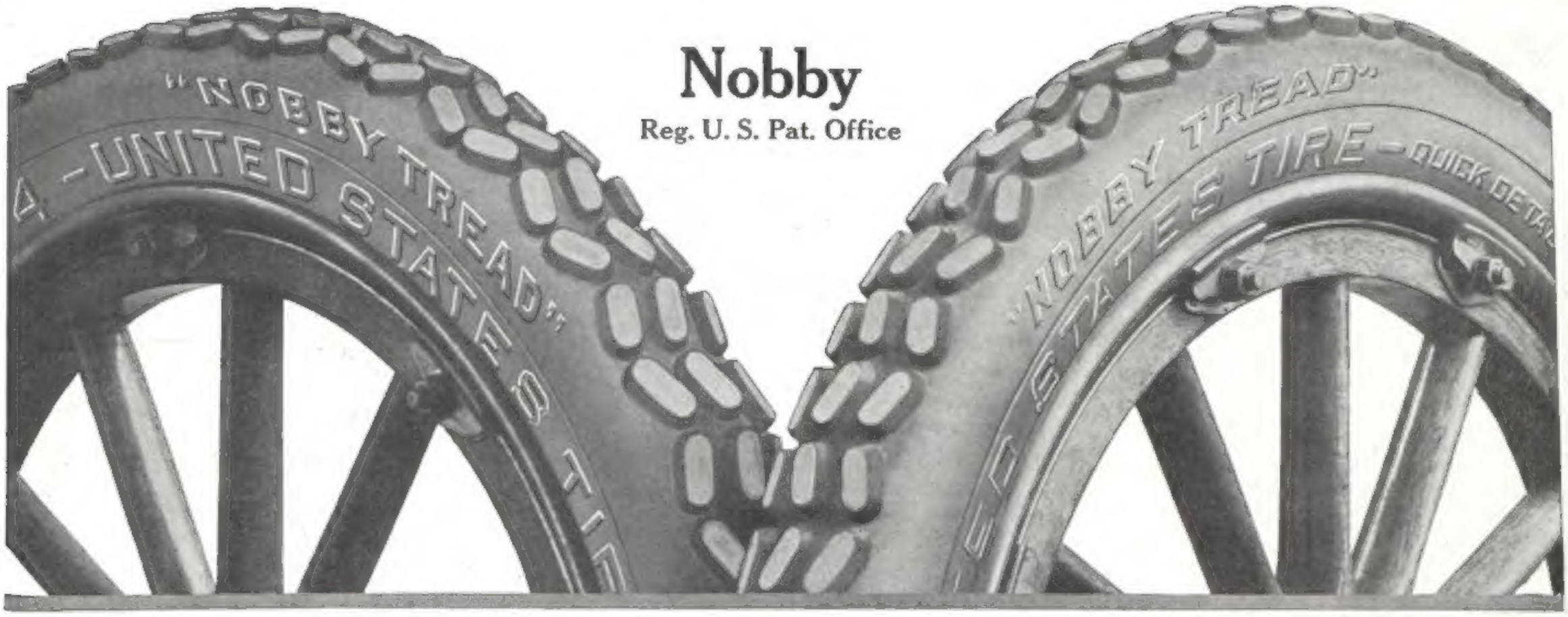

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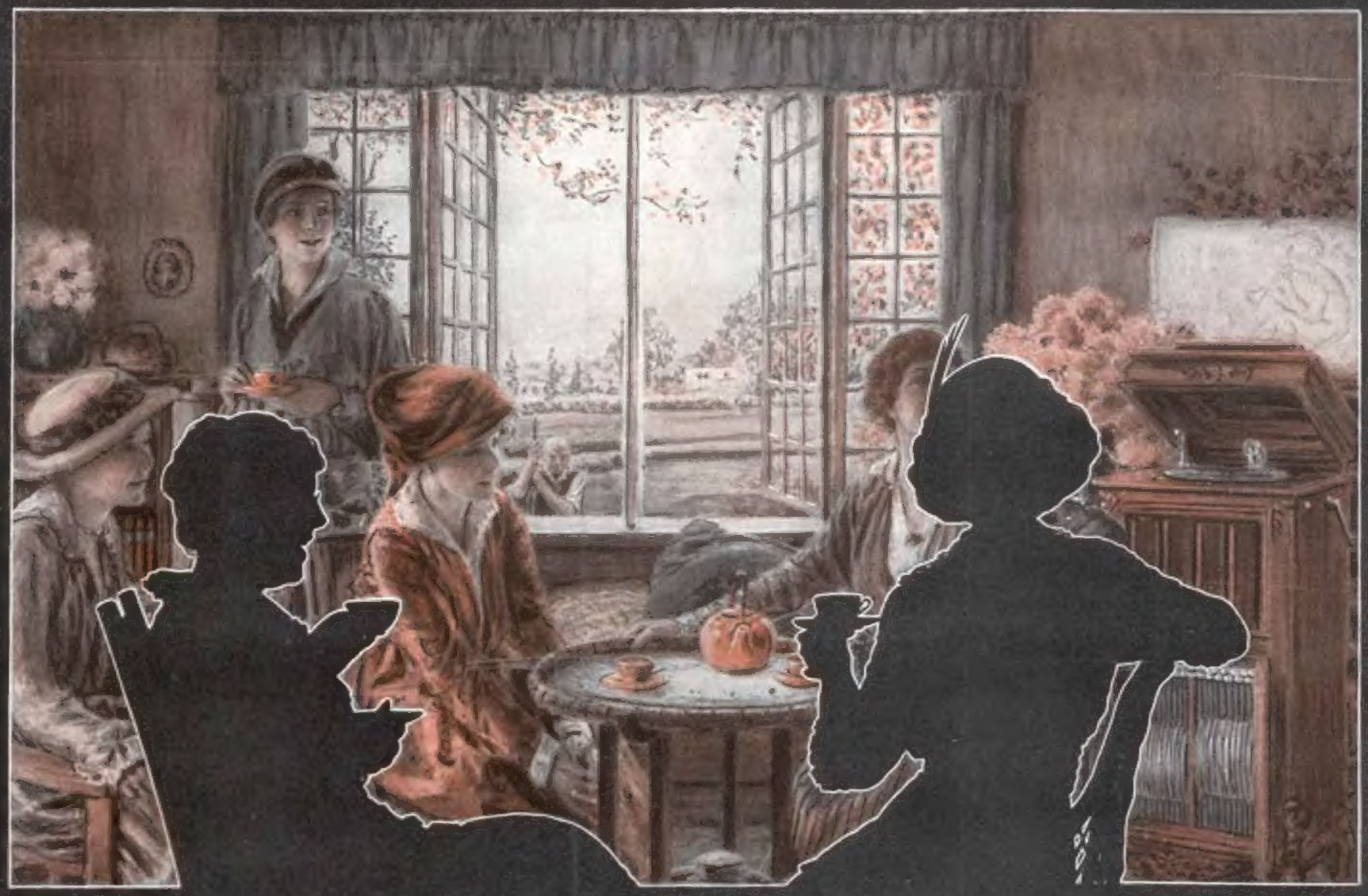

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